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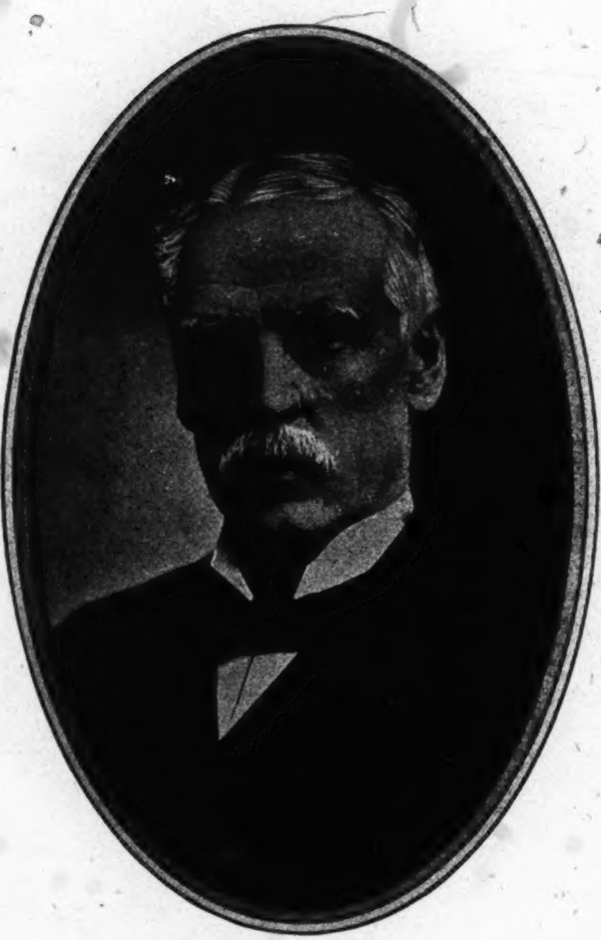

C C Goodwin

AS I REMEMBER THEM

By C. C. GOODWIN
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SALT LAKE COMMERCIAL CLUB

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PREFACE.

Within these pages are some pen sketches of men.

Some in their lives, to blinded eyes, were just plain people, who did their work here noiselessly and fell asleep.

Some were men whose learning ranged over every field, whose brows had been sealed by the signet of genius, whose lips and pens were tipped by celestial fire.

Some were heroes who held their fortunes, their sacred honor, life itself as nothing when a principle was to be vindicated.

Some were masterful souls, industrial kings, state and empire builders who went out exultingly to the conquest of the wilderness, to storm its mountains for their treasures, to drive back the frontier, to chase away the frown of the desert, to blaze and smooth the trails, that full enlightenment—or unsoiled sandals might come.

Some were absorbed in drying the tears from the cheeks of sorrow and in proclaiming the goodness of God.

These come back to me as I recall them to make me forget the roll and roar of the onsweeping world. They have come across the gulf of the years, come with the old exulted step and old sparkle in their eyes and have hailed me with the old joyous voices, from which not one cadence is lost. Those voices are sweeter than harp or flute. I cannot catch and hold the voices or the music, but from time to time I have made crude sketches of the stately souls. To make clear how I have been favored, with all good will these sketches are presented.

Charles Carroll Goodwin.

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AS I REMEMBER THEM.

GENERAL JOHN A. SUTTER.

WHEN I saw him last he was on his "Hock Farm" on Feather River, about forty miles north of Sacramento. He had built a house there and cultivated a portion of his farm. The house was of adobe, the walls were, I think, three feet thick, as he explained that the house might keep out the heat in summer and the cold in winter. He must have been at that time something over fifty years of age, probably fifty-three. He was not tall, but heavy, weighing perhaps 200 pounds. His face was very strong but gentle as a woman's, his voice was soft and low. He impressed me as one who had finished his work, as one who, when his bark had been sailing smoothly, was caught by a tidal wave and tossed ashore, bruised and half shattered.

Save the resolute face there was no sign of the tireless energy and dauntless endurance and courage that had transferred him from a little hamlet in Germany to the golden coast before it was known that any gold was there, and had caused him to beat back both the barbarian and the savage, plant a home there and begin the transformation of the land.

He gave us gentle but cordial welcome, offered us all the hospitalities of his home, and the tender was that of the frontiersman, which, without words, seemed to be saying: "Everything is yours; why wait for formalities? You are welcome guests and that makes you masters while you stay."

But under that gentle exterior the soul of a hero had its tenement. We knew that before we saw him first, and for the moment his appearance was a little disappointing, and I said to my brother, who was with me: "He impresses me with a feeling that his high soul is taking its afternoon siesta." For I knew that the quiet man had braved every danger, coming in a frail craft over all the mighty stretch of storms and waves;

that he with a little band of followers, planted the first pioneer outpost, built a rude fort for a defense against the wild beast and savage man; that there, the pioneer of pioneers, he laid the foundation of what he fondly hoped would become a glorified state; with dauntless courage when necessary, maintained his place, and then, with his gentleness and justice, drew to him those who had been enemies, and showed them how much smoother were the paths of peace and progress than the stony trails of violence and cruelty.

He honestly acquired great grants of land, enough for an earldom; he built a rude little mill and in the race from that mill the first golden sands of California were washed. He was then forty-eight years old, and his shadow was turning to the east. He was yet hale and strong, but his energies had never been called into a direct competition with the sharp men who, a little later, came in a flood, began to work upon his generosity and whatever of cupidity he had. His estate began to shrink and before he realized it, he was poor. Whatever his thoughts were they did not disturb his stately serenity; he was a trained soldier; indifferent to danger and hardships, and had been all his life, and no false friends could rob him of his self-respect or lofty dignity.

He knew from the first that the house he had built was the first temple to civilization that had been upreared in that fair land; that in the chronology of California all time would date from him and his work. He had come there as the Patriarch of the region; the advance agent of civilization, and enlightenment; that every step that progress would hereafter make, every triumph that history might record for the golden state, the refrain of every speech, the word picture of every glorious advance, would still be incomplete unless it included the explanation that it had all dated from the work of the stalwart old pioneer who first planted the flag of freedom on California soil; built the first real home, the first rude temple to justice, and whose heroic soul was the guardian of all, until other brave souls came to hail him as the Pioneer of Pioneers, and to help pick up and carry on the work needed to round a glorious state into form.

GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL.

ON the scroll which holds the names of the west-coast Pioneers, the name of John Bidwell should be close to the top of the stalwart list. In many respects his career was most wonderful.

When a boy he traveled three hundred miles on foot through the wilderness of Ohio and Indiana to obtain some rudiments of an education at a little old primitive academy. When nineteen years of age, he drifted down the Ohio from Cincinnati to the Mississippi, up the Mississippi to the Missouri, up the Missouri to Platte county, where he settled down and taught school for two winters.

The call of the wild had always been in his ears. He one day met a man who had been to the west coast, who told Bidwell of the wonders beyond the plains and the mountains. The result was that a little company was fitted out and started west. This was in 1841. Bidwell had a yoke of oxen, a flint-lock musket, a pair of old-time pistols and a little food.

The company had no map or chart; knew nothing of the route they were to travel except to go west. They wandered on, reached the Rockies, worked their way to about where Granger in Wyoming is, pushed through the pass to Soda Springs; then continued west and south to the north end of Great Salt Lake, then zigzagged into the Humboldt valley; followed it to the sink, then bore across to the Carson river, and found their way through the hills to Walker river, then scaled the almost impassable heights which surround the source of the Walker. They had become divided and in searching one morning for his last ox, Bidwell came upon the big trees, the first white man to ever see them, and stumbled his way down the Stanislaus river to the San Joaquin.

Of all the feats of all the pioneers this was the very greatest. There is nothing like it told in history. It could have been only through the mercy of God that it was accomplished.

It was enough to break the heart of any man thrust out on that awful waste; no trail to follow; animals growing weaker and weaker as the difficulties of the journey increased; the grass giving way at last and nought in view save the desert, and finally the scaling of the Sierras, at a point which men have ever since evaded, so terrible is it, that how that little company survived it without growing daft, is a marvel that grows in magnitude the more it is studied. The horror of the day, the terrible silence of the night, the awful fatigue, the impossibility of return, the hopelessness of trying to advance; all make of the journey one of the most striking achievements of the ages.

Bidwell found General Sutter, who had reached California two years in advance of him. He was Sutter's lieutenant for two years, and especially had charge of the Hock farm. When Fremont came, in 1843, he was Fremont's guide, told him of the big trees and of Salt Lake, and when the order came to Fremont that, in the event of war, he was to try to take and hold California, Bidwell became a soldier. After the war, Bidwell found what is now Bidwell's Bar, on Feather River. He made a fortune and then purchased Rancho Chico, twenty-two thousand acres of the richest body of land in the Sacramento valley.

He carried east the block of gold quartz that was California's contribution to the Washington monument; set the machinery in motion that drew William H. Seward in the senate to advocate the admission of California, and, returning, began not only the cultivation of his farm, but established a primitive experiment station and had at one time on this land four hundred food and flower varieties growing. This he pursued all his life. He gave me, in August, 1889, on his table on the Chico Rancho, a watermelon of his own "breeding" which was as yellow as a muskmelon, and sweeter than a concert of nightingales.

He was sent to Congress, and there all his work was for progress. In 1892 he was nominated by the Prohibitionists in National convention at Cincinnati for President, and received the highest vote ever given a prohibition candidate.

In the stirring years from 1860 to 1865 his was one of the loudest voices in California for the Union. His work was incessant during the sixty years he lived in California. He built seventy-five miles of the road over the Sierras from Chico toward Susanville; put on a stage line to run between Chico and Boise City, and stocked the whole line with his own horses.

When eighty years of age he went with an employee to the woods to select some timbers for a special use. He cut off a log that was in the way and was seized with heart failure. He was carried home, and on the same afternoon sank into a slumber which deepened into his last sleep an hour later.

When I last saw him he was sixty-nine years of age, but he was as erect as a man of twenty. He was six feet high, and a stalwart—a most impressive personage; a stalwart, but genial and generous. He had then toiled all his life, had suffered hardships almost unendurable, but had triumphed over all and had made for himself a high name, simply through his toil and his force of character, his high motives and his irrepressible energy.

He was a Pioneer of Pioneers, a patriot, a statesman, a soldier, and lived a long life without fear and without reproach.

SENATOR DAVID C. BRODERICK.

I HESITATE about giving my impressions of Senator Broderick, for fear that I cannot join him with the age he lived in and picture the memory of him as it ought to be seen by men living now.

He lived a laborious life all through his boyhood and early youth and a life mostly devoid of the help of schools. He became a fire chief in New York City as naturally as the foremost savage of his tribe ever gravitated to the chieftainship. The fire department of New York City in his days had some very sturdy men as members, whom no one could control who was not as resolute as the best of them and a natural master of men.

But none disputed Broderick's perfect fitness for the place, and he held it until he was ready to sail for California. That he had been nursing higher hopes was plain from a remark he made on the eve of sailing. "When will you come back, chief?" asked one of his fire company. "When I am elected United States senator from California," was his reply. After looking around a few days in California he decided that a man would be helpless there without money. And he wanted to begin his work quickly. He never drank, but he opened a saloon. At the same time he began dealing in real estate, and made a little fortune in two years. Meanwhile he had become acquainted with all the leading men of San Francisco and many in the state outside. In that time and all the rest of his life he devoted all his leisure to study. After his work closed for the day he devoted half his nights to the study of the sciences, he devoured all the English classics, and they were not merely skimmed over, but studied line by line until it became a habit with him to analyze all he read.

He began to mix in politics and began to lead. He was a massive commanding man, but his voice was gentle, save when aroused; and there was a special magnetism about him. It was said of him, "Do not let Broderick shake your hand, look in your eyes and talk to you for a quarter of an hour, or he will hoodoo you, and you will be his slave for life."

Perhaps his ruling trait was his absolute sincerity. A statement of fact by him was never doubted, a promise from him was to be counted upon implicitly for all time. His influence rapidly widened; he began to be a distinct factor in the politics of California. But he was not nearly perfect. He could rule men, but he had never learned to quite rule himself. From the first he had devoted friends and a good many enemies, and if he heard that some one had denounced or betrayed him, he had not the philosophy to pass it by as a mere incident, but at once became furious in his anathemas. And yet he was always generous and ready to fix up a difference and was often imposed upon by a feigned apology.

He steadily grew in power and began to make public addresses. He was never a winsome public speaker. He simply talked cold facts in a way to convince men. He could excoriate an opponent, but his words were wielded as a cleaver is wielded; and to hear him after a man like Col. Baker or Ned Marshall or McDougal or any of plenty more who talked in those days, was a disappointment. His success lay in personal contact with men, in his words, his voice and smile and the magnetism of his mere presence.

When at last the Democratic party was rent asunder in the state, and Broderick was elected United States senator by the Free Soil wing of the party, then he became in a sense a marked man. So strong was he that he was not only elected, but he dictated who else should be elected, and the man who was elected pledged Broderick that he should dictate the patronage in California. But when the two senators reached Washington, his colleague forgot some of his promises, and the men who controlled the President and the Senate at that time had no use for a Senator whom they declared had deserted and divided the Democratic party in the Golden State. Of course Broderick was savage in his denunciation of all this and of the men who had betrayed him and the real Democracy in California. The shadow of the coming war was growing darker and darker in the east, and it was easy to see what a power Broderick would be should a crisis be precipitated. The man whom Broderick had especially antagonized was Senator Gwin who had been a senator from the birth of the state; who was a superior man and one whom all the southern states indorsed and stood by.

But he was an old man, and his friends would not permit him to challenge Broderick; they were afraid of results. But Judge David S. Terry, who had been a warm friend of Broderick's, went off with the "Chivalry" wing when the party divided, and one night made a speech in Sacramento in which he animadverted severely on the course of Senator Broderick. Next morning, while at breakfast in the public dining room of a San Francisco hotel, Broderick came upon a copy of the speech, read it, and in his impetuous way said he had thought that there was one honest man on the supreme bench of the state, but he would have to give it up.

It was a mere momentary ebullition of impatience, and nothing would ever have come of it had not a lawyer named Purley been at the same table and, overhearing the remark, hotly declared that Judge Terry was a special friend of his and he would not permit any such remark to be made about Judge Terry in his hearing.

But Broderick would not quarrel with him, intimating his belief that Judge Terry hardly needed a champion of Purley's caliber.

The incident, with elaborations, was reported to Terry, who promptly resigned his judgeship and sent a challenge to Broderick.

The late summer political campaign was at its height. Broderick was out on the stump and had promised to visit many towns. When the challenge reached him he merely replied that until his engagements were filled, he would not consider any matter of that kind. So soon, however, as the campaign was over, he accepted the challenge. There was much insistence at the time that unfair advantage was taken of Broderick's unfamiliarity with dueling: the right statement would have been that every proper advantage was taken by Terry and his friends. When on the field McKibben merely touched Terry's breast as Broderick's second, while Calhoun Benham, Terry's second, roughly went over Broderick's clothing as though suspicious that he had on a suit of armor. Then the pistols used were hair-trigger pistols, something Broderick was altogether unfamiliar with, so when the word was given Broderick had hardly begun to raise his weapon when it went off, the bullet striking the ground only a few feet from his hand. Then Terry took careful aim and fired. The bullet struck Broderick in the right breast, wounded the right lung, passed under the sternum, then followed the ribs over the heart and went out under the left arm.

True to the savage in his nature, Terry exclaimed, "I shot an inch too far to the right." Broderick stood for an instant, then turned half round and sank to the ground. He lived sixty-two hours. No death in California had ever produced half the sorrow and anger that his did. His friends declared that while it was compassed according to the barbarous forms of the code, nevertheless, it was a premeditated murder; that there had been no more provocation in Broderick's words than there had been in Terry's speech; that the speech was made merely to provoke Broderick to say something in quick indignation which would supply a lame excuse on which to challenge him, and that Terry, who really had no cause of quarrel with Broderick, was selected, because he was a practiced duelist, and when aroused had no more sensibilities than a grizzly.

The shot that killed Broderick was in truth the first shot of the great war. After that the line of demarcation between northern and southern men was more closely drawn; northern men grew more and more aggressive; it increased further the division made when Penn Johnson killed the quiet, gentle, generous and blameless Furgeson, in another duel a few months previous. When Broderick was killed, Col. E. D. Baker pronounced the eulogy at his funeral, and Rome was not half so stirred by Antony's speech over Cæsar as were the men who listened that day to Col. Baker.

As he arose and stretched out his arms over the casket in which Broderick's body lay, his opening words were: "Men of California, behold your senator." In an instant half that immense assembly were sobbing like grieved children.

Then he pictured the great soul that had fled, its perfect truthfulness, its devotion to duty, its courage, its scorn of all that was base, untrue and unclean; its perfect ideal of American manhood and citizenship; its generosity and power; how without any early advantages he had fought and won for himself a place among the highest and so bore himself that they were glad to hail him as their peer, and how at last he had fallen a martyr to those who were gathering to perpetuate the slave power under our holy flag. The effect was indescribable, and when, in closing, he said: "But the last word must be spoken; the imperious mandate of Death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart, we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we bear thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us so rang in trumpet blasts upon the ears of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart. Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!" The response was the sobbing of thousands of strong men.

Broderick's death was well described by Judge Dwinelle, a few words of which we recall:

"When one goes forth like Broderick in the maturity of his manhood; in the fulness of his powers, in the ripeness of his intellect; in the perfection of his moral discipline, hoping so much himself, and of whom so much was hoped—when such an one lies down forever upon his bloody couch, we are as unreconciled as the husband over the grave of his first love; as inconsolable as the mother over the corpse of her first-born."

Men's eyes were blinded then. Fate was setting the stage for the great tragedy, the mighty acts of which were so soon to be called; there was no music and all the lights were turned low.

JUDGE JOSEPH BALDWIN.

FROM the earliest days Judge Baldwin was one of the ablest lawyers in California, one of the ablest of that grand array of lawyers on the Comstock. Then he had distinct attributes of his own. He had a sense of humor that was contagious and enchanting. His "Flush Times in Alabama" had fun enough on every page to build a comic opera up around. It is still a standard work among the old race of men who recall how things were before great wealth came to the country and when men lived on a lower, gentler plane, and with no fame as the owners of vast wealth, had hearts too big for narrow human breasts. But there was no bitterness in his soul, no malice, and deep down he had mastered all life's problems with no worse result than to share the sorrows of his fellow men and to shield, so far as he could, their frailties.

He was intensely southern; he believed in his state and section with all the fervor of his genial and generous nature, but he was intellectually honest and his perceptions acute, and with a quick intuition he measured the worth of men, and in judging them forgot where either he or they were born, and estimated only what they were when he met them.

When he went to the supreme bench of California, there were men who, because they did not understand his nature, had a fear that he did not appreciate the weight of the duties he was undertaking.

Of the problems which confronted the supreme court of California at the time, we can best get an idea from Judge Baldwin's own words. He said:

"California was then, as now, in the development of her multiform physical resources. The judges were as much pioneers of law as the people of settlement. It is safe to say that even in the experience of new countries hastily settled by heterogeneous crowds of strangers from all countries, no such example of legal and judicial difficulties was ever before presented as has been illustrated in the history of California. There was no general or common course of jurisprudence. Law was to be administered almost without a standard. There was the civil law, as adulterated or modified by Mexican provincialism, usages and habitudes, for a great part of the legislation; there was the common law for another part, but what that was, was to be decided from the conflicting divisions of any number of courts in America and England, and the various and diverse considerations of policy arising from local and other facts.

"And then contracts made elsewhere and some of them in semi-civilized countries had to be interpreted here.

"Besides, to all which may be added that large and important interests peculiar to the state existed—mines, ditches, etc.—for which the courts were compelled to frame the law and make a system out of what was little better than chaos.

"When, in addition, it is considered that an unprecedented number of contracts, and an amount of business without parallel, had been made and done in hot haste, with the utmost carelessness; that legislation was accomplished in the same way, and presented the crudest and most incongruous materials for construction; that the whole scheme and organization of the government and the relation of the government and the relation of the departments to each other, had to be adjusted by judicial construction—it may well be conceived what task even the ablest jurist would take upon himself when he assumed office on the supreme bench."

He wrote the above when he had long filled that office, in which he grew in intellectual stature every day.

The two crowning glories of his life were first his stainless integrity, then his tireless industry.

As a sample, there was one case in which a title had come down from a long before Mexican concession. A vast sum hung upon the decision of the case, and the records were so conflicting and incongruous that an hour's study of them was enough to make a lawyer crazy.

At the time, Judge Baldwin knew at best but a few words of Spanish.

He pondered over the case a good while. The longer he considered it, the more he thought of what a wrong an incorrect decision would be, and finally his mind was made up.

He set out for the City of Mexico with two purposes in his mind: one was to learn to read Spanish, the other to go to the depths of the case and trace the titles up to a conclusion in which there could be no flaw.

He accomplished both purposes, and Justice Stephen J. Field, referring to it later, declared that "the opinion of Justice Baldwin in the case was without precedent for the exhaustive learning and research it exhibits upon the points discussed."

It made clear as nothing else ever did, that the jolly side of Justice Baldwin's nature was but a by-product, that down deep his inner self was profound and as honest as profound, and that over all no higher soul ever controlled a man's life. He was, indeed, the very highest type of man; whatever his sorrows were, he vexed no one with them; when popular fury was aroused in the opening days of the great war, it was the cutting off for him of honors which any man might covet, especially if, as with him, he had earned them; but there was from him no repining, no change in the serenity of his nature; indeed, he did not forget his natural wit even when he was the victim of it.

His private life was perfect; his public life was stainless; he grew in men's estimation to the last.

The brightest of "the native sons of the Golden State" should be delegated to make a study of Judge Baldwin's life, and deliver a eulogy upon it.

If this should be done, they would realize as never before that "there were giants in those days."

But that, though prepared with all fidelity, would fail to make a picture of him to compare with the picture that is engraven on the walls of the heart of any old argonaut who knew him, who heard his voice, who looked in his kindly eyes, and realized how high and true was the man every day of his life; in truth, above fear and above reproach, and a very blessing to all who had the honor of knowing him in the power and the splendor of his life.

LELAND STANFORD.

A STRONG man, well educated, clear-brained, brave, ambitious, generous, trained to business in the eastern states, caught by the lure of the golden west. In the spring of 1852, when twenty-eight years of age, he started across the continent driving his own team, and reached California in the late summer. A remark that he made to his wife on that journey showed what direction his ideas were taking. She was deploring the hardships and weariness of the long journey when he said: 'Never mind, I will build a railroad one of these days for you to go back on." If we are not mistaken, his first venture was to open a miners' store at Alleghany City, to supply the placer miners in that vicinity. He was successful and later moved to Sacramento to engage in the mercantile business. His ability and character soon attracted attention.

From the first organization of the Republican party in California he was a Republican. It required some nerve to be a Republican in those days in California; for the Democrats were in full control and were very aggressive. As a rule the Democrats from the southern states were at the helm—for southern men cling together better than northern men, to them the word Republican was the same as abolitionist, and it was with mingled wrath and contempt that they always referred to either. More than once even Col. E. D. Baker, matchless orator that he was, was assailed, when he essayed to speak, with stale eggs and anathemas. Through that Leland Stanford was open in the defense of what he held to be right, and no combine could cow him or daunt his nerve. In those hot years he made a state reputation, though in a party that was hopelessly in the minority.

The Democratic party, after a while, divided, those from the south clinging to the Buchanan platform, those generally from the north following the lines marked out by Stephen A. Douglas, but this only intensified the bitterness. But after the Douglas and Lincoln debates in 1858, there began to come a change in the sentiments of men, and when Senator Broderick was killed in the duel with Judge Terry and the genial, gentle Ferguson was killed in a duel with Penn Johnson, the Republicans in California grew more and more aggressive, thousands of old-time whigs joined their ranks and in 1860 they elected Stanford governor. He was an able executive, and had not the plans of the Democrats miscarried there would have been civil war in California; and we believe that Stanford would have met the crisis in the same spirit that two or three of the war governors of the east did.

It was understood that most of the arms in the state were in the fortress of Alcatraz, and General Albert Sidney Johnston was in command. Southern men were secretly drilling and planning, their hope being that Johnston would do what Twiggs had done in Texas.

We think it was McClatchy, the owner of the Sacramento *Bee,* who sent the secret dispatch to Washington informing the government of the imminent danger. General Sumner was sent half disguised to supercede Johnston; the steamer with him on board ran to Alcatraz before going to her wharf. Johnston met Sumner at the landing and at Sumner's demand turned the command over to him. Our idea is that though Albert Sidney Johnston was in full sympathy with the southern cause; though when relieved of his command of Alcatraz he at once resigned his federal commission, crossed the plains by the southern route and at once entered the service of the confederacy; he never would have given up Alcatraz while filling that trust under the government, for away back in the Mexican war General Worth was asked who most nearly filled his ideas of a perfect soldier, and he replied: "Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston."

Stanford was governor from 1861 to 1863. In the meantime the building of the old Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads had been inaugurated and Stanford was made president of the former company. Theodore Judah was the engineer who had made the preliminary surveys over the Sierras and declared the building of the road practical. He wanted to build it over the present route of the Western Pacific, up the north fork of Feather River, but was overruled; the argument used at the time by the "big four"—Huntington, Hopkins, Crocker and Stanford—was that with sufficient help from adjacent counties, from San Francisco and a possible subsidy from the government, it might be possible to push the road as high up as Dutch Flat, where it would connect with the company's wagon road to Truckee, and if the Comstock mines held up for two or three years, between the railroad and the toll road, they could all make little fortunes of $200,000 or $300,000 each. And let no one imagine that their thoughts were narrow, for they were broader than any other set of men east or west.

The matter was put in the hands of Senator A. A. Sargent of California to see what could be obtained from Congress. The war was on; there was much anxiety about California and Nevada, for they were supplying the gold and silver which was the leaven of the nation's finances, and the two roads—the Union and Central—were given their charters and immense subsidies, as much to conciliate and hold the west solid for the Union as were the possible advantages which would come in a material way could the road be finished. The work done by Senator Sargent in that connection was superb; years after the road was completed Mark Hopkins, in a public speech, declared that it was Sargent who made the building of the road possible; that the company was anxious to reward him, but he would take nothing.

Let no one discount the magnitude or majesty of that enterprise. There had been nothing more gigantic undertaken in our country. There have been other roads since; there have been finer ships to cross the Atlantic than the little caravels of Columbus, but those caravels crossed first. Even when the locomotives touched noses at Promontory, there were tens of thousands of business men who said: "Yes, the road is finished after a fashion, but who is going to make it pay?"

The company made it pay, but some of its methods were very tough. Some of its charges were outrageous; in a little while the company became the controlling force in California politics. It directed who should be elected senators, who legislators, who judges; it crushed newspapers that opposed its methods and founded others to fight its battles.

This must often have clashed with Leland Stanford's ideas of justice, but he in those days filled exactly the Lady Macbeth idea—what he did highly he wanted to do holily, did not want to play false, but yet was willing to wrongly win. The company's treatment of the Sacramento *Union* was no more honorable and much less brave than that of buccaneers. The railroad ceased to be a common carrier in its hands and from the first was held as a private snap.

But Stanford performed a thousand generous acts in those days; helped many a struggling enterprise; even in his play he was greatly improving the stock of horses in this country, and he had an ambition to establish the greatest vineyard in the world.

He was in truth a mighty power in California; it is a lasting pity that he could not have seen his opportunity and make for himself a name most revered on this coast. As it was, when his railroad company was much anathematized, Governor Stanford was sincerely revered.

But when his faculties began to break a little a change came over him. He began to crave flattery more and more, and took up the belief that the men of California were most ungrateful and intent upon robbing him, who had, in his own thought, been so unselfishly their benefactor. His conscience was his compass, but he was sometimes careless about having the compass adjusted before sailing.

In those days he did one act which later must have filled his soul with remorse, and it caused him to break the warm friendship which had so long existed between him and his partner, C. P. Huntington. A. A. Sargent wanted to be elected United States senator. Huntington was eager for his election, but a bee was in Stanford's bonnet. He seemed to think he wanted the place; that it would crown his career of success, and with his power and the help of the sycophants by whom he was surrounded, he defeated the man who had made all his great triumphs possible.

He was never at home in the senate; the four years he spent there must have been wearisome years to him—Dead Sea apples that turned to ashes on his lips.

The death of his son was a blow from which he never rallied. To him there never was a son like his—he never could understand the justice of his taking off. He had compelled everything to go his way for twenty years; he thought there was nothing he could not do or hire done, but when the boy sickened and grew worse and he could not command the means to ward off death, he realized at last that money was not almighty and that his imperious voice had nothing that could insure him, or his, one moment of time. He founded the great university in his son's name, and it will perpetuate both their names, for the halo that gathers over a great educational institution, as the years and centuries ebb and flow, after a while covers every scar on the character of its founder; it covers the seams of age after a while, and we can imagine in the distant years a great picture taking form in that institution, a radiant boy with his wand of gold pointing joyously up to the golden height whereon immortal names are inscribed in letters of everlasting light; and in the background a grave woman and man sitting gazing there, as they were wont to here, upon the enthusiastic boy and smiling softly as though thinking how rugged was the trail up which they climbed until beyond the folding doors of death they found Elysian fields.

THE OLD-TIME MINERS.

WE ALL have, I hope, high and sincere reverence for the Pioneers; for those men and women who began their western march almost three hundred years ago; first in grotesque little ships across the Atlantic, and made their first stopping places on the eastern shore of the ocean; then a little later began to push their way against the wilderness and the savages; as one generation sank into the earth another took up the slow march, pursuing its way until the deep woods gave place to smiling homes all the long way to and beyond the Mississippi.

Looking back we mark a few of their achievements, the unremitting labor of their lives; the courage that bore them up; the poverty that bound them around in merciless coils; the self-sacrifices which they accepted as a matter of course; the tenacity with which they never failed to assert that their free citizenship should never be trenched upon; the carrying with them the little red school house; the high manhood, the divine womanhood which upheld them as they pushed their way,—all these and other characteristics shine out as we look back over the trails they blazed and mark the temples they upreared, and to the eyes of the minds of all Americans, they make a picture of enchantment, not one tint of which fades as the years advance and recede.

But there came a time when the order of a hundred and fifty years was changed.

Though for more than two hundred years the race had been toiling; though their heroic work had transformed a mighty section of the new world; though an empire of measureless natural wealth had been explored, the country was poor in that thing called money, the one thing that electrifies enterprise and provides a just reward for toil.

There came a whisper that on the other shore of the continent gold had been discovered. This was swiftly confirmed by succeeding news, and then the exodus began.

Within a few months there were tossed upon that western shore two hundred and fifty thousand men. They were nearly all young men, and every state of the then union was represented.

The journey had steadied and broadened them. Whether by the long treck across the continent, whether by lonely ships around Cape Horn, or through the scramble and the rush by the pestilential Isthmus, they all had taken on new ideas by the experience they had been through.

As a rule they were all more or less home boys and the best of them had a full quota of provincialism.

But this last melted away faster than it had ever before in any country.

The secret was that the mothers they kissed when they left home were American mothers, and as the differences among American mothers are the differences of environment, it did not require long for their sons to recognize that fact.

Many of the new comers stopped on the seashore or in adjacent valleys, but I am not dealing with those today. It is the company which never rested by the sea nor in the soft valleys, but hurried to the hills. For them nothing would do but the native gold. The art of extracting it was simple and quickly learned. And when at night the day's proceeds were panned and cleaned and weighed, the miner held it before his eyes and invented the phrase: "That's the stuff."

And who were these miners? They were as a rule just American boys and young men. They had come from every field, from every school; they were, so to speak, the nation looked at through the big ends of the opera class.

All recognized that they were living in a land that had no government, but they got together in the different camps and resolved that while there was no law, there should be order, and that every man should be secure in what was rightly his.

Petty criminals fought shy of those camps. Sometimes there were disputes over business affairs. When they could not be settled privately a court was quickly convened; a juror was never questioned about any bias or prejudice that he thought he entertained or whether he had formed or expressed any opinion. He was simply asked if he could hear the case and decide according to the law and evidence. If he promised that, it was enough.

Some of those trials were most picturesque. Will Campbell was mining in a ravine a mile or two outside of Downieville. One morning three or four miners came to him where he was at work, and one said: "Mister, did you back in the states study law?"

Will replied that he did. Then it was explained to him that a big Pennsylvania Dutchman was trying to claim the ground that one of the boys owned, that a trial had been set for that afternoon, and they wanted Campbell to go to camp and try the case for them. Campbell replied, "All right, if one of you chaps will work my ground while I am gone, I will go." This was agreed to and Campbell went to the camp, tried and won the case. He told me about it later, after he had become an eminent lawyer and judge.

He said: "I was nineteen years old. I had just graduated; all the practice I had ever had any experience in was in the moot courts in the law school. I did not know a vast amount of law, but I had brought all my gall with me to California, and I suppose my argument that day was one calculated to scare away a mountain lion, if he was an old and wary one and wished to avoid trouble.

"I have never since experienced the self-satisfaction that was mine as I emerged from that room and walked out on the cleared space in front of the building. Many people congratulated me and I swallowed it all as though it was my due. At last the big Dutchman came along and said: 'Mister Campbell, dot vas one great speech vot you made today.' 'Ah,' I replied, 'do you really think so, Uncle Billie?'

"'Yaw, I tinks so,' he said. 'It just lacked but von ding to make it one very great speech.'

"'You really think so, Uncle Billie,' I responded; 'and pray what did it lack?'

"'It lacked sense,' was the curt answer.

"The boys heard it and it cost me all the dust I had mined for a week previous, to get out of camp. I have heard of it from time to time ever since. But it did me lots of good. I have never since talked as learnedly as I did on that day. You see, the ordinary intellect can only stand about so much."

Men who see no children for months have upon them a heart-hunger which men in civilization can never comprehend.

And because of the absence of women and children, the wild beast in many a soul in the hills comes forth. There was no restraint upon them and even a quartz mill runs away sometimes when the governor on the engine ceases to act.

Many drank, many gambled, many were killed in quarrels; many became boisterous and reckless, and lives were thrown away, which, under the restraint of good women's eyes, might have made great names. It is said that the great Blucher of Prussia, riding over a dead-covered battlefield, said to an aide who was half overcome by the horror and pity of it: "Control yourself, General! When the winds and the deep-sea surges engage in battle, the shore next morning is piled deep with sea weed and other debris of the storm. It is nature's way; these, too, are but debris cast up by the storm of yesterday."

The graves on the tops and flanks of the Sierra are still the marks on the shore where that debris was thrown.

In another way character was formed there. The resourcefulness which out of the rude surroundings developed into high manhood and superb citizenship; which with the means at hand accomplished mighty results; the resolution which hid suffering in men's own hearts; the transition which slowly strangled the brightest hopes ever nursed by mortals until they all went out; the self-sacrifices which were made, those making them wearing all the time the smile of contentment and peace, and giving up what was sweeter than life itself as the tired child drops its toys; acts of generosity and charity to make the angel of mercy weep for joy,—these and kindred features made up the unseen tragedies that were enacted there, unseen but leaving their shadows on those heights.

What was visible was the joy and enthusiasm that reigned. What songs were sung, what stories were told, how vastly the vocabulary of the language was enlarged, to produce words to fit all occasions—the echoes or the ghosts of them still roll like phantom drums through those hills.

Let no one think those camps were not schools of patriotism. All the papers from the lower cities were read and reread; the magazines from the east were devoured, the new literature of California that rang out in the words of Bret Harte, of "Caxton;" of La Conte; of Barstow; of Bartlett; of Stout: of Coolbrith; of O'Connell; of Marshall, and the others, were household words in the camps. And the letters by the semimonthly steamers—why talk about patriotism? When a letter comes to a young man from his mother, or from the daughter of some other young man's mother five thousand miles away. he not only loves his country but loves the stokers that fed the coal to the furnaces in the ship that brought the letter.

And from among those men there grew up a race of scientists that had few instructors save as they set the hieroglyphics which nature had embossed upon the rocks and trees and hills, to words, and in their souls made histories of them, and through those histories caught the secret of the labors that had been going on there through the ages; the work of the earthquake, the glacier, the winds, the heat, the cold, the sunbeams —all the agents which the Infinite employs in rounding a world into form.

No other study is more impressive. With every leaf turned in that book of nature, the more accentuated comes the realization of the majesty, the mercy and the power of the Infinite Architect which ages before man had an existence save in the mind of God caused the plans to be laid and approved through which, when man should materialize, a field would be ready for him where his mind and hands might find employment and where for earnest work a sure reward would be awaiting him; and where when he became great enough to understand how the work was framed and the reward provided, he would feel like "putting the shoes from off his feet," because he was standing on holy ground.

And another character of men was developed there; strong men of affairs, captains of industry, who when they left the hills and entered into competition with ordinary men were found to be masters to take charge of any work that was presented, for to wrestle with the forces of nature and overcome the bastions and battlements which the mountains have upreared in their own defense, make men stronger.

They were, even as was Jacob by his all-night wrestle with the Lord, strengthened by the labor, and because of it, like Jacob, they took on new titles among men.

If I have made the foregoing plain, it will be seen that while there were miners before those first California miners, and while there have been miners since in many ways their superiors as miners, there never was before, never has been since, just such a band as were they.

They had no homes with tender home influences to hold them in check; but they grew tenderer and more considerate of others because of the absence of those influences; they had no children of their own, but that made them fathers by adoption of all the world's children; many of them were wild and reckless, for there were at first no restraints upon them, no church spires to turn their gaze upward; they turned to trees which were higher than church spires, and to the sky under whose dim sheen they slept, and were perhaps nearer God because of their environments and the sentinel stars that kept solemn watch above them.

With a steadfast courage they worked out their lives; most of them, personally, are forgotten, but because they lived and toiled and kept watch that society should be kept secure against wrong and the flag above them be kept stainless, the manhood of the whole coast was exalted and the influence they exerted has been an ennobling one to the whole coast ever since.

THEODORE D. JUDAH.

AS THE years slowly unwound after history began its record, from the works of all the myriads who lived and died in the ancient world, seven achievements were separated from the rest and called the "Seven Wonders of the World." The first was the pyramids of Egypt. They were built by slaves to gratify the whims of kings and to make for those kings sepulchres, when their work should be done. The second was the Pharos built by Ptolemy Philadelphus to be a watch-tower on the Nile. The third was the hanging gardens of Babylon, built to gratify the pride of a king or queen. The fourth was the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was built by the Asiatic states very much as the people of Utah built the Salt Lake temple. It required the patient labor of thousands of men and two hundred and twenty years of time to complete it. The fifth was the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, altogether glorious in ivory and gold and precious stones. The sixth was the mausoleum which Artemesia built for the tomb of her husband, and the last was the colossus of Rhodes, a statue of brass built in honor of the sun.

It will be noticed that none of these were to be of any practical use to the world except the watch-tower built by Ptolemy. The rest were either for tombs or in honor of the deities which the various nations worshiped. In our day another wonder has been added to the wonders of the Old World. It was not for a tomb; it was not to gratify kingly pride; it was not to make an ostentatious display of wealth that it was created. The object was to open a new highway for trade and to make new capitals for commerce across the continent. I refer, of course, to the first Pacific railroad across the Sierra Nevada mountains and the deserts east of them.

For a long time efforts had been made to begin some tangible work looking to the building of a transcontinental railroad. Benton had advocated it; Fremont had advocated it;

the press of California constantly agitated the subject, pointing out its needs, expressing belief in its practicability, and the glory that would come with its construction. California senators and representatives had urged the undertaking, some half-hearted preliminary surveys had been made, but as a whole the people of the country, cowed by the distance and the descriptions of the route, believed the work impossible.

Doubters explained that even could the road be built, it would be impossible to manufacture rolling stock that could stand the strain of a three thousand mile journey. Capitalists, when approached, began to lock their safes. With that air which is apt to attach to a man who has been a long time a banker, they would explain that could it be possible to build the road, the revenues from it would not for fifty years be sufficient to pay for the lubricating fluid in the boxes of the car wheels.

Then they would pull down their maps, show the great American desert as it was outlined; explain that from the Missouri to the Pacific there was a stretch of 2,000 miles of arid lands, desert mountains of rock and barren sand; then question the sanity or honesty of any man who seriously advocated the pursuit of such an impossibility.

It makes one smile to think what has been done since: how limited was the sagacity, how impotent the capacity, how narrow were the horizons of those wise asses of fifty years ago.

But there was one man, Theodore D. Judah, of different mold. He was among men what the eagle is among birds. His way of mounting a height was by riding up it on the strong wings of enthusiasm and courage, but he was careful to assure himself in advance that the wings were strong enough to make the giddy flight.

When on the crags, no matter how rude his eyrie might be, he was sure of its safety, for he himself had anchored it, so when the hurricane was raging it was a joy for him to flap his strong pinions and join his defiant scream to the clamors of the gale.

When the work of building the road is spoken of or thought of, the glory goes to four men in Sacramento whose names have been so closely linked with that road that all other people are, by the great masses of men, forgotten in that connection. But Judah was the man who first dreamed of the enterprise, and followed his dream with his instruments. He scaled all the mountain tops; he made his surveys; he worked year after year upon his theme. Because of him the project finally rounded into form. Because of him the road was begun. He was a civil engineer, poor in purse, but with visions in his brain sweeter than the thirst for gold.

He built the road from Sacramento to Folsom. As he laid out that line his eyes every day stretched to the blue mountains beyond, until the idea of scaling those heights with the iron horse became an absorbing passion with him. So on his own account he laid his lines across them on three different routes. He followed the dream through half as many years as Columbus did before the Italian obtained the three little ships and their poor fittings with which to push back from the face of the ocean the veil and reveal a new continent. He tried the rich men of San Francisco. They heard his story; they smiled at his enthusiasm, but they secretly buttoned up their pockets and locked their safes and said wisely to each other that the man was an enthusiastic lunatic.

Judah had made the preliminary surveys and established that the work was practicable; that it was but a matter of pluck, energy, persistence and money to construct the road. But months and years slipped away. Talk about the inertia of matter! It does not compare with the inertia of provincial minds, or at times, with the inertia of public opinion.

In July, 1859, the great Comstock mines east of the Sierra Nevadas were discovered; later the rush to that new field began which soon swelled into a stampede.

The men who later were the magnates of the Central Pacific road—the big four—undertook the building of a stage road from Dutch Flat, California, on the west flank of the Sierras to what is now Truckee on the eastern slope. They gave the direction of the work to Judah. While that was in progress he laid the results of his investigation before the men who later organized a company which finally undertook the work. He pointed out that the plan was feasible; that it was possible to scale those heights and to build the western end of a transcontinental line. At last he awakened enough of their sympathy for them to begin to help him. They intended to try to build the road for fifty miles to connect with the western terminus of the wagon road. He begged them to take another route, pointed out that by taking that route 1,600 feet in elevation would be saved, but they shook their heads incredulously. They said, "Possibly we can, but such subsidies as we can get and by such help as we can draw to us, complete the road as high as Dutch Flat, and then if the Comstock mines hold out for a few years we can all make little fortunes." And while they were speaking that way, this man was in thought starting a train from Sacramento, seeing it scale two great ranges of mountains and the desert which stretched away between these ranges and making a revolution in the world's commerce. In thought he saw cities spring up along the trail which he should blaze in the wilderness. He saw the exhaustion, the terror and the fatigue of crossing the plains taken away, and so while he talked strict business to the principals in the enterprise, and while by his skill no mistakes were made in estimating grades or curves, when the day's work was finished the lullaby that he went to sleep on was the far off echo of the whistles which would blow in midcontinent before his work should be done.

This work was not like the work of the ancients. It was a monument built to Industry. Its object was to forge a mighty link to connect with steel the two great oceans. It was to push the frontier back. It was, through a dreary and fearful wilderness, to smooth a way so that civilization might, with unsoiled sandals, advance along this new path and build to herself temples. It was to be a monument to progress which was to shine out on the world fairer than did the watch tower on the Nile; fairer than the statue of Minerva, with its gold and ebony and ivory and precious stones. It was to be a notice of American power, much more impressive than was the statue that stood at the entrance of Rhodes in honor of the sun. It was to herald a new epoch.

It was to create clouds by day and pillars of fire by night which for all time should light the way for commerce. It was to be a rolling fort of defense against savages. It was to make possible the driving away of the frown from the repellant face of the desert, and to make it possible for fair homes and great cities to appear where before all had been desolation since the beginning of time. It was to solve new feats in engineering, and to give mankind a new notice that the earth and all therein are subject to the domination of royal brains. The work has been duplicated north and south since then, but that does not detract in the least from the glory of the first achievement, and the inauguration of that glory was due, is due and always will be due more to T. D. Judah than to any other one or to any other ten men. He dreamed it out first. He established its practicability by his unerring instruments. He turned all the enthusiasm of his great nature into the work until he infused some cool business brains with some of the fervor of his energy and hope. When the first stakes were set he went to Congress and renewed there his impassioned arguments in favor of the project, and when the line was completed to Ogden, then when its success had been established, he tried with all his strength to bring to his associates the aid necessary to purchase the Union Pacific, and make a continuous line under one company, from the Missouri to Sacramento. He wore himself out, and died in the mighty work, but his life was spared until the road was finished, and now it is his monument. He needs no other. The Union Pacific company, in gratitude for the solid business persistence which drove west the eastern end of the transcontinental line, built for the Ames on the summit of the Rockies a monument of granite. Judah needs no other monument but the road itself. But it would be a graceful thing for the company which was organized through his genius and carried to success by his genius, to build to him on the Sierras a monument of marble.

He was a great man. Among men he was like Saul. He was taller than most of them; he was strongly made; he was massive every way. He was given the enthusiasm of the poet and the solid combinations of the scientific engineer. He consecrated his life to the eighth wonder of the world. He saw it completed and then, worn out, lay down and died. When the names of the strong men and the great men who found California a wilderness and then caused the transformation which revealed a glorified State, are called over, one after the other, close to the very head of the shining list should be the name of T. D. Judah.

The near friends of the stalwart men who built the road may hold that the foregoing is a slighting of the builders' sagacity, public spirit and prescience. It is not so intended. What they did was a wonder, but it is true that at first they did not believe in the possibility, much less the feasibility, of the enterprise. When they began, their hope was to complete a road to Dutch Flat only. But that was far in advance of the opinions of the masses of men in California, almost infinitely in advance of the "sound thought" of the wise financiers of the East.

It was all clear to Judah from the first; the splendor of it, the practicability of it, what it would be to native land.

It came of the sagacity, the poetry, the patriotism of the man.

He heard the far-off call and gave the command. The mountains were bowed down, the valleys exalted, the rolling waves of the desert subdued.

On Memorial days, when the list of the names of the masterful men of California is read, when that of Judah is reached the chariots of the world's commerce should be halted as the great name is spoken.

CHARLIE FAIRFAX.

I SAY "Charlie," but in truth had he gone to England and claimed his title, he would have been Lord Charles Fairfax, for he was a lineal descendant of the House of Fairfax, and at the time he lived was entitled to be the head of the house, though he was born in Virginia and was of the third or fourth generation of Virginian Colfaxes.

He showed his lineage in three or four characteristics. He was handsome and every look was of a high-born race. There is an old belief that it requires seven generations of colts to breed up from a cold-blooded dam a thoroughbred. If the same rule applies to men, then Charlie Fairfax had only thoroughbred ancestors for quite five hundred years; for when himself he was the most absolutely natural gentleman that I ever saw. He had a grace of action, a natural courtesy; a thoughtfulness for guests and a way of making men feel that he had a solicitude for their well-being and happiness that could not be imitated by any man that I ever met.

Behind it all he held within his breast a lion's heart, that no danger could appall—he was absolutely without fear. He would have ridden beside Cardigan at Balaklava, or Pickett at Gettysburg, and one to have seen his face would have thought he was on the way to a picnic.

With these qualities it may be asked why he did not make himself a great name. We suspect it was because of his training in part, and also in part certain qualities of his mind which made success impossible. From earliest childhood he was taught that he must keep his honor pure; that he must never fail in courage, and never for a moment forget that his ancestors for many generations had all been gentlemen.

He was given a good education, but slaves did the work around him and he never had the least business training; was never taught even to think of the every-day duties of life, or the value of money, or that the day might come when cares would enter his life or the need of honest work on his part would be a duty. He was brought up on a farm in Virginia; he was an expert with firearms of all kinds; he loved to hunt and could lure fish from the streams, but he never held a plough or swung an axe—why should he? Why should he undertake to compete with slaves?

What could such a man as that do in a land such as California was in those first days, when there was a wilderness to subdue, an empire to create, and when progress was driven on by an energy as tireless as that which keeps the stars moving in their processions?

He was elected clerk of the Supreme court of California, which, it was said, paid a salary of $30,000 per annum. But he saved nothing from it. What was the difference whether he had a few thousands on hand or owed a few thousands in debts? A multitude of anecdotes were told of him in those days. He had a beautiful wife—his home was a dream—but when, as he did sometimes, go home intoxicated, his wife would not scold, but would cry. One summer night, in Sacramento, he started home in that condition. It was about 2:30 a. m. Not a drop of rain had fallen for four months in Sacramento, and there was no prospect of a drop falling for four months to come. But Charlies banged away at the door of a dry goods store until finally a sleepy clerk responded and opened the door. Fairfax bought an umbrella and went home. He admitted himself as softly as he could, ascended noiselessly to his wife's apartments, where the gas was turned half-down; sat down and raised the umbrella over his head. By this time his wife had awakened, and, sitting up in bed, she said sharply: "Charles Fairfax! What are you doing? Have you gone crazy." "No, Ada, dear," was the reply; "just waiting for the shower."

He was going home about 4:30 one morning when, passing an open stand on the corner—it would be called a "buffet" nowadays; it was called "pigsfoot corner" then—Fairfax stopped at the counter and ordered a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich. When they were disposed of he felt in all his pockets, but had not a penny. He explained how things were to the old German who kept the place; told him who he was and that he would bring the money when he came up town next day. But that was not satisfactory. The German came around the counter, took him by the arm and said: "Dere's too many your kinds of cusses dese days; you gums inside and stays mit me till dot bill vos zettled." Charlie quietly went around the counter and took a seat in full view of the street. An hour later an early-awake merchant came hurriedly down the street on his way to business. Glancing over the counter he saw Fairfax; stopped and said: "Fairfax, what in the Lord's name are you doing there." "I'm in jail," said Charlie; "I am in arrears to this gentleman in the sum of twenty cents; he has served a restraining order on me and threatens to make it a perpetual injunction." At last the matter was explained, the merchant advanced the twenty cents and Charlie was permitted to go home. But on leaving, Charlie took off his hat and with a courtly grace bowed to the bewildered pigs foot vendor and assured him that he had never tasted finer coffee and sandwiches.

He had another experience in San Francisco. He had been in the city two or three days, and woke one morning to find that he had not a penny in his clothes. He went out on Montgomery street and there met an old friend, who said: "Fairfax, have you been to breakfast?" He answered, "No," whereupon the friend said: "I wish you would ask me to breakfast, for last night I hit a faro bank and went broke inside of twenty minutes." "'But I have not a cent, either," said Fairfax. Both laughed and were discussing how they were going to manage to get breakfast, when a mutual friend of both came up, and said: "Gentlemen, just around on Sacramento street is the finest restaurant in the world. Come and have breakfast with me!"

After proper hesitation they accepted. A superb breakfast was ordered, but when nearly finished the friend said: "There's my old friend Hastings at the door. I must see him; please excuse me one moment."

He did not return. They nibbled at the remnants of the breakfast for five minutes or more and then Fairfax said: "He's gone; what are we going to do?" "Blamed if I know," was the reply. Fairfax called a waiter and said: "Is it time for spring chickens yet?" The waiter replied that they had some exceptionally fine ones.

"Well," said Charlie, "broil us two, and look, ye, I want them broiled slowly until they take on just the right brown. I would rather wait than have them hurriedly cooked."

The chickens were brought on. They had been slowly cooked and were slowly eaten. Just as the final crisis was imminent a Sacramento friend of Fairfax came in. In a word Fairfax explained the desperation of the case; the friend laughed, and saying, "I must get a hurried breakfast for I am busy today," held out his hand which had a twenty-dollar piece in it, which in the handshake was transferred; then Charlie settled the bill, tipped the waiter and the two went out. Just beside the door stood the friend who had asked the two to breakfast. In a rage, Fairfax demanded why he had played a trick like that upon them. "You see," said the friend, "I had not had a morsel of food for two days and I was hungry." Then they all laughed and Fairfax gave the man $5 of the $20 he had just borrowed; $5 to the other friend, and said, "That leaves me $4, and I can get home with that."

After some years in California, Fairfax went back to Virginia to visit his father and mother.

In his absence, his father had become a fanatical prohibitionist; brought out all his wines and liquors and poured them on the ground. Charlie had written that he was coming and was therefore expected. He reached the old home one morning and found his mother in the living room. After the excitement of the meeting had subsided a little the mother said: "Charlie, you know how papa is about all kinds of liquor, so when you wrote that you were coming I got a bottle of the best for sale in Richmond; it is in the cabinet and whenever you want a little you will find it." "Well, mother, inasmuch as I have not seen you for a good while I believe I will drink your health now," said Charlie, and he did. Then he went up to meet his father in the library, where his mother said he would find him. There were warm greetings, but after a few minutes the father said: "Charlie, you know what my sentiments are about all alcoholic drinks, but you have been out west, and so when I heard you were coming, I quietly sent for a bottle of the best Bourbon. It is in that bookcase, the third from the door, and when you want a drink I will turn my back on you so as not to see you."

"Well, father," said Charlie, "it is seven years since I've been home; I believe it is my duty to drink to your long life," and with that he went to the bookcase, found the bottle and got outside the drink. Then he asked where Jeff was (the old colored servant), who had been his playmate in childhood.

He was told that Jeff was probably in the carriage house or stables, and Charlie started out to find him. Jeff was wild with delight and expressed his joy in exaggerated antics. But, cooling down a little after awhile, he said, "Massie Charlie, yo knows how crazy old Massie has got on de liker business, but I heard you wuz comin', and Ah says, young Massie is not goin' ter be cheated. I stole seben dozen eggs, sold 'em and got der finest bottle you eber tasted and it's heah in der haymow." Charlie took a drink with Jeff. After awhile he asked for Steve, the gardener. He found him trailing a grape vine. Steve was a quiet old darkie, but after awhile he said, "Massie Charlie, I knowd yo was comin' and what old Massie thinks 'bout drinkin', so look a heah!" There, under a leaf in the cabbage patch, was another bottle and Charlie drank with Steve.

All his life thereafter he declared that there was nothing else so perilous to perfect sobriety as to visit a prohibition ranch before breakfast in the morning.

Fairfax spent some time in Virginia City, Nev.

One night a gentleman was escorting his own wife and Mrs. Fairfax to some entertainment when they met a notorious ruffian, who, on seeing them, loaded the air with imprecations and anathemas aimed at them.

It was heard by others who when, three hours later, they saw Fairfax coming down the street, knew by his manner that something serious was on, caught him and begged him not to mind what the ruffian had said, that he was drinking and a most brutal and dangerous man; to which Fairfax replied:

"What do I care for that thug? I want to find the man who permitted him to insult my wife and his own wife and did not kill him."

One day on the street in Sacramento Fairfax became engaged in an altercation with a man who at one time had been a deputy clerk under Fairfax. The quarrel grew fierce and they proceeded to blows, when the man drew a sword from the cane he was carrying and drove it through the shoulder of Fairfax below the clavicle. Fairfax, who was a dead shot, drew a deringer from his vest pocket, cocked it and aimed it at the man; then he dropped his arm and said: "You are a cowardly murderer; you have killed me, but you have a wife and children and I will spare your life," and then sank fainting into the arms of a friend.

It was thought the wound was fatal, but at last he rallied from its effects and lived eleven years. When he died, a post-mortem was held and the surgeon said to one of the friends of Fairfax: "Do you say this wound was received eleven years ago?" When answered in the affirmative, the surgeon said: "Then God must have interposed to save his life. Save where the blade entered and made its exit the wound is as fresh and unhealed as though made but an hour ago. It is the most astonishing thing in the history of wounds."

The memory of Charlie Fairfax lingers with only a few old-time friends now, whereas his name should have had a national and international fame; for he had abundant talent, the splendid prestige of an honored name. A little discipline in youth and something high to call out his manhood as he went out into the world, would have brought unmeasured honors to him; but he never would take life seriously and seemed to care nothing about the name he was to leave, except that no taint of dishonor should attach to it.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM PIKE.

IN THE West (I suspect it is so everywhere) are men whom their fellowmen designate as "empire builders." Some of them deserve the title. When men put the machinery in motion and watch and work until it is made clear that it will grind away the barbarism of the frontier, and make possible, out of what was a wilderness to create glorified states, they are entitled to wear the badge of empire builders.

There have been many of these in the world. Romulus with his plough marked the boundaries of what was to be "The eternal City" and maintained his place until it was accepted as true that a new nation had been created. He was an empire builder.

When Fernando Cortes burned his ships that there might be no retreat and proceeded to overthrow the Aztec dynasty with its human sacrifices, and on that soil to plant a Christian nation, whatever else may be said of him and his methods, he was certainly an empire builder.

Almost all nations preserve the traditions of how their countries were first rounded into civilized form, and to hold as empire builders the first actors in the great drama. We in the United States have had many of these; their names would make a long and majestic roll.

But with most of these there was a lofty or deep down selfish purpose.

Some have been intent upon creating a place which would require high officers, and the unspoken thought was "I will fill the very highest of them and make of mine a name to be remembered."

Others have been impelled by a desire to found on a firm basis the religion which they believed was the right one and to hedge it round with safeguards which would last for all time.

Some have said to themselves: "The curse of the world is poverty; in that new land there will be opportunities, so soon as order can be established, to gather rapidly what men really covet most, a vast treasure in gold and lands, all that the land can produce and all that gold can buy."

Others, dissatisfied with all human government, have determined that there shall at last be one perfect government, which, when the world realizes its perfections, there will be an epoch: the nations will accept it, and the cry will be, " 'Bout face!" and "Forward, march!'

Out of all these I select the very greatest, for a brief review.

I refer, of course, to "the gentleman from Pike." He is, or at least was, half a century ago, unlike all others.* He did not dream of going out and conquering a kingdom. He had no plan for starting a new religion. He was satisfied with what he had. His choice lay between the Baptist and the Methodist, but he inclined toward the latter because there was more shout to it and less use for water.

He had no desire to found any new government. His private belief was that there was already too much government in the world.

Neither did he dream of finding gold or silver mines. They were out of his line.

What he wanted was more land, especially grass land. If near it there could be woods with wild game; *mast* for his pigs, plenty of berries in the summer, and nuts and wild honey to be gathered later, they would all be welcome.

Most people gain their impressions from their immediate surroundings and so this pathfinder in secret thought wanted to find a new Missouri, as Missouri was before the land was increased in value by the coming of so many unwelcome neighbors. Cheap and rich lands without troublesome neighbors, whose thrift magnified the carelessness of his methods by comparison.

So, upon his prairie schooner he loaded his household goods, leaving a corner in the huge wagon bed for his household gods, yoked his oxen and hitched them to the wagon, tied a cow behind the wagon, then, heading his team to the west, started.

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*Half a century ago Pike County, Missouri, was so strongly represented in California that at last all emigrants across the plains were referred to as "Pike county men."

Then the air of the wilderness began to be sanctified by his swear words, and so varied, so picturesque and all embracing was his vocabulary, that timid animals in his path fled at hearing it, and the eagle on swift wing and fast-beating heart sought his eyrie to regain his usual repose of manner.

He had heard that there were plenty of grass and good water one hundred or two hundred or a thousand miles away, and those were the things he wanted.

If the sky was sapphire above him and the winds were laid, he merely said to himself, "It looks like to be a good day," and drove on; maybe he sang a little. If the winds rose and the dust half-blinded him, he did not mind them; he never even cleared his throat except when he wanted his vocal chords to help him in emphasizing his wishes to the oxen.

He carried a stock of adjectives with which to adorn his oration in case the wild man disputed his trespass; he carried an old-fashioned fowling-piece with which to convert wild animals into food; he and his wife and white headed children ate their simple food and never murmured, for the open air and exercise are tonics for the appetite.

Thus, day by day, he toiled on; night by night the wagon supplied a house and sleeping room; a frying pan and coffee pot and a brush fire were enough cooking utensils for the whole brood, and the march was continued until the promised land was found and pre-empted.

It was all made possible because the man was not sensitive; it seemed to him duty, and the doing of it was a matter of course.

It was made possible because the undemonstrative woman in the wagon had enlisted to walk by the man's side while life lasted; what she held repressed in her own heart who can tell? When the wolves howled around them by night and the hoot of the owl became at last a sound of derision, it was she who quieted the fears of the children; when she thought that in the event of an accident or illness she would have to be both physician and nurse; when she dreamed at night of the dainty things she in girlhood had planned to have, and then awoke with only the natural savagery of the frontier to greet her eyes, she hid the feeling that it awakened deep in her soul and when her children cried at the desolation and loneliness, it was her arms around them and the simple song on her lips that hushed them. Talk of devotion and courage and that fortitude which faces a hard lot every day while the years come and go, without plaint and without repining; where else can a harder test be found?

This movement of the Pike county man to the west lasted more than half a century. It was most pronounced in the forties, when he never rested until he stood on the bank of the Columbia; and in the fifties, when his destination was the valley through which flows the Sacramento.

And the wonderful part was that he did not know that he was a hero.

"Did you not realize when you started that you might have to fight your way?" was asked one of them.

"Of course," was the reply. "In one form or another yer always has ter fight yer way. If it isn't Injuns it's thar thirst or thar hunger or thar sickness, one blamed thing after another. It's all in thar play."

But nature is responsive sometimes to men's wishes, and women's longings. As the company increased, the silence which had so long surrounded the wilds like a robe was rent by the cries of advancing hosts. At last, out of the rough outlines of the wilderness, states were hewed into form; then came the scream of the locomotive through the majestic mountains to dispute the scream of the eagle; the chariots of commerce began their roll and it was heralded to the world that in the great west a new, mighty empire had been created.

Who laid the foundation of this empire? Who steadied it through its infant years? To whom is the credit most due for what it now is? There are many to claim the honor, but who says the first and highest recognition is not due to the Who-haw Empire Builder—the gentleman from Pike?

COLONEL E. D. BAKER.

WHEN alone, sometimes, the present vanishes, and from out of the soundless past stately forms stalk into the present, their sovereign faces wearing the calm of the long ago, but their kindly eyes seem aglow with memories of other days and other scenes which once filled the full measure of man's duty here and in which, in the splendor of their manhood, they bore their part.

Among them there always comes the shade of E. D. Baker. It is natural that it should be so, for to earnest boyhood he was always the ideal man, among the very foremost men who ever lived on the Pacific coast; who ever went from the Pacific coast and died for his country. About five feet eleven inches in height, and built up to about one hundred and eighty pounds; his face was that of Pericles, his eyes in repose sombered like a hawk's in his wide circles over earth or ocean in the afternoon sunbeams, but blazing like an eagle's when aroused—that was the picture he made in his daily life among men.

But when on the rostrum some theme worthy of him called him to its championship; then there was a transformation scene, and listening and watching more than once I have said to myself: "It is as when Moses and Elias were transfigured." Face, eyes, hands were all alive, his voice took on a shrill cadence that carried men before it at will, and each sentence closed either ablaze with lightnings and deep roll of the thunders that his soul had called up, or with a rhythm like a lofty anthem. When thus awakened he was all energy, alive through and through, the ideal of Cicero's orator materialized; the ideal man of all the earth.

At that time he was a great lawyer; he had been a brilliant soldier; he was fitted for any emergency. His politics were antagonized by the controlling political power that then ruled the Golden State; his assailants were sometimes the brilliant men of the opposition, sometimes the canaille, but he met them all, he mastered the learned and eloquent by his superior learning and eloquence, and the coarser class by showing them, their discomfiture, the advantage in warfare of a Damasc blade in a skilled hand over a cleaver wielded by a boor.

He pronounced the eulogy over the remains of the de Broderick, and the state was melted to tears; he made a spee in New York City in that portentous late autumn of 18 and set the hearts of his listeners ablaze; he heard the closi twenty minutes of the speech of Breckenridge in the senate, justification of his giving up his place as a senator of the Unit States and joining the armies that had been marshaled to d stroy the Union, and at its close at once took the floor, a when he finished the brilliant Breckenridge as a masterful d bator was merely a memory. He was the close friend a adviser of President Lincoln; he raised and trained a regime was sent against an enemy which outnumbered his comma four to one; the reinforcements promised him were never se so when next morning the battle was joined, he, standing, was his wont, with right hand in the breast of his coat, receiv a volley, at the same instant was struck by four bullets in breast, either one of which would have been fatal.

Edward Dickinson Baker was born in London. H father was a Quaker teacher, but his mother was the sister Captain Thomas Dickinson, who fought side by side with C lingwood at Trafalgar, that Collingwood who would ha divided the honors of that great deay with Nelson had the latter died just as the thunders of battle grew still.

Colonel Baker did not receive school advantages schools, but his father was a teacher, and looked carefully af his education; and gave him that better education, in so respects, of taking him to all famous places possible and f ing his mind with their stories and legends. He saw the pagea of the funeral of Lord Nelson, and its splendor and solemn lingered with him and influenced all his life.

When he was five years old his father removed to Ph adelphia, and spent ten years in that city as a teacher.

What Baker read he ever afterward knew. He did seem to have any conscious effort of memory; he at once sto his mind and it was there, on call, ever after.

He early developed the fact that he was a natural orator. He studied law and became eminent at once. The Black Hawk war came on. He fought through that war; then came the Mexican war, and then again he enlisted. He was only nineteen years of age when he was admitted to the bar of Illinois.

In 1835 he removed to Springfield, Illinois, and he must have been rated a fine lawyer then, for among his partners at different times were Albert D. Bledsoe, subsequently assistant secretary of war in the southern Confederacy; Joseph Hewitt, and the venerable Judge Stephen P. Logan, whom Illinois people still declare was the greatest lawyer ever known in the state. He had among his contemporaries Lincoln, Douglas, McDougal, Logan, Trumball, Stuart, and others of scarcely less note.

In those days Colonel Baker used to write a good deal of poetry. Much of it was fine. It was transposing into rhyme the natural rhythm and eloquence in his soul.

Colonel Baker was in Congress when the Mexican war broke out, and he hastened from Washington to his home in Illinois and quickly raised a regiment of volunteers, which he led to the Rio Grande. He was chosen by General Taylor as bearer of dispatches to the war department and proceeded to Washington.

Congress was in session and as he had not resigned his seat in the house, he availed himself of his privilege as a member to speak. By general consent one of the most important bills relating to the soldiers was made a special order, and the chance was given Colonel Baker to discuss it. Having brought no civilian's clothes with him, he spoke in his military uniform, and so rapidly that the reporters were unable to make a good report. It made a most profound impression, and this was accentuated by Colonel Baker's recitation at the close of a poem in memory of his comrades who had died in the unhealthy camp on the Rio Grande.

We give one verse of it, because of its style and because another poem in the same measure a few years later made and still makes a profound impression. It was as follows:

"Where rolls the rushing Rio Grande,
Here peacefully they sleep;
Far from their native Northern land,
Far from the friends who weep.
No rolling drum disturbs their rest,
Beneath the sandy sod;
The mould lies heavy on each breast—
The spirit is with God."

He immediately after resigned his seat in Congress, to return to Mexico. His regiment was transferred to the department of General Scott, and although he missed Buena Vista, he took part in the capture of Vera Cruz and greatly distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo. In that battle, when General Shields was struck down and the brigade faltered for want of a leader, Colonel Baker took in the situation at once, and shouting to his regiment, "Come on!" he ordered the whole brigade to advance. For his gallantry and skill, General Scott continued Colonel Baker in command of the brigade.

When the fierce debate came on on the question of admitting California to statehood, Colonel Baker was in Congress and urged its admission. When in reply Venable and Toombs referred to Baker's foreign birth, Baker fiercely replied, and closed with these fateful words:

"If the time should come when disunion rules the hour and discord is to reign supreme, I shall again be ready to give the best blood in my veins to my country's cause."

When President Taylor died he was still in Congress and pronounced a most beautiful eulogy on the dead general and president. After reviewing his career from a captaincy in the war with Great Britain up through his career as commander in Mexico, he said:

"Mr. Speaker, the character upon which Death has just set his seal is filled with beautiful and impressive contrasts: A warrior, he loved peace; a man of action, he sighed for retirement. Amid the events which crowned him with fame, he counseled a withdrawal of our troops. And whether at the head of armies or in the chair of state, he appeared as utterly unconscious of his great renown as if no banners had dropped at his word, or as if no gleam of glory shone through his whitened hair."

In 1852 Colonel Baker, with his entire family, migrated to California and settled in San Francisco.

California was indeed a new field for him. He had seen stormy political times in Illinois; had passed through many a fierce campaign where a good deal that was brutal was exhibited. He had been in Congress a potent advocate of the admission of California, but he did not know that from the hour of its admission, the preparations for a secession of the south had been going on, that in California many of the prominent men from the old South were in the movement

Broderick, by his magnetism and power, was fighting his way; when he won his party divided, and by the "chivalry" wing he was marked as an enemy and put down for slaughter when the time should be ripe. Baker, as the most conspicuous Republican, repeatedly canvassed the state.

He was fiercely assailed; with every assault his voice grew louder and clearer, his fame took on a higher and higher stature. His answers to coarse invective were clarion calls for enlightenment and all-embracing freedom, until the men who "came to scoff went away to pray." His voice was a clear tenor and when in full volume seemed to fill all space with music.

The modern schools have extended their studies; the world is filled with modern books, with the result that the graduates' learning has been widened, but it sometimes lacks thoroughness. Four score years ago the ancient classics were insisted on in the schools until, at least with some students, they were so assimilated that they were part of their lives and gave color to all their intellectual efforts. It was so with Col. Baker.

One of his greatest triumphs was in the mining camp of Goodyear's Bar—high up on the Yuba and amid some of the sublimest of California mountains. Here were six hundred placer miners, and very few women. At the election the year before Colonel Baker went there only one Republican vote was cast. Baker said he would go and reinforce that voter.

Standing on a carpenter's bench in front of a saloon he began his speech. There was a large sprinkling of Irishmen in the crowd. The whole camp was present, but it had been whispered around and it was understood that there should be no applause.

Baker spoke for half an hour, his voice being the only sound heard. But that was the year when the anti-foreign Know Nothing party was in full force in California. When Baker reached that part of his speech, he gave a word painting of Reilly's Irish regiment in battle in Mexico, as he had watched it. When at the very climax he pointed to a staff from which the Stars and Stripes had been lowered, and passing from the description of the battle scene he delivered an apostrophe upon the flag.

The crowd had grown very restless under the enchantment of his eloquence, and as he paused for a moment, a mighty yell as of a horde of wild Indians was started, and still yelling, but with tears running down their cheeks, a rush was made to grasp and bear away in triumph in their arms the speaker. The bench was overthrown, those upon it were pitched headlong upon the heads of those below, but no one was hurt. Then there was a night of it.

On that occasion Baker justified what Stanley said of him in his funeral eulogy over his body—"How irresistible he was when he deprived men of their reason as he overwhelmed them in admiration of his transcendant genius."

Colonel Baker's triumphs at the bar—that wonderful old-day California bar—were, if possible, greater than on the rostrum. When it looked as though Cora, who killed Richardson, could get no lawyer to defend him, so fierce was public opinion, Baker went to his defense, and in his argument to the jury gave his reasons in these words:

"The profession to which we belong is, of all others, fearless of public opinion. It has ever stood up against the tyranny of monarchs on the one hand, and the tyranny of public opinion on the other.

"And if, as the humblest among them, it became me to instance myself, I may say with a bold heart, and I do say it with a bold heart, that there is not in all this world the wretch so humble, so guilty, so despairing, so torn with avenging furies, so pursued by the arm of the law, so hunted to cities of refuge, so fearful of life, so afraid of death—there is no wretch so steeped in all the agonies of vice and crime, that I would not have a heart to listen to his cry and a tongue to speak in his defense, though round his head all the wrath of public opinion should gather and rage and roar and roll as the ocean rolls around the rock."

When California celebrated the laying of the first Atlantic cable, Baker was the orator in San Francisco. His oration was illuminated all the way through with the lightning flashes of his genius and eloquence.

No finer oration was ever delivered in any country than was Baker's, no finer from Demosthenes down to Lincoln's Gettysburg speech; no more enchanting eloquence was ever listened to.

Baker pronounced the funeral eulogy over Broderick. Never had such a host thronged to a funeral in California. The crowd was measured by acres. Of the oration, Edward Stanley said:

"I have read no effort of that character, called out by such an event, so admirable, so touching, so worthy the sweet eloquence of Baker. It should crown him with immortality."

Of it George Wilkes wrote:

"At the foot of the coffin stood the priest, at its head, and so he could gaze fully on the face of his dead friend, stood the fine figure of the orator. * * * For minutes after the vast throng had settled itself to hear his words, the orator did not speak. He did not look in the coffin—nay, neither to the right nor left; but the gaze of his fixed eye was turned within his mind and the tear was on his cheek. Then, when the silence was most intense, his tremulous tones rose like a wail and with an uninterrupted stream of lofty, burning and pathetic words he so penetrated and possessed the hearts of the sorrowing multitude that there was not one cheek less moist than his own. When he had finished the multitude broke into an agonized response of sobs."

A rough man who was there told me that when Colonel

Baker stretched out his arms over the casket and said: "Men of California, the man whose body lies before you was your senator," every hat was doffed in an instant.

In February, 1860, Colonel Baker, by invitation of Oregon friends, removed to that state.

At that time the state was solidly Democratic and there were many great Democrats there to hold the state in line. Colonel Baker made a thorough canvass, speaking in every camp, town, and city, with the result that the next January he was elected United States senator.

On his way to Washington he, in San Francisco, made a speech that fairly electrified that city and the whole state. In New York he made a marvelous speech. His most noted speeches in Washington were first, his reply to Senator Judah P. Benjamin, then to Senator Breckenridge. Those speeches must be read in their entirety to be fully appreciated.

On the forenoon of that day of the Breckenridge speech, Colonel Baker had been out drilling his regiment. He went to the capitol, lay down on a lounge in a cloak room, and fell asleep. Sumner and a few others thought that while Baker could prepare a fine speech and deliver it splendidly, he could not speak impromptu. A senator woke him, explained that Breckenridge was making a fearful speech, and asked him if he would reply to it.

He promptly consented, arose and entered the senate chamber in his uniform. He carried the senate and the galleries by storm. When, near the close, he referred to the sneering question of Breckenridge, asking where men could be found to go to the subjugation of the south, after saying what the states would do, Baker said: "The most peaceable man in this body may stamp his foot upon this senate chamber floor, as of old a warrior and a senator did, and from that single tramp will spring forth the armed legions." Just then the scabbard of his sword struck the floor, ringing through the hall, and a mighty thrill struck the listeners.

Colonel Baker, from the old Illinois days, had been one of the most trusted of Lincoln's friends. When the first inauguration of President Lincoln came, it was Colonel Baker who introduced him to the throng that had gathered to the inaugural ceremonies.

After General McClellan had been appointed to the supreme comand of the army of the Potomac, President Lincoln sent Baker with an important message to McClellan. The men met and measured each other, and a few days later Colonel Baker said to a friend: "I am going to take my command into one battle to show that I am not afraid. If I live through it, I will then resign, for things do not suit me.

He was sent to Balls Bluff. The next morning he was killed; the reinforcements promised him were never sent, and so soon it was known that he was dead, his command was withdrawn. On his person was found a major-general's commission signed by President Lincoln. Of his death John Hay wrote:

"Edward Dickinson Baker was promoted by one grand brevet of the God of Battles, above the acclaim of the field, above the applause of the world, to the Heaven of the martyr and the hero."

There was a public funeral in Washington. It would have been in the White House except for repairs going on.

Splendid eulogies were pronounced in both houses of Congress. Even Senator Sumner made a touching address, closing with the words: "Call him, if you please, the Prince Rupert of battle: he was also the Prince Rupert of debate."

But the great speech was by his old time Illinois friend, Senator McDougall of California. The historian says: "The surprise, the thrill of the occasion was the speech of Mr. McDougall of California.'

There were funeral services in many places in California and Oregon. Edward Stanley was the orator in San Francisco, Starr King also made a most touching address. The whole coast was in mourning.

The soul of Colonel Baker went out from a battle-field nearly half a century ago, but the splendor of his genius and patriotism still lingers over this west, and the echoes of the music of his voice, blending with the murmur of winds and streams, give a softer rhythm to both.

DARIUS OGDEN MILLS.

DARIUS OGDEN MILLS was a financier of the most perfect type. He was a forty-niner, I believe, and had a little money when he reached San Francisco. He went to California with the idea that as California was a land of gold, it was every man's duty to get as much of that gold as he honestly could. We say honestly could, for Mr. Mills was an honest man, often a coldly honest man.

Reaching San Francisco, his eyes turned naturally to such commercial and financial news as was then available. Southern California mines—mines south of the San Francisco parallel—were sending up much gold, and he went to them, bringing up, I think, at or near San Andreas. He probably brought with him a stock of miners' goods and opened a little store, but of this I am not sure. When I first heard of him it was as a gold dust buyer and banker. Gold is worth $20.67 per ounce, when pure, but gold dust is not quite pure, and ordinary California dust generally sold at from $16.50 to $18 per ounce when unalloyed; on the east side of the Sierra, it was alloyed with silver and brought from $11 to $13 per ounce.

I believe that buyers expected to clear about $2 per ounce, and when two or three hundred miners came in on Saturday night or Sunday morning with the dust they had mined the previous week, from three ounces to thirty and forty ounces each, the man who purchased the dust was doing fairly well.

When the cream of the placers was skimmed Mr. Mills removed to Sacramento and opened a bank, continuing the purchase of gold dust. The stages and pack animals brought it in from all sections of the state from Siskiyou to Mariposa.

Mr. Mills quickly made a state-wide reputation as a far-sighted business man and safe and high-minded banker.

Many people have wondered that the big four who built the old Central Pacific railroad did not enlist and include D. O. Mills.

I know nothing of the facts, but think I understand perfectly why such a thing would have been impossible at the time.

Careful business men looked upon the scheme of building a railroad over the Sierra as impossible, and if possible utterly impractical, for what was there beyond but the desert?

It seemed that way to Huntington and Hopkins, but they did have a hope of building to Dutch Flat, then by connecting with their toll road to Truckee, to make a fortune.

With Stanford it was different. Stanford, when young, never discounted native land, nor the possibilities that might quickly materialize into accomplished facts.

When W. C. Ralston was organizing the California bank he wanted a president that would give dignity and strength and character to the new institution, and he chose Mr. Mills, who accepted the place. It had become a commanding financial institution, when Mr. Sharon wired from Virginia City that the thing the Comstock needed was a real bank, and Ralston wired him back to "come to San Francisco and we will talk it over."

The result was the establishment of the branch bank in Virginia City, with Sharon in charge.

There had been some petty banks that had loaned their money at five per cent per month, which the borrowers could not pay. Their property could not be realized on, the banks had no more money to loan—it was nearly a tie up and lockout all around.

Sharon took up the indebtedness, with liens on mines and mills as security, reduced interest to one per cent per month, established regular pay days at the mines and generally removed the weights that had paralyzed effort and made labor impotent. Dealing in stocks was changed from feet to shares, and he dealt in them himself.

What Webster said of Hamilton might have been said of William Sharon at that time:

"He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue burst forth. He touched the corpse of public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

But within a year Sharon had loaned out of the bank's money $700,000, with nothing behind it but some interests in mills and mines.

People cannot comprehend it now, but that was a vast sum at that time. It seemed much greater than $17,000,000 does now.

When Mr. Mills as a stockholder and director of the parent bank saw the figures, he was shocked. He insisted that a meeting of the directors be called and Sharon sent for. It was done, and in a fiery speech he reviewed the figures and demanded that the Comstock business should be closed up, the branch bank be called in, the losses relegated to the column of losses, and that thenceforth the bank should pursue a legitimate banking business.

In reply Sharon stated the situation as it appeared to him, he being on the ground and watching everything; said the property he had acquired was live property and declaring that if given a few more months' time he would not only clear up everything, but make the parent bank more money than its original capital.

Ralston sided with Sharon and carried a majority of the directors to his side. As a last fling, Mills pointed out the old quartz mills that Sharon had purchased and declared that they were fit only for the scrap pile. To this Sharon replied that he had made a little money legitimately outside the bank and would take the mills at what they had cost the bank.

This was agreed to. Ralston joined with Sharon, and the Union Milling company was organized. It was said that it made money sometimes when the mines did not, for the charge of miling was $12 per ton, and a good deal of ore worked did not yield much in excess of that amount. To mill a ton of $9 and a ton of $18 ore together cost $24, and there was not much profit left.

Mr. Sharon began to swiftly vindicate himself, and Mr. Mills began to have faith in his discernment and sometimes bought stocks himself. When the Belcher and Crown Point bonanzas were uncovered all concerned made great fortunes, which the Con.-Cal. Bonanza added. But Ralston, the most public-spirited man in the world, as the money came in, began to launch out. He opened New Montgomery street, began the building of the Palace hotel, and spread out in a hundred directions, and reduced the deposits in the bank down so low that it was forced to close its doors. When, at a meeting of the directors, the real facts were made clear, Mills arose, and going to Ralston's private office, demanded his resignation as president.

Ralston turned to his desk, wrote the resignation, handed it to Mills, arose, put on his hat, walked to north beach, and sprang into the bay.

Many men have blamed Mills for that act. Certain it is that had the case been reversed, had Mills made the failure, Ralston would have gone to him, put his arm around him and said: "Brace up, Mills; you have made a mistake, but who of us does not make mistakes; brace up, we will pull through yet."

But D. O. Mills could not do that. He was absolutely honest; with him such an act would have looked like condoning a crime.

Mills lived several years at the Palace hotel; he never built a fine home in the west. In private he was most courteous and agreeable to meet.

He built one great office building in San Francisco; he was the chief factor in the building of the Virginia and Truckee railroad, and in the Palisade and Eureka road, and must have gotten his money back many times from both roads. He financed the Carson and Colorado road. He removed to New York City about thirty-two or thirty-three years ago.

His building of the Mills hotels in New York was characteristic of the man. He never believed much in direct charity, but rather in that indirect charity which was a help to honest effort. He figured that if he could reduce the living expenses of a laboring man or woman one-half, he or she would have an increased incentive to work and put by the surplus earnings. So he built the hotels, and by them gave to working men and women more sanitary accommodations and better food than they had been accustomed to at one-half or one-third what they had been paying. But so exact had been his calculations and so thorough his knowledge of the cost of things, that the structures from the start paid better interest on their cost than many of the royal sky-scrapers near.

He would not advance money on an undeveloped mine, for no matter what the promise of it was, there was an element of chance connected with it, and with him business was an exact science, around which no visible evidence of chance lingered, and so as an exact business man he was infallible.

So he went on increasing his fortune, but he never permitted his wealth to cause his nature to harden or his native instincts to wane. He was always a fond husband and father and no matter how strict were his dealings with men, everything he had was always for his loved ones. Their lives were bound up in his and when he gave them aught, it was as though he was making a present to himself.

He who was late ambassador to the court of St. James married his daughter. Home on leave of absence, three years ago, they entertained the royal Connaught and his family.

We suspect that the boys who were on the Comstock thirty-five years ago and who are still on this side, as they read the account said: 'Here's to you, Duke and Whitelaw! We bear no malice if we did put up some of that money which makes the entertainment. Shucks to a man who, if he has a thing to do does not do it gallantly!"

But we would not do Mr. Reid injustice. He was an able editor and had more money in his own right than any editor ought to have.

He took the editorship of the *Tribune* when the pen fell from the hand of Horace Greeley, and held the paper up to a standard which in such a place as New York City with the country behind it could not help but make him rich.

But it was a proud day for him when he met Miss Mills.

D. O. Mills died in 1910 or 1911, if I remember correctly, died near where he made his first stake, and no more perfect business man ever made a high name than he.

ED. C. MARSHALL.

HE WAS of the old Virginia and Kentucky Marshall stock, the brother of the famous Tom Marshall of Kentucky. He was six feet two inches, I think, in height, straight as he was tall; a leonine head on square shoulders, dark gray eyes, and hair and whiskers inclined to auburn; a natural orator and the most versatile genius that ever took an audience captive and swayed it as he willed. I had the honor to know him well. He and one very dear to me crossed the plains by the southern route in '49, and we lived in the same town many years. On that route across the continent, the company was chased for seven days by Apaches.

One mid-day they made camp under a high reef of rocks to take their luncheon.

Marshall ate his hardtack and drank his coffee, and then strolled leisurely up to the top of this reef. Suddenly a hundred shots from the savages smote the reef. Marshall, without hurrying his pace, came down, but when he reached a safe place in camp he burst out into a torrent of expletives, winding up with the words: "If there is any gentleman in this company who has the conceit to believe that an Apache can't shoot, let him go up on those rocks for a few minutes." But none of them seemed to have any doubts.

On the stump he was all encompassing in his fun, his pathos and wonderful eloquence. In a speech one night I heard him describe the famous Democratic convention held in the Baptist Church in Sacramento in 1854. He said:

"Knowing it was in the house of God, I supposed, of course, that peace would reign through all the deliberations. So I went to look on and listen. I remained until members began to draw revolvers and bowie knives; then, the day being warm and the air in the hall close, I went outside.

I took a seat on the shady side of a lumber pile. The shady side was the one furthest from the church.

Soon a gentleman came by. He evidently had forgotten some important business, for he was running.

Evidently, too, he was in too much of a hurry to come out of the door, for he had a window sash around his neck."

He closed with these words: "Talk about corruption! Why, gentlemen, the man in the moon held his nose as he passed over Sacramento that night."

He was a candidate for the senate in 1854. Governor Weller had issued an address in which he overdid the business of praising the Irish and Germans, who had so gallantly fought for their adopted country in the Mexican war. Marshall made a speech a few evenings later. I recall from memory a paragraph of that speech as follows: "Old man Weller has told you of the devoted patriotism of the Irish and German soldiers that went, out of love for their adopted country, to help fight her battles on foreign soil. Don't you believe it, fellow citizens. Weller does not know. I do. They fought all right enough, but they went there just as I did, for I was there. I have a long scar to identify myself that I got there. I was young, somewhat foolish. I liked adventure. I heard there was going to be a war, and all my life I had been wondering how it would seem to be in a real battle, so I went. I found out; but let me tell you something. The man who in that company, under that flag, with drums rolling, bugles calling, and the big guns beginning to roar; the man who at that place would not have been eager to take a hand, would not have been fit to have had old Fritz for a grandfather or a genuine Irish lady for a mother."

John Bigler was candidate for Governor and Marshall went over the state debating the issues with him. Governor Bigler was a short and very corpulent man. They made a tour of the mountain camps, when on their return to the valley they held a meeting at Marysville. In the course of his speech Marshall said: "You would not think it, but my friend Bigler is the toughest formation that ever an opponent tried to debate solemn, political issues with. I never realized his charm until one morning in a mining camp. I arose at dawn and started out for a walk. I found the governor out ahead of me. He was going from store to store. In every place he was struck by the wonderful quality of goods the merchant exposed for sale. He had seen nothing of their quality, in any of the stores in the lower cities. Then, the eulogy over, he was most glad to find such goods, for he wanted to purchase a pair of trousers, and he knew there was not a pair of pantaloons in all the mountains of California that would come within sixteen inches of going around him."

He had been in Congress the previous year. I recall a few words of a speech he made recounting his experience. It ran like this: "You find queer old chaps in Congress. Hair thin on the tops of their heads; their calves all shrunken; they do not crack a joke once a month, but when they do, it is a rib roaster. You know I told you if I got to Congress I would introduce a Pacific railroad bill that would make them sit up and take notice. Well, I fixed the bill and introduced it, and after a while, was given a chance to discuss it. I was getting along fine. My inner consciousness was telegraphing to my brain that this was bound to be a winner, when an old chap with a cracked voice interrupted with the words, "Mr. Speaker, may I ask the gentleman where he is going to locate his road?"

"Now," continued Marshall, "I am no civil engineer; if I build the intellectual part of a road, is not that enough for one man to do? Why require the purely material part and demand of me my grades and curves as though I were a county surveyor?"

All that summer Marshall made his campaign, insisting that this scramble for office was disgraceful, that the office should seek the man. But when the legislature met, Marshall was in full evidence on the streets of Sacramento. A friend approached him and said: "Mr. Marshall, I thought it was your theory that the office should seek the man?"

"Certainly it is," was the quick reply, 'but suppose the office is out looking for him, is it anything more than common courtesy for him to be where he can be found?"

When the great war became imminent, Marshall drifted back to Kentucky. After the war he was a candidate for Congress against Hon. Luke Blackburn. They went over the state in joint debate. Marshall sought to get Blackburn to discuss the tariff question with him. Finally Blackburn did discuss it for a few minutes in glittering generalities. In reply Marshall said: "You heard my friend on the tariff. He reminded me of a beautiful swan sailing on a placid lake; her plumage stainless as snow; singing as she sails, absolutely serene in her self-consciousness, exquisite in her song, drawing about half an inch of water and totally unconscious of the unfathomable depths beneath her."

Later in life he returned to California and made the most terrible arraignment of a lordly culprit in a San Francisco court ever heard in that state. But when his emotions were awakened and the theme was worthy of him, it was an enchantment to listen to him. Hear this of the California pioneers:

"They were able to win the greatest of all triumphs, the victory over themselves; they were able to preserve order without law; to maintain justice without tribunals; their possession of absolute independence never degenerated into selfishness, nor the almost savage liberty of a country without law, into cruelty or oppression.

"Shall we, who, in conscious fulfillment of a great mission, brought method out of chaos, and cultivated the flowers of justice and safety in the soil of anarchy—yield to lesser dangers, and baser temptations? Shall we soil the splendor of the past?"

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON.

MASSIVE and strong, compelling in all his ways, C. P. Huntington filled exactly the world's idea of a masterful man of affairs. Had he been trained a soldier and been given a command, he would not have depended upon tactics or grand strategy, but upon force. He would never have fought until he believed he had the heaviest battalions, and then would have struck directly at the enemy's center, and his order would have been to "slay and slay and slay" until all opposition was crushed. From such points in his history, as they appeared from time to time, the late Mark Hanna was nearer his type of man than any public man that I can recall.

Still he was a most courteous and companionable man to those whom he held as friends, and, deep down, he was a generous man and most appreciative of those who had favored him.

After a close friendship of nearly forty years he broke with Leland Stanford because he persisted in permitting the sycophants around him to elect him United States Senator, when A. A. Sargent wanted the place. He did so because as a just man he felt that it was his duty and Stanford's duty to serve Sargent in every honorable way, in gratitude for the inestimable services performed without reward in getting the charter for their railroad, the old Central Pacific, through Congress, loaded as it was with subsidies.

That he was a captain among great financiers, he abundantly established in his more than thirty years' wrestle with the strongest of them. His one weakness in that regard was the strength of the late E. H. Harriman. If he once made up his mind, he would not change it. If he once fixed his eyes upon a golden cloud, he noted nothing at his feet, though what he stumbled over might be real gold, while the cloud was but an illusion made by passing sunbeams. His heart was fixed on California; he held it as holding more treasures, treasures in soil, in mines, in scenery, in climate, than any other state, but when he came to the dividing line where the glorified, wooded Sierra, having exhausted all the moisture that came in from the sea, broke down into the desert to the east; he said to himself: "All this is but as the barren ocean at best; if we build a railroad across it, the road will be but as a bridge, our profits must come from California and from where beyond the mountains the green fields are once more found." And notwithstanding the expansion that he saw in, and the profits he realized from, that desert, he never changed his stubborn mind. Thus with the completion of the road to Promontory, his idea was to commercially fortify San Francisco, and later Los Angeles and San Diego, to keep all opposition roads from coming in from any direction; his thought being to build up San Francisco and so far as possible, California, and to milk the desert for "all that the traffic would bear."

So soon as possible for him he went east and inaugurated the building of the Chesapeake and Ohio road, his dream evidently being to complete, link by link, his roads, to build a great new capital for commerce at Newport News and depend upon the through traffic for his ultimate great fortune. He fought it out on that line as long as he lived. And he dominated the other three chief associates with him, and that policy ruled to the last.

We cannot help but think that had Mr. Harriman been in his place, when the results from the Comstock, the other great mines of the desert, and the possibilities of the soil when touched by water, been shown him; with a quick intuition he would have said to himself: "Why, of course, vast treasures are at my feet, else nature would not have so carefully guarded them through the centuries, by this forbidding desolation. It is for me to make them available through a transportation system that will give the men who toil with brawn and brain a chance." And he would have fixed his capitals at San Francisco, at Los Angeles, at Portland and Seattle, not to keep others out—for he would have known that would be impossible, but to have covered the country that he wanted and from which he would have been sure of drawing sufficient rewards.

And when the mortgages on the old through road fell due, instead of its being but a rusty line of steel and a right-of-way, it would have been double-tracked from Omaha and Kansas City to San Francisco and Portland, so perfect in condition and equipment that passengers going east or west would have no thought of taking any other line, and he would have settled the mortgages with his individual check.

Mr. Huntington was a merchant in Sacramento when the Comstock was discovered. He, with his business partner, Mark Hopkins, in consultation with Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and his brother, Judge Crocker, after much consideration, determined to build a toll road from Dutch Flat over the Sierra to a terminal on Truckee river, got their charter and began work. This was in 1859. I have explained how from that the old Central Pacific Railroad was projected and carried to completion.

But let no one conclude that the building of that road was not a great achievement. Mountains were not torn down then as they now are. Dynamite was not discovered then and nitro-glycerine was awfully dangerous. It was far from the base of railroad supplies, the second-class labor of California was scarce and practically worthless, the first-class laborers could not be obtained; before the work was hardly begun, a great war was threatening the very life of the nation and fast destroying its credit, and behind all there was no faith in the success of the undertaking in any financial center of the world. Then there was a mile and a quarter in altitude to be made in ninety miles and the jealous Sierra piled up its obstacles in the way of the audacious few who were essaying to lead the assault up its rugged side.

Anyone who remembered how long a time was consumed in boring the Hoosac tunnel will catch a glimpse of the work before these men. Charlie Crocker was the executive man in the field. Mark Hopkins saw to the accounts; Governor Stanford wrote an optimistic letter now and then, while upon Mr. Huntington was the work of keeping the finances always in solid form, and in purchasing rails, rolling stock, etc. Judge Crocker was too ill to be of much use, and died before the work was completed.

Before the work started, elaborate plans for a railroad office were prepared. They were shown to Mr. Huntington; with a pencil he sketched a cheap building, one story, with five or six rooms, in form and appearance much like a dilapidated barn, and said: "Build it that way. That will do for us until we get out of the woods." And it did.

He went east and advertised for bids for a huge contract for rails and rolling stock. One bid, the lowest, had enclosed with the bid a separate note explaining that a large percentage would, should the bid be accepted, be returned to him personally as his commission. He accepted the bid, but returned it with a request that it be made over less the commission, that it might be filed, as there were to be no individual commissions in the building of the road.

Mr. Crocker contracted for ten thousand Chinese for graders, tried them a month, then informed the companies to which they belonged that there must be a change; that no men could work on the food they were restricted to, that wheaten flour, beef, pork, mutton and vegetables must be substituted in great part in lieu of the everlasting rice. This was done, and in another month they became an effective working force.

So the road pushed its way slowly to the crest of the mountains; the grade down the eastern slope was much easier, and when the desert was reached, it was rushed with all speed until the locomotives touched noses at Promontory.

The minds of the chief actors had grown immensely in performing their great work. They had, too, apparently grown in their acquisitiveness. They never for a day used the road as a common carrier, but as private property. They did nothing to develop the country through which the road passed, but rather to exact the utmost revenue possible.

When a carload—ten tons—of ordinary merchandise cost $340 from Chicago to Sacramento; if the car was stopped at Reno, one hundred and fifty miles east of Sacramento and run up the little fifty-mile road from Reno to the Comstock, the charge there was $760. The through freight to Sacramento and the local freight back to Reno was exacted. When people complained, they were treated as enemies, and as nearly as possible the company owned the legislature, congressmen and judges of California.

The same company pushed the road from Sacramento to Oregon, from San Francisco to Los Angeles, for the subsidies given for building them, and finally out across Arizona and New Mexico to eastern connections. It nursed all its ventures but the old Central Pacific; that it simply milked until when the payments came due upon it, it was half a wreck.

Meanwhile, Mr. Huntington had grown to be acknowledged as one of the foremost financiers in the nation, and the spectacle he presented holding up, controlling and guarding the mighty enterprise that he and his partners had established, after all his first associates had died and he himself was an old man, was grand. His brain never faltered, his energy never lost its spring.

His iron will fought all obstacles—he worked in royal harness to the last, in truth a financial and industrial king. In the forest of men in California in the Argonaut days there was one lordly oak. As that first forest melted away and a new one of different species succeeded, this oak still stood; warded off all storms that were hurtled against it; turned aside the damp and the frost; waved its arms in the face of the hurricane; beat back decay; healed its own wounds; sheltered its own eagles, and stood erect until struck and shattered in a moment by the thunderbolt.

That oak was C. P. Huntington; one of the highest types of the men who fought back the savageries of the west coast; blazed the trails over which progress could advance, smoothed the paths and erected signal stations to point the way for civilization to come and build its temples, that at last full enlightenment might find prepared for it a home.

JUDGE CHARLES H. BRYAN.

WHEN I first knew him he was a young man, perhaps twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, handsome as Adonis, light-brown hair, blue eyes, the complexion of a carefully-housed girl, but with a singularly expressive and strong face, a firmly-knit frame, say five feet nine inches tall, and weighing perhaps one hundred and sixty pounds. A marked feature was his voice. Even in ordinary conversation there was a lyric resonance to it, with cadences that reminded one of the echoes of music that, sounding out over still waters, strikes a promontory and floats back partly in music and partly in murmurs. But when speaking to an audience, especially if the occasion or the theme had called out all his power, that voice took on organ tones and held men spellbound.

In those days, half a century and more ago, learned men had been more drilled in the classics, as a rule, than they are at present; men's thoughts seemed to be different from what they now are; the shadow of ancient renown was beckoning them on toward the height of great scholarship and toward a sphere where the language is as pure as that which Cicero in Rome and Demosthenes in Greece framed their sentences from.

Now the shadows of sky scrapers, and the stockboard are upon the eyes of students; the thought is not to climb the heights which are lighted eternally from above; but rather up those other heights where success, often bruised and scarred, and befouled and stained by the soil on which it camped on the trail, is found. And we sometimes think it can be detected in the voices of men. They seem to have a metallic ring, not the old sonorous rhythm. The first time I heard Charlie Bryan speak in public was in a court room. He was defending a surgeon for malpractice. A man had been shot through the muscles of the arm between the elbow and shoulder, the shot grazing but not severing the main artery. The surgeon amputated the arm and the victim had sued him, claiming heavy damages, on the ground that the amputation was needless. Eminent counsel were pressing the suit, and Bryan was alone in the defense. The suit hung on the question of how serious the wound was to the main artery. Bryan established that the outer coat of the artery was wounded. Opposing counsel insisted that it was but grazed and not seriously injured. An old army surgeon was called to the stand, the nature of the wound was described to him and he was asked what the practice would be in the army, if such a wound was encountered. He promptly replied: 'We would take no chances, but amputate the arm," but at once added, "You know, we have not much time when a battle is on and many a limb is amputated that ought to be saved."

Now, when Bryan's client amputated the arm he had plenty of time, but was in a mountain mining camp where there were not many facilities for nursing the sick or attending to the wounded. All the facts were brought out but, boy that I was, I thought no especial skill had been exercised on either side. When the arguments began, one of the attorneys for the plaintiff stated the case briefly, that the man was shot through the arm, a mere flesh wound that should have been healed in ten days at most, whereas the bungler in charge, either through ignorance or a desire to make a large fee and some fame, had amputated the limb, crippling the man for life.

Then Bryan spoke. His voice to the jury was like a caress at the opening, as he explained to them their high duty as jurors, instruments selected to speak in the very name of justice. He then swiftly reviewed the testimony and declared that all of importance that had been delivered was by the army surgeon. Then his voice took on a shriller cadence. In half a dozen terse sentences he described a battle in progress—one could hear the volleys and the shouting, the tread of men and horses and now and then it seemed a strain of marshal music, the blare of a trumpet and the roll of drums. Then a wounded man was pictured, a man with a shot through the arm. A whole corps of surgeons are near; the probing of the wound reveals a wounded artery, and the order is without hesitation: "The arm must be amputated."

Then the picture was changed to a rough mining camp; the room a miner's cabin; the lights but a few candles; a lone surgeon with but few instruments; the wounded man faint from loss of blood brought in, the wound still bleeding; and in those rude surroundings the surgeon does the best he can, and what he does saves the man's life. Then to the jury, in a solemn voice he said: "Shall this devoted man be punished for saving that life?"

The speech was but twenty-three minutes in delivery, but it had woven its spell. The associate counsel for the plaintiff tried argument and ridicule and scorn in vain against it.

For several years Bryan's success as an advocate and rostrum orator was phenomenal; at last he became a judge of the Supreme court. In that office he never made a mark. He was essentially an advocate.

Soon after it began to be noticed that his mental faculties were breaking down. He bought the great race horse Lodi and was often seen on the race track. He began to drink a good deal; then as the crisis of the Civil war grew near, as Broderick and Ferguson were killed and old friends grew cold, when it began to be clear what was coming, Bryan was greatly perturbed. He was an Ohio man by birth, but always a Democrat. When the great race between Lodi and Norfolk was on at San Jose, the colored man who had been the stable companion of Lodi since colthood, who, so to speak, had brought him up, had broken him, trained him and petted him until neither the man nor the horse desired any other companionship —this colored man went to a group of gentlemen on the track and told him that he could do nothing, that Massa Bryan so interfered with him that he was helpless.

They told the colored man that they had laid heavy wagers on the horse, and if Bryan tried any more to interfere, to not mind him, to knock him down if necessary and they would protect him. He went back to the horse and soon Bryan came again and began to order him what to do. The colored man took Bryan gently by the shoulders and said: "Massa Bryan, you must go away and not bother me any more until this race is over." Bryan, astounded, looked at him a moment, then turned and walked rapidly to a Democratic friend and in a whisper said: "We must get out of here; the abolitionists have got this town."

He drifted to Virginia City, Nevada. There he imagined he was commander of a picked army which he called "The Arizona Rifles." He would explain in the most perfect, classic English what the command consisted of, what its purposes were, how high were its motives; what it was sure to accomplish—the most beautiful English one could imagine, but not one word of sense.

It was in the days when the lawsuits on the Comstock assumed magnified proportions; it was at the time, too, when so many companies changed the old forms into corporations. In those days some young lawyers did not know everything about corporation laws; at least their practice had been outside of them.

One night a young lawyer with two or three clients was discussing an important case which they had on in the courts, when the lawyer frankly admitted that he was extremely perplexed and said he wanted associate counsel or at least the advice of some lawyer who was more familiar with those phases of the law than he. One of the principals who knew Bryan well, said: "Let us go and find Charlie Bryan. He is crazy as a bed-bug, but he might steer us straight."

They found him in bed in a hotel. He greeted them, first putting up his arms as though he held a gun, and began to speak of the Arizona Rifles. The young lawyer interrupted and explained to him his trouble in making an application of the law to a case in point. Bryan listened and then, sitting up in bed, said: 'The case is simple. You have become confused in trying to make an application from some contradictory statutes which the British Parliament has woven into the law, to distinguish ecclesiastical from commercial corporations. But the point you seek to establish was a fundamental factor in the law as originally framed in old Rome, two thousand years ago." In the meantime his eyes had become fastened on a rude picture seen through the dim light suspended on the opposite wall of his room, and he began to address that, as he would a court. He explained the whole history of the laws governing corporations as they had from time to time been expounded and established in old Rome; linked them together until they became a perfect system, and with a diction altogether faultless and a courtesy and grace exquisite, exhausted the subject and then demanded judgment. Then he ceased, dropped back upon his pillow and in a moment fell asleep. His awed visitors, breathless, on tip-toe backed noiselessly from the room and noiselessly closed the door.

It was Bryan's last address to a court—the last flash of a glorified intellect going into final eclipse. I have often wondered where he thought he was, before what audience he was speaking. Was it a mental reincarnation, and was the opposing counsel some stately Roman like Cicero and the court the senate of Rome? Or was it the lord chief justice of England that he was addressing, with the paraphernalia of England's highest court around him? Was it an occasion such as he had dreamed of when first from school there were whispers from his own soul of what he might be if he tried? Who knows? But what a pity that when he sank to sleep that slumber had not deepened into the final sleep, for a few months later he died a pitiable accidental death in Carson City.

In all my life I never saw so splendid an intellect shattered; never a life so filled with promise go into total eclipse.

THE OLD SAN FRANCISCO.

SOMETIMES it is a relief, or at least a rest, to turn away from men and have a visit with nature. If it is some spot that we love, it is not difficult to believe that there is a subconscious affinity between us.

The first time I looked out upon San Francisco, it was from the deck of a battered steamship that had been in a fierce fight with winds and waves for thirty hours; which had been so nearly lost just inside "The Heads" that a passenger, an old shipmaster, turned to a man beside him and in a low voice quietly said: "This ship and these six hundred lives are not worth a straw."

But the steamer finally righted up and limped on into port, though the gale was so fierce in the bay that the ship could not pull into the pier until the next day. Through that afternoon I watched the little city, and during that afternoon I built more than one city, in imagination, on her site. I remember that one was a new Venice, for the bay was an inland sea as beautiful as the Adriatic, a marvelous place as it looked, for sailing gondolas.

But a new Rome suited best, for I could look forward to a time, not far away, when "from her throne of beauty" she was "to rule the world."

Why should she not? Behind her was the wonderful state, which in everyone's thought was ribbed with gold; beyond was "the East" from which the argosies of the Orient, in ceaseless procession, were to come and go until the new empire should eclipse all that had been accomplished in all the rolling ages since man began to build his landmarks on the ocean's shores.

Though but a boy, I knew that from the first our country had been crippled for want of money; but now a golden stream had started to flow through that gate of gold, and its volume was steadily increasing—why should not ours be the richest of all lands?

When next day we went ashore, the prospect lost some of its charm. There were no fine structures there then; the little old American Exchange was the fine hotel. And how was a great city to ever grow out of those sand dunes? But even then I stopped at a little place where a few flowers were offered for sale, and I caught for the first time the fragrance of San Francisco flowers. The memory of that clings to me still. I think, with my eyes bandaged, were half a dozen boquets from different points submitted to me I could, just by the fragrance, select the one from San Francisco.

Among the first things to notice was the absence of old men, but the presence of a multitude of young men, and every state had its representatives. It was there that north and south and east and west met, and from there started out for the conquest of the wilderness.

Never before did any army so splendid take up its march to drive a wilderness back; to build the first temples to Industry, to Order, to Progress, to Peace. A new civilization was to be founded, a new order, where all the narrowness, all the provincialism, all the little envies and jealousies of the older states were never to secure a foothold.

The most experienced and careful comers were the ones to remain there; the alert and exultant ones sought the hills, to turn the rivers and to leach the sands of their gold.

When, after a little, the men from the diggings came with their dust and from the proceeds began the fashion of painting the town red, then the "honest miner" acquired a name. He was of a new species never seen before, and, praise God, he has kept the species distinct and pure ever since.

The city never had a setback until, upon the killing of James King of William, the vigilance committee sprang to life in a night and caused it to stand still for a year and more.

As the placers began to fail the marvelous fertility of the soil began to cause men to look forward to a time when the gold yield might fall, but to be succeeded by a more rational wealth.

Then came the Fraser river excitement, which further crippled the revenues from the mines, but the city continued to grow. It had become a settled fact that among all the cities of the world not one was more superbly located, not one had superior natural advantages around and behind it.

All this time there was another band of men gathered there whose thoughts and lives were not disturbed by the rush and roar, but rather their purpose was to magnify the welfare of their fellow men. Such men as the Rev. Stebbins, the Rev. Dr. Scott, a little later Thomas Starr King, Professor Joseph LeConte, and others—a royal band. The learned professions were filled with eminent men. A wonderful array of bright writers were calling out the laughter and the tears. Lieut. Derby—'John Phoenix"—was making San Diego famous; Tecumseh Sherman was in a bank in the city; over at Mare Island, the great Farragut was listening for the call which should give him immortality, and, later, out at Alcatraz Albert Sidney Johnston was waiting for his summons to "glory and the grave."

At that time, too, the homes of San Francisco were the most delightful in the world. No one was very rich, none exceedingly poor, and there was a cordiality in the hospitalities extended to guests which was something to remember always.

But when the call from the desert was heard, when the story of the Comstock was first told, then a transformation began. When a man made a stake his first thought was to have a house in San Francisco. It had been the Mecca to which they had all gravitated when they made a stake; now as many as could, wanted a palace of his own. From the mines of the desert a new city grew up on the site of San Francisco; grew and flourished. New public temples, new private mansions grew into form and place; with them increased wealth came and increased hospitality, and all in all the city was the most delicious place to live in on all this world, from the opening of the first bonanza on the Comstock to the time when the jealous earthquake and the devouring fire came to challenge that brave people to gird on their armor and build a new city.

It is said the new city is fairer and stronger than was the old, and it may be, but it cannot be the same. The echoes of the old voices have grown still. The men of affairs are new men. The old industrial kings long ago laid down their sceptres; there may be new ones as gallant, and strong, and brave, but they are for the new generation.

When the command was given for the United States to "Forward march!" it was in San Francisco that the march began. It was there that a new race assumed control; the blending of all that was good in all the states, made a distinct race there, and if it did spoil women and children, it was of itself the best ever. It made possible a new order of manhood; it made the city that it built a hallowed spot, and it will continue to be such to those who watched its first growth, as long as they remain on this side; and to those who anticipate a haven of rest, in their deeper thoughts picture it as something such as the early San Francisco was, only with fewer saloons anad more flowers.

THE SACRAMENTO UNION.

THERE are times when the tangible work of men is made to shine out in a form which is a splendor, though the men lose their individual personality in performing that work, and the work itself takes on a personality of its own.

Anthony, Morrill and Larkin, I believe, founded the Sacramento *Union*. Larkin was a trained newspaper man, and we have heard that Anthony and Morrill were in youth compositors, but of this we are not sure. But they awakened a voice in California, that had tones in it which early attracted attention. And that voice kept sounding on and on with ever-increasing volume and power through all the formative years in the life of California, until at last it became an enchantment. I have no knowledge of any other such journal as the Sacramento *Union* between the years 1854 and 1865.

I know of no journal that had the same influence upon the public. Most of those years were stormy years in California. The admission of California as a free state, greatly incensed the men of the old slave states who leaned upon John C. Calhoun as their ideal of both high manhood and profound statesmanship. Though the convention that framed the first constitution of California contained a majority of southern men, when the question of slavery or freedom for the state came up, with but one dissenting vote, the state was consecrated to freedom forever.

When the news of this reached Washington, and the constitution was presented with the appeal for admission into the Union, Mr. Calhoun led the opposition to admission with a kind of fury. It was his last fight. He rose from what may be called his dying bed to wage it, which gave it a pathos that touched many southern hearts.

The question hung in the balance for several weeks. But at last the new state was admitted, and my belief has always been that it was then that secession was determined upon, that preparations for it began then, and the only waiting thereafter was for some event on which a plausible excuse could be formulated, on which to precipitate the crisis. And though the constitution had been ratified by the men of the Golden State, as a rule the "Chivalry" wing of the southern men in that state endorsed the position of the southern leaders in the east, and politics became stormy in California at once.

Then, too, the old Whig party was disintegrating. The Democratic party at last was rent in twain; the extreme southern men flocked by themselves, and of the old Whigs a part joined the northern Democrats, while a few formed a nucleus of a California Republican party corresponding with the Republican party that had been launched in the east.

In the meantime, the Sacramento *Union* had drawn to it the enthusiastic support and affection of all northern California. It was an independent journal and discussed all questions with perfect candor and without fear. In the early fifties there were many camps in California so high in the Sierras that they were only reached by trails, and in others the roads were blocked for several months each winter by snow. To these only the express companies carried communications—often in winter on snow shoes. They charged 25 cents to deliver a newspaper. Often and often in many a one of those camps when the express arrived, all that was brought was a package of letters and a great roll of Sacramento *Unions*. The miners called the paper their bible. That hold the paper never lost, up to the closing of the Civil war.

It was conducted with a judgment and ability which no other journal in the state could command, and then there was a charm about it which drew men irresistibly to it. It was always optimistic about California; while glorying in the present it was always pointing to the higher destiny which it must attain and all the time it was as broad as the Republic itself, while it met every local question, commercial, social, or political, with the directness of intuition and the full grace of inspiration. During the two or three stormy years preceding the outbreak of the rebellion, it was most masterful in shaping public opinion, and when the war burst upon the country, "one blast upon that bugle horn was worth a thousand men" every morning.

At that time, a gentleman named Watson was the editor-in-chief. I never saw him, but was told at the time that he possessed an almost supernatural intellect, but was a slave to strong drink. However that may be, there were no such editorials as his published in any paper, east or west. As the war clouds grew darker and darker, those editorials grew more commanding and incisive every morning and at the same time there was a beauty about them that kindled in men's hearts and souls a zealous patriotism not to be measured. I do not know that the paper held California in the Union, but I am sure that had there been such a journal on the other side, it would have carried the state out, or at least made of it a battle ground that would have left it as badly scarred as was Virginia.

The men who conducted the paper were never known to thousands of its readers, but the journal itself became a distinct personality to them; they thought of it as something with a mind all masterful, with a voice which to them was sweeter than a woman's.

When the war was over, it took up the works of peace. It had for years been the advocate of the transcontinental railroad, and with the close of the war it renewed its labors for that enterprise and was a marvelous help to its projectors and builders.

But when the road made the connection with the Union Pacific at Promontory in 1869, and the policy of its builders became fully understood, the *Union* called a halt upon them.

It had given all its support to Leland Stanford when he was a candidate for governor and through his administration; it had given the great enterprise its masterful support, but when its owners and managers began to use it as merely an instrument for their own aggrandizement, and worse, when they entered politics and dictated who should and who should not hold the offices, the *Union* turned upon them with a vehemence that they could not endure. The company established a paper modeled exactly after the *Union* in size, type, paper and make-up, engaged brilliant men to conduct it, and closed their cars against the *Union*. In the meantime, the company had built the inside road to Los Angeles and San Diego and branch roads in every direction. It forbade the paper on the cars, closed every possible avenue against the great journal and finally reduced it below the paying point and forced the owners to sell for a pittance, when it was merged with the railroad paper and became the *Record-Union*.

Its death was simply the result of a hired and premeditated assassination and it was killed by the money and power it had so ably aided the railroad owners to accumulate.

But the cowardly methods by which its death was compassed, can never take from it the splendor of the fame which it created for itself. It was more to California for fifteen years after the admission of the state into the Union than any other single agency; California never realized how much it owed to it, and never can make good that debt. But the graves of the old owners and editors of it should be hallowed ground in the Golden State, and be marked in such a way that Californians to the last generation should be taught to revere it.

And could all the journalism in any state be modeled after the Sacramento *Union* as it was from 1856 to 1865, there would be no question of what the ruling power in that state would be. It would be the mouthpiece of the people; their reliance, they would know that it was not controlled by any commercial considerations; no selfish ambition; that a just cause would always find in it a champion; that all the gold that could be offered could never induce it to further an unjust scheme or dishonest measure; that while working for a livelihood it was at the same time working for everything of good and against everything of evil, and that the people's weal and the state's progress were ever uppermost in its thought, and so the people's hearts would be enlisted, and it would become to them both a protector and an inspiration.

NEWTON BOOTH.

WHEN California was filled with great men, there was a merchant in Sacramento who for a time was not heeded among his fellow men as aught but one of the class of merchant princes of which there were many in the state, and of which Sacramento contained a full quota.

But there came a time when the people were unusually interested in a question and one night at a public meeting this merchant arose and made a brief address. It was published the next day in the papers and then it suddenly dawned upon thousands that a scholar and marvelous thinker had been found. That was Newton Booth. A man above the average size, fair complexion, brown hair and blue eyes, as we recall him. Then he began to be called for oftener and oftener and was soon a factor in public life. When the Republican party was launched in California he was one of the prominent sponsors. He was as eloquent as he was profound.

When the project of building a transcontinental railroad was launched in earnest, he was its ablest supporter, and the work he did in its behalf was altogether magnificent.

That the old Central Pacific company was able to obtain a great subsidy from Sacramento and Eldorado counties and San Francisco was more due to Newton Booth than any other one man.

Next to Colonel Baker, he was the most powerful exponent of Republican party principles among the orators of the state. But he relied wholly upon argument. He could bring none of the magnetism of Baker to the work; none of the lightning flashes of that inspired soul, but he talked merely as an earnest American.

After awhile he was nominated for governor and campaigned the state. His speeches were classics of their kind. He stood for Americanism in its highest sense, and for the equal rights and equal opportunities of every American citizen.

He was triumphantly elected and for four years held the high office with signal ability, until his name became a synonym for perfect integrity and for absolute justice under the law.

In the election of United States senators there had been combinations, deals, and no end of stock-jobbing.

When Booth was appealed to as the logical candidate for the place and urged to run for the office, his reply was: "It is an exalted office, it is as it was in old Rome when to be a senator was greater than to be a king, but, gentlemen, if the office in California is to cost one unworthy promise or implied promise, or one tainted dollar, count me out in the very inception. If a majority of the legislature of California should, of their free will, unbiased and untrammeled, decide to bestow the honor of that office upon me, I should appreciate it as no man ever did before, but on no other terms would I accept it, for if I ever go to Washington as a senator I must take my full self-respect with me, and must have the full approval of my own conscience.

He was triumphantly elected, and mingled with the good-byes when he went away were a thousand expressions that "next time we will send you as president."

But that was practically the end. He made no mark in the senate. Where so much was expected, nothing was realized. We cannot recall one act or speech of his in the senate worth recital.

It was worse than Senator Nye's account of the first speech of Senator Casserly of California. As Nye told it, when Casserly was elected, the senators gathered around him and asked who this Casserly of California was whom the legislature of that state had elected senator, Nye told them that he was a graduate of the University of Dublin, that then in the most rigid schools he had graduated as a lawyer; that he had enjoyed a great practice for years in his profession in San Francisco, was a most profound scholar and renowned lawyer, and his coming would be a distinct addition to the senate.

What follows is in Nye's own words as nearly as we can recall them:

"He came on to Washington and took his seat. After a few days, before he got his sea legs under him at all, some petty question was sprung upon the senate, a question that no one, no matter how gifted, could make a speech on when, to my surprise, the new senator rose to his feet. The president of the senate at once recognized him and he began to speak. He could not say anything; no one could on such a theme, but he stumbled along, and I was searching the marble floor for a knot-hole to fall through. An inch hole would have been big enough. Finally I looked up and Thurman of Ohio, in wiping his face waved his red bandana toward me, and I followed him out to a cloak room. Arrived there, Thurman said: "Jim, have you any letters patent about your clothes to prove that you are not a d—d old fool?' And I announced humbly, 'Not a letter. Not a letter, Allen.' "

When his term was out Booth returned to his business in Sacramento, but a great silence closed around him.

After awhile it was told that he was ill of an incurable malady, and a little later he died. We never heard any close friend of his try to account for the swift change that came upon him. We never heard of a parallel case. He was the same to all outward appearances; in conversation he was the same; there was no hint that his brain was giving way; there was no sign that any great disappointment or anything like a heart wound had come to him; but the essence of life had gone out. He had simply quit. It must have been that the insidious disease of which he died, had in its first stages paralyzed either his courage or his mental energies, but whatever it was, he died long before he ceased to breathe.

To show his style, we give the closing paragraph of one of his political speeches, as follows:

"What is our country? It is not the land and the sea, the river and the mountain, the people, their history and laws. It is something more than all of these. It is a bright ideal, a living presence in the heart, whose destruction would rob the earth of beauty, the stars of their glory, the sun of its brightness, life of its sweetness, love and joy. My countrymen, cherish this ideal. It will exalt you as you exalt it. Make it your cloud by day, your pillar of fire by night.

J. E. "LUCKY" BALDWIN.

NO ONE has ever yet given a clear idea of "Lucky" Baldwin. Who can? Tall, and strong, and swarthy, his eyes sometimes blazing like a fiery Spaniard's, sometimes deep and sullen as a Pottawattamie; not much faith in the average man, looking on most women as schemers—he must have been the child of parents who cared little for each other and to whom his birth brought little joy. Still there was plenty of red blood in his veins and a rude integrity and fierce pride gave him the respect of business men. Moreover, there was a strata of generosity in him which, as is often seen in some mineral formations, was prone to crop out in real gold in unexpected places.

He reached California early in the fifties, with little save his hands and his brains, but that did not disturb him, for he possessed a dauntless courage. Moreover, he had no false pride; he was ready to engage in any work which was honorable, and he believed that with his capacity and industry he could forge out for himself a place among men.

He made a stake by contracting in San Francisco; then lost most of it. How, no one seemed to know, but all agree that when the Comstock was found, he had little. He went there early, and his subsequent career for fifteen years is a pretty good indication that he had been a chance-taker in everything that came along, from lottery tickets to mining shares.

He had been in Virginia City but a brief time when he began nibbling at stocks, then to plunging in them.

But he was harder student than he had ever been before and he knew the Comstock as he did his alphabet, from the Sierra Nevada to the Justice.

He steadily made money and steadily invested it where he believed that his dollars would multiply fast. He had large interests on the Comstock and in California and finally obtained the control of the Ophir.

In some way he had about $40,000 in a Los Angeles bank.

It was said he loaned it to a friend and had no security save a mortgage on a wild tract of 22,000 acres of land some few miles from Los Angeles. He was obliged to take the land at last for the debt, when it could not have been sold for fifty cents an acre.

But that ranch gave him the title of "Lucky" Baldwin, for a railroad crept down there at last, then another, and southern California began to boom and the Santa Anita ranch became a principality.

I met him once in San Francisco and he did me the honor to ask me to "come down and spend a month on the ranch." Continuing, he said, "There's a lot of horses, steppers and flyers, saddles and buggies, cattle, sheep, fruits and flowers of all kinds, enough to keep you enjoying yourself for a month or six weeks."

Then I asked him what he raised on his ranch, and his reply was: "Every blamed thing in the world, except the mortgages."

This was in the early eighties, after the place had become famous.

He left the Comstock in the late sixties to make his home in San Francisco—to mine the Comstock—from the other end—on the stock board.

In the early seventies Mr. Sharon wanted the Ophir in his business and his battle with Baldwin for the control was a battle royal, and Sharon won.

Baldwin's financial weapon was an old-fashioned musket, Sharon's a rapid-fire magazine gun; but in addition Sharon had much the heavier reserves.

The Ophir's proximity to the California and the indications of a bonanza in the latter was the impelling force which made both men fight for the control.

It was no wonder either: a few months later California advanced from $35 per share to a figure which was equivalent to $12,000 per inch for the whole length of the mine.

In those days Baldwin accumulated a great fortune, built the Baldwin Hotel and theatre and gathered in property in half a dozen states and trritories.

He stocked the Santa Anita ranch with blood horses, the very finest that could be found by scouring the world for them. His ambition was to have finer and fleeter race horses than any other man.

It was, too, a labor of love with him, for he revealed more affection for some of those animals than he had ever shown for anything else in his life. His friends declare that when the finest one of them all died, Baldwin's heart was broken, and he never had a well day afterward.

When a great fortune came to him, many an adventuress sought his acquaintance, He knew their object; he was restrained by no sense of propriety, no regard for public opinion, no chivalrous regard for womanhood, and it was not long until he took the blackguard's idea that "every woman had her price."

He was the only man that we ever heard of who plead in answer to a complaint filed against him, that his public reputation was such that every woman who came near him must have been warned against him in advance.

Though destitute of sensibility and callous against criticism, the poison of the reputation he made for himself in that regard, at last penetrated his mind and his bitterness and smothered wrath against the world and himself gave a sombre shadow to his last days, which was a reminder of a wounded lion, his confident roar hushed forever, going limping to his lair to growl and die.

But "Lucky" Baldwin had a wonderful brain, immense sagacity and solid judgment; he could grasp a business proposition instantly and by an intuition all his own trace from a cause to an inevitable effect with lightning swiftness; while on the other hand he grasped with equal celerity a pure gamble and wagered what the chances were to win.

And he was ready for either proposition at all times.

He was, moreover, a most shrewd judge of character.

He could describe in three sentences either of the strong men around him in those tremendous days of speculation when the arena was filled with giants and every one was a trained financial gladiator.

In his methods he was more like Jim Keene than any of the others; he could neither be frightened nor bullied; he as a rule held his gambling instinct in leash by his steady judgment, but when he did gamble in earnest, no chance was desperate enough to make him shrink from taking it.

It is idle to say what, under gentler influence and different associations and conditions, he might have been, for no one can tell. As it was, he, with no discipline in his youth, with no great moral principles to hold him in restraint, was tossed upon the west coast just when a new epoch was to usher in the metallic age, when the age of scholarship and statesmanship and conservative business methods were to be subordinated to money, and men's respectability and power were to be estimated by their bank accounts, and the place which has to be his field was that winsome city by the Gate of Gold, where restraints were few, where the very air was a tonic to eager men's brains and extravagance in thought and act was the rule.

It was there that he was tossed, there with his quick brain, his tireless energy, his splendid courage, his impatience of all restraint, and his absence of all moral restrictions except his rude integrity in business matters.

And he gloried in the work. His great love for blood horses, we suspect, was because in a race they would go to the last limit of their strength to win, and we doubt not that as he watched them he was crooning to himself: "That is like R[illegible]a's fight for the Norcross; like Johnnie Skae's wrestle with the Sierra Nevada; like Sharon's first fight to stand off D. O. Mills, when he wanted the bank to desert the Comstock," so through his horses he could live over again his feverish career.

Still it all passed in a few brief years, and there is nothing left him but a lonely grave, and one looking upon it and thinking what the occupant might have been and done with his opportunities and gifts, cannot shake off the thought that the Angel of Pity comes to it and sheds tears upon it every day.

"JIM" GILLIS.

A FORTY-NINER was Jim—one of the typical ones. From Mississippi, I believe; a brother of our Stevie Gillis of the *Enterprise,* in Virginia City. Stevie was younger and came to the coast later. Stevie's first venture was to go from San Francisco to Oregon, about 1858, with Long Primer Hall, and start a secession newspaper. I believe only one edition was published. How Stevie got back to San Francisco I never learned. I asked him once how long his paper lasted. His reply was: "Not very long, but at one time I thought it was liable to outlast me." On returning to San Francisco and, dressed in his best, he went a few days later to the polls to vote. There was no registration in those days. Almost everybody voted. But on this occasion a big fellow, a Democrat, challenged his vote. Stevie was a little man, his opponent a big one, but the trouble began at once. Instead of stopping the battle, the crowd gathered around the two and began to make wagers on the outcome. Stevie walked home, but did not appear for three or four days. His opponent was carried home and was in retirement for two weeks. When Stevie did appear he came out an intense Republican.

I asked him what caused the change in his political views, reminding him that the man had a perfect right to challenge him. "Why, the blankety blank blank drove a scavenger wagon, and I would no longer belong to a party that employed such an agent," was his reply.

Well, Jim was Stevie's elder brother. When he reached California he went prospecting, and early in the fifties found a placer mine up in Tuolumne country, and bought or preempted a cabin that had been built in '49. I said cabin, but it was really a house, or it was when I saw it I suspect that Gillis had made one end of the original '49 cabin a home station and extended it.

It was a typical '49 house, a board house, set on upright posts, which raised it some twelve inches above the ground.

I spent a couple of days and nights in it in the early eighties, and it was well preserved; the rooms most ingeniously arranged and well furnished.

I carried a letter from Stevie and was cordially welcomed by Jim. A few minutes later two or three fine dogs came in and introduced themselves and seemed to be trying to convince me that they were glad I had come.

A little later there was a great commotion under the house, and Gillis explained that his dogs and rabbits were having their usual romp before retiring for the night.

I asked him if the dogs and rabbits were on friendly terms and he answered, "Oh, yes; they grew up together and have been running mates all their lives."

Of course, the placer had been worked out early, but in the meantime Gillis had found a quartz mine near and had been working it in a primitive way several years when I visited him.

It was what miners call a pockety mine, little bodies of ore interspersed in other bodies that were valueless. When a body of ore was found Gillis was in bonanza and picked up sometimes a few hundred, sometimes a few thousand dollars rapidly.

About once a year he went to San Francisco on a visit; as he said, "to see the fashions and buy some more books." He had many a rare volume; read them all and knew their substance and was bold enough to dispute any proposition that he found in them where he thought the author had failed in either principle, consistency or logic.

And he had a way of excusing the authors, explaining that when they wrote they had thought out only half their theme.

This was intensely interesting, for while talking he seemed unconscious of the fact that he unwittingly was giving away the other fact that he had explored the same theme to its source.

After dinner on that first day he asked me to go with him to see his garden.

He had fenced off about three acres under a big spring and planted a garden.

He had a few vegetables, a good deal of fruit and a world of flowers. Along the line of one fence he had planted a great variety of berries, and the bushes were, perhaps, five feet in height.

Suddenly he stopped in his walk and asked me if I had ever seen a mountain quail on her nest.

I replied that I had not, and that I had always understood they were untamable. "Oh," said he; "they don't care anything about me." With that he went to a near-by shrub, parted the branches with both hands and there, not a foot from his hands, not sixteen inches from his face, a mother quail sat serenely on her nest, looking confidently up into his face, without one symptom of fear.

A beautiful Gordon setter dog squatted beside him, looking on placidly, showing that he understood that the quail was one of the family and must not be disturbed.

The cabin was in the big pines, the mountains rose like temples in the background and far away to the east, across the range, the setting sun was turning to purple the crest of Mount Bodie.

I did not ask him if he was ever lonely, for I knew that he was not. He had his books, his daily papers, his dogs, his rabbits, his birds and his flowers; his mine, which he worked a little daily, and the murmur of the breeze in the big pines to go to sleep by.

There was nothing of the hermit's exclusiveness about the place. There were no locks on the doors or the cupboard, all passers-by were welcome and moreover, he was an authority in that region. People brought their troubles and differences to him for advice or adjustment and there were no appeals from his decisions.

Then, too, though living there alone, he was fully abreast of all current events, as given day by day through the newspapers, and would drop shrewd remarks as he discussed them. If there was a trace of bitterness or prejudice in his soul, he kept it hid.

On the first night we sat up late discussing all manner of subjects. The conversation finally turned to the writers on the coast and to those who had made good. I mentioned the name of Bret Harte, when Gillis said: "Bret Harte is an unpleasant memory to me. He came here once, ragged and hungry, and with that despair upon him which often attends upon genius when every door seems closed and there is no practical talent to forge out an independent path. He remained here a week, and when he was leaving I gave him $50 and told him that the mountains offered him nothing—to go to San Francisco and try, that he could forge out a place for himself among the newspapers.

"Some months later I went to San Francisco. In the meantime Harte had become famous, was at the head of a prosperous journal and praise of his genius was heard everywhere.

"I was sincerely glad and went to his office to congratulate him. He received me very stiffly and coldly and showed very plainly that he was bored by my presence. I was not dressed like a bridegroom and my hands had not been manicured that day.

"I retired in as good order as I could and all that night was thinking what a deuce of a fraud this old world is.

"But next day I went back to the newspaper office, walked straight into the presence of Harte and said to him, "I would like that fifty dollars which you got from me, Mr. Harte."

"He touched a bell, a messenger came, to whom he said, 'Please tell Mr. —— to send me a check for fifty dollars. The messenger soon returned and handed him the check. He endorsed it and handed it to me. I took it and said, "Don't misunderstand me, Mr. Harte; I was glad to give you that money. I have been glad every time I have thought of it since, thinking that it was a real favor to you. I did not loan it to you. I gave it to you, marking it off my books. I have rejoiced to hear of your success since, and came here yesterday for no purpose except to congratulate you. Your reception changed my mind in some respects.

"Before I fell asleep last night my soul was saying to me: 'Gillis, is it true that you permitted a dirty scrub to get the best of you?' That is why I came back this morning. We are even now. Good morning, sir."

The Cabin of Gillis was three miles from Tuttletown. To catch the stage one had to be there at 6 a. m.

I wanted to go the previous evening, but Gillis said there were no hotels worth the name, that he would wake me in time in the morning. So at 3:30 a. m. I was up, had breakfast and was ready to start. Gillis put on his hat and said: "The woods are full of trails. You might take a wrong one, besides I want my mail. I will show you the way."

It was in the late summer and there was no light but the stars, as we took the trail. Gillis strode on in advance on the trail, talking pleasantly until a flash of light shot upward in the east, the first light of the dawn and a bird off through the mighty forest sounded her call.

Gillis forgot me in a moment, and answered the bird's good morning with a cheery response, calling the singer by name and praising her for being the first bird to awake.

An instant later from another direction came the second hail from an awakening bird, and Gillis responded, calling her by name, then the calls came oftener and oftener and Gillis named each one, praising some, chiding others, calling others hypocrites for pretending to be early birds. He upbraided the lark for the false reputation she claimed as the first to hail the dawn; cautioned the mourning dove not to take so sad a view of things considering who her mate was, called the owl, the burglar of the woods going home with his mournful "too who," as though he had merely been out visiting friends, when in truth he had been raiding the woods for field mice all night.

All this went on until the stars melted away, the shadows fled from the deep woods, the full dawn turned the forest to emerald and gold and the air was resonant with music from the full orchestra of the birds.

Poor Jim, he has passed on, but if in Summer land there are no birds, no flowers, no music, there is one spirit there sorrowing that it cannot get back to the old cabin in Tuolumne county, where the air is soft, where the flowers bloom and the birds sing all the day long.

WILLIAM LENT.

BY William Lent, I mean the man that every old miner in Nevada knew as "Uncle Billie Lent." He was an argonaut and soon after reaching San Francisco became a wholesale merchant on Front street in that city. He was a shrewd merchant and made money. But in those days he could not tie himself down to the daily round of a merchant's life. When a ship sailed from New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or any other Atlantic or Gulf coast, for San Francisco a copy of her manifest was mailed to San Francisco. These were published in San Francisco and also the houses to which they were consigned.

Then the merchants and brokers would buy or sell these cargoes to arrive; would buy or sell long or short according to the stock on hand of the same articles in San Francisco, and according to the respective ships on which the cargoes were coming, for they knew the reputation of the different ships, as fast or slow sailors, and when a new ship sailed, from the descriptions given of them by the eastern papers, they would make wagers on the time of its arrival.

In those days for a long time a new clipper came every month or two, and each was a greater marvel than its predecessor. There was great excitement when the *Sovereign of the Seas* came in, for there had never been quite so grand a ship as she ever built before. She made the voyage from New York in ninety-seven days, and the freight paid on her first cargo returned to her owners the full cost of the ship.

The *Flying Cloud* was another wonder. She made her first voyage in eighty-nine days. But she was favored. When reaching Cape Horn, instead of meeting the fierce western winds that held many a ship off the Horn for six weeks, she caught a gale from the east and her daring commander crowded on all sail and made 374 miles in twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Cressy, the commander's wife, was on board and told a friend on reaching San Francisco that on that day the cabin was dark half the time because of the seas pouring over the ship, and at times was dark so long that she thought it would never be light any more for those on the ship.

The *Trade Wind* was another of those wonderful ships. She struck something after rounding the Horn that stopped the ship dead still for a moment. A moment later a whale, cut half in two, appeared for a moment on the surface of the sea and reddened all the water around with blood.

When the ship was docked in San Francisco bay it was found that all the copper from bow to keel had been torn off.

The most beautiful of all those clippers, and one of the fleetest, was the *Flying Fish*. But there were scores of them. It requires a good many ships to carry all the supplies needed by 300,000 people, when the voyages are 13,000 miles long.

Those were the days when our merchant marine was the pride of the seas: when our ships were the fairest and fleetest that had ever been seen, and when their tonnage exceeded that of any other nation, not excepting Great Britain.

When the Crimean war came, Great Britain chartered one of those clippers—the *Great Republic*—to carry men, horses and war munitions to Constantinople. Loaded at Plymouth with a regiment of men, five hundred horses, and a thousand tons of freight, the ship started from Plymouth, England, with a steam cruiser to convoy her. When outside the harbor she put on sail. The cruiser had to signal her to slow down; it could not take her pace.

Uncle Billie Lent found plenty of excitement, in keeping tabs on the stocks of goods on hand, on the average monthly sales, and on the cargoes to arrive, and he turned many a penny to his own advantage by being shrewder or more lucky than his neighbors.

There were plenty of others doing the same. Ordinary California houses in those days, instead of being plastered, were lined with canvas, which was held in place by tacks. One genius saw by looking at the manifests of ships to arrive that there would be no more tacks reach San Francisco for five or six months. He bought all there were on hand and made a little fortune. That he was being anathematized all over California wherever a cloth ceiling or partition was being tacked up did not disturb his rest at all.

When the Comstock was discovered and shares appeared on sale, Uncle Billie Lent was ready to take on some new degrees.

He was a soft-voiced, kindly man, made friends everywhere and, moreover, in business was dead honest, and his word was everywhere accepted as a certified check.

He had a thousand generous ways. If he rode on the stage from Placerville or Dutch Flat to Virginia City, on getting down from the stage he would by stealth pass up a twenty-dollar piece to the driver.

He would touch a friend on the shoulder and say: "Ophir is looking pretty well; I put aside fifty shares at thirty dollars for you this morning. When it touches forty I believe you had better sell."

Result: he always had his choice of seats on the stage. When the rush was great and some passengers had to book ahead, Uncle Billie could always get a seat. It would have been a poor agent or driver who would not have made an affidavit, if necessary, that Uncle Billie had engaged the seat for that day a week before. And if any stirring man who kept his finger on the pulse of the market and on the conditions of the lower levels in the mines got what he thought was a pointer, he carried it to Uncle Billie.

He wrestled with the sharp dealers on the Comstock and in San Francisco and was able to say as the dying Californian did to his wife: "Tell the boys that I think I has bested as many as has bested me;" for despite the soft voice and the genial, generous ways of Uncle Billie, he was as shrewd as the very sharpest of them.

He and George Hearst were associated for a time, but that was before Hearst made his alliance with Haggin and Tevis and he had not money enough to work in the same team with Uncle Billie.

Mr. Lent dealt constantly in Comstock stocks for ten years, and as before he wagered on the speed and cargoes of clipper ships, so he every day, so to speak, took the sun of the Comstock as the mariner does the noonday sun at sea.

He knew all the mines and all the managers. When some of the managers made a statement of conditions he wagered that it was true, when a few others made statements of what was and what must be in the immediate future, he unloaded all the stocks he had in the company and sold short as many more.

When Mineral Hill had been opened a certain depth and halted for want of funds to procure machinery, on the advice of Joe Farren he put his shoulder to the company and helped the owners through, taking his fair commission, of course. Mineral Hill was a porphyry vein in granite, and to those who understood the formation, it was always safe to estimate its value down to the lowest point that the porphyry was explored, the belief being that at any time the underlying rock would mark the depth of the porphyry and the ore body. But the porphyry held good for 1200 feet in depth and yielded several millions of dollars.

When Buel and Bateman obtained their option on Eureka Con. at Eureka, Farren joined with them, and Uncle Billie backed Buel and Bateman, and the result was a splendid success.

But Uncle Billie's greatest triumph was at Bodie, south of Carson, but on the east side of the Sierras in California. He opened and equipped a mine there which for three or four years was more like a mint than a mine. No one except Mr. Lent's heirs knows how much money he made there, but it was a vast fortune.

He must have been close upon eighty years of age at the time, but "age had not withered him nor custom staled" his genial nature, his shrewdness, or his tireless energy.

Most of the bonanza kings had many enemies. It is a habit of mankind, when they see a fellow man accumulate a great fortune, no matter how fairly, to brood over it, and many grow to believe that if the world's gifts had been fairly divided, no one man could have gathered to himself so much treasure.

I never heard of any one who had that feeling toward Mr. Lent. When a man is called Billie Lent in his youth, Uncle Billie Lent in middle age, and old Uncle Billie in his old age, those are all indications that he has the love near him and the admiration and kindly thoughts of thousands who never clasped his hand.

So while Uncle Billie was as sharp as the sharpest, while in business he never asked any odds of any one; he managed to hold his own; to line his path with charities, to say generous and hopeful words to those less successful than himself; to draw to him in splendid loyalty such men as he needed to work out his enterprises, and if he had any enemies I never heard of them.

This was because he was always manly and frank and candid; he had no false pride; every man met him on equal terms—a pair of overalls was as fine as a dress suit with him if the right man was inside the overalls,

He died in San Francisco many years ago away past the eighties, but he is still affectionately remembered there.

My thought is if where he is he is as he was when riding on the coaches here—he has the choice of seats, and if he had his pick of places, there is a phantom ocean bearing ghostly ships into their haven, and spectral mountains in the background that contain celestial ores, and that he divides his eternity making wagers of what ghostly ship is nearing the offing, and counting on the news that the next ethereal aeroplane will bring down from the mines.

In the meanwhile all the neighboring ghosts are wont to gather near to hear his ghost tell of the lively times he had on the Comstock and how, in his old age, he scooped all the young men when he took in the mine at Bodie.

TOD ROBINSON.

HE WAS not just like any of the others of the Argonauts. A matured man when he reached the west coast; a fine scholar, an eminent lawyer, an orator most careful in his selection of language, always in a public address to adjust himself to his audience; at home talking to a company of farmers, though he had but vague ideas of a farmer's life, but leaving an impression upon his hearers that a great farmer was spoiled when he became a lawyer; most intense in his sectional prejudices, but veiling them all in his dealings with men; imperious in his self-consciousness, but in his life meeting all men as though, to him, they were all on the same plane, he managed to draw to him the confidence and generally the affection of all persons brought in contact with him.

I never could explain his motives to my own satisfaction, but I presume that his thought was much the same as that of the great Blucher of Prussia. He had a theory that there were only two kinds of men in the world, those whom we might call thoroughbreds and those who might be rated under the general term of mustangs; that the first were entitled to all courtesies because of the blood in their veins, no matter what might be their personal foibles; the others as not worth discussing pedigrees with. He was a distinguished lawyer in California, up in the front rank with Baker, Randolph, Felton, McAllister and the rest, and he maintained his place when the magnitude of the fees and the tremendous importance of the issues to be decided drew that shining galaxy of legal talent to the Comstock in the first four years of the life of the great lode.

Then he was a most interesting speaker on any theme, though with him a speech was always a serious matter. He seldom attempted to mingle the least humor in a public speech, rarely permitting his imagination any play in rounding a period, or illuminating a sentence. He depended upon the cold logic of truth to point his argument and the perfect logical rhythm of his thoughts to kindle men's admiration. Naturally he was most effective in the court-room, one of the class that judges lean upon, for he never juggled with a legal principle and never misstated a legal proposition.

In private he was most winsome, and had a happy faculty of asking a few questions of a man that left an impression upon the man that he was solicitous about him and his.

He had mingled much with the world and was a shrewd judge of men and knew from what point to approach each one. Inherently he was a lover of justice, and that the right should prevail, and could have outlined what society would be when men had lost all their weaknesses, and all were striving toward a clearer and softer light, perhaps with as much vividness as Starr King himself.

But, after all, not one in a hundred of his close friends ever understood the ruling trait of his life, so carefully did he veil it.

He was at heart a sublime egotist. I have read of a few such men, but he was the only one I ever knew, personally.

A friend said to him one day: "Judge, I came up from Carson today. I was talking with Chief Justice Bronson of the Supreme Court last evening and he said to me: "Do you know that the argument delivered yesterday before the court by Tod Robinson was the most profound and convincing legal argument I ever listened to?"

With an air of perfect conviction and candor, Robinson simply replied: "It was."

Does not that remind one of what William Pinkney said of the great Samuel Dexter, the marvelous Massachusetts lawyer?

Dexter was one day replying in the Supreme Court to Rush when Rush, turning to Pinkney, said: "That is a very able argument," when Pinkney simply responded: "Wait till you hear me."

But egotism has been a trait in many a great mind. The Earl of Normandy made a speech in parliament which the Edinburg *Review* praised highly, whereupon Brougham wrote the editor of the *Review,* saying: "The speech was very good, only that it should have been less praised," adding: "He is an excellent fellow, and deserves great credit; but, truth to tell, his speech was a failure—so much so that I was forced to bear down to his assistance."

But Mr. Robinson's self-esteem seemed to be unconscious. It was like that of Daniel Webster, who never seemed conscious of anything like vanity, but who one day attacked a legal proposition of an opponent at the bar, and was reminded that he was assailing a dictum of Lord Camden. He simply turned to the court and delivered a wonderful eulogy upon Lord Camden's greatness as a jurist, which electrified the court and bar, but then, in his profound way, added: "But, may it please your honor, I differ from Lord Camden." Even Thomas Jefferson possessed that trait; John Adams had it stronger than Jefferson, while with John Quincy Adams it was almost a disease, and if we go further back, the Apostle Paul could have held his own with old Tom Benton himself.

If Tod Robinson was conscious of any such trait, it never appeared in his public utterances, either at the bar or on the rostrum. He always talked to his theme and never forgot for a moment that it was the theme and not himself that the court, or the jury, or the audience desired to have elucidated.

And while he was fierce and bitter in his political views, by inheritance and training, he was a fervent apostle of order and law. The vigilance committee of 1856, he was furious over, declaring that the committee was taking advantage of their own wrong; that had they not shirked their duties as citizens of a free country, as voters and jurors, the trouble would never have been forced upon the city of San Francisco to its disgrace and the disgrace of the Golden State.

He was not like Mount Shasta, springing from the valley, thus making his summit seem higher than it really was, but more like Mount Whitney, which rising amid surrounding peaks, is dwarfed a little by those peaks until tested by a perfect instrument which reveals its sovereign majesty.

W. C. RALSTON.

TO ONE who has any soul, who knew him well, the mention of the name of W. C. Ralston brings a sense of sorrow. From the early days until he died he was more to San Francisco than any other man.

He had a masterful brain, an unquenchable public spirit. Had he been Aladdin he would have covered the sand hills of San Francisco with palaces and the sea outside with regal ships. Not being an Aladdin, he seemed determined to rival him so far as human genius and energy could.

When I saw him first he was the agent of a steamship company in Panama. It was in the early fifties. He soon outgrew those surroundings and came to San Francisco. The air of the Golden Coast was elixir to him. He attracted only local notice until, through his ability and energy, he founded the Bank of California.

The late D. O. Mills had made a little fortune buying gold dust in southern California—at San Andreas, I believe—then had established a bank at Sacramento, and bore a high name as a shrewd, capable, careful and honest banker. To give the new bank strength Ralston had his associates invite him to the presidency of the California bank; Ralston to be the immediate local manager. The bank soon obtained the absolute confidence of Californians, and swiftly grew into a great financial institution. It had the best of the local patronage, and through it the Oriental and Australian business was transacted.

Through Ralston many new industries sprang up in San Francisco; through him, in the early sixties, Mr. Sharon was able to establish the Branch Bank of California in Virginia City, Nevada, and through him was able to maintain it there when D. O. Mills insisted that it should be closed, as he did not approve of Sharon's management.

A little later the great lode began to vindicate Sharon's judgment, and within ten years had made Mr. Mills more money than he had ever dreamed of possessing. Indeed, it made the whole coast dizzy. Its effect upon W. C. Ralston quickened his old desire for a great city on San Francisco bay into a passion. He bought realty, opened new streets, built new structures, and plunged deeper than a banker, who is custodian of others people's money, ever should.

Then he had another habit. If a man presented a scheme to him which was backed by full and reliable reports, he had a habit of saying, "Your scheme looks good; but my time is all occupied with the business ot this bank. You go and see ——, or ——; lay your proposition before him and then tell him to call on me and explain it to me." How many such enterprises he put upon their feet, no one knows. I recall one in particular. The late Ike Bateman had a bond on the Northern Belle mine at Candelaria. He went to Ralston, Ralston sent him to General Dodge. The result was that in a day or two Dodge had bought and paid for the mine and proceeded at once to erect a great mill, though before that he was not known to have any money. He made a great fortune from it in the succeeding three years and passed for a shrewd operator, while Ralston's name was not mentioned in connection with the enterprise.

But Bonanzas are worked out after a while, and the decline of the Comstock began just when the critical time came in the working out of several of Mr. Ralston's problems in San Francisco, and when immense sums had to be provided. The indomitable man struggled against the inevitable for months, but finally the door of the great bank had to be closed.

A hasty examination of the accounts was made and then D. O. Mills, in his mathematically correct business way, went into Mr. Ralston's private room in the bank and in his tone of icy correctness demanded that he should resign his official position in the bank. Without a word the strong man wrote out his resignation; then left the bank from the Sansome street side, walked rapidly to North Beach; was seen to swallow a white powder and then sprang off the wharf into the water, and a little later his lifeless body was recovered.

Then a great wave of pity swept over San Francisco.

Those who had blamed him for the bank's failure, realizing what he had done for the city and all its people, wept like children. But their tears no longer disturbed his calm.

He was quite six feet in height; carried a great head on ample shoulders, and must have weighed two hundred pounds. He had regular Roman features and his face was always lighted and eyes alert. It was clear, to watch his movements, that he had a tiger's determination, though the tiger was much more given to purring than growling, and that he was driven on by an insatiable energy and supported by a hopeful soul that nothing but the last overwhelming disaster could quench.

In his social life he was geniality itself and was lavish in his generosity. One sample will give an idea of his ways: When Senator Nye of Nevada was finally denied a re-election, a few gentlemen met on some business in the bank in San Francisco. After the business was transacted and general conversation began, one of those present said: "I am sorry for old man Nye. He is old and poor and now his office has been taken from him; he is too old to renew the practice of law; on my soul I am sorry for him."

While the gentleman was talking Ralston swung 'round to his desk, picked up a pen, wrote a few lines; then tearing off the paper he had been writing upon, he held up a check and said: "I am sorry ten thousand dollars' worth; how much are you?" In twelve minutes $100,000 was raised and given to the old Senator. He sailed for the East on the next steamer, and the next heard of him, he was wandering, dazed, in a street in Richmond, Va. He died a few months later in an asylum.

When Mr. Ralston died, the great clergyman, Dr. T. Campbell Shorb, said of him:

"The loss is a great indescribable calamity to the State. Had I the power I would drape California in the blackest crepe from Siskiyou to San Diego, for he has left us who made California a synonym for princely hospitality and generosity to the uttermost bounds of the universe. His most fitting, touching and eloquent eulogy was pronounced in the question asked in every street of San Francisco: 'Who shall take his place?' His heart was large as the mountain; he was noble, generous and true; his friendship unwavering. Honor, unfailing honor to his memory; peace, everlasting peace to his soul."

We copy, too, a few words from the eulogy which Hon. Thomas Fitch pronounced at this funeral:

"His eulogy is written on ten thousand hearts. Commerce commemorates his deeds with her whitening sails and her laden wharves. Philanthropy rings the chimes of all public charities in attestation of his munificence. Patriotism rings pæons for him who, in the hour of the nation's struggle, sent the ringing gold of mercy to chime with the flashing steel of valor. Unnumbered deeds of private generosity attest his secret munificence. Sorrow found solace in his deeds. Despair has been lifted into hope by his voice. There are churches whose heaven-kissing spires chronicle his donations; schools claim him as their patron; hospitals own him as their benefactor. He was the supporter of art; science leaned on him while her vision swept infinitely. The footsteps of progress have been sandaled with his silver. He has upheld invention while she wrestled with the forces of nature. He was the life-blood of enterprise; he was the vigor of all progress; he was the epitome and representative of all that was broadening and expansive and uplifting in the life of California."

By the strict rules of business the fate of Mr. Ralston was just. In a place of great trust he had used other men's money in a way to cause its probable loss, and it would be a slander to say he did not realize the possible consequences when he did it.

But no one who knew him ever believed that he meditated any wrong. He had often gambled in stocks and believed he could pull through. Four years previously Mr. Sharon had loaned him $4,000,000 in just such an emergency, and his over-sanguine nature urged him on. When he finally failed he made no appeals for help. He said to himself: "I can make but one atonement," so he sprang into the bay. May the grand things he did in life plead for charity to his memory.

GEORGE C. GORHAM.

HE WENT to California with the Argonauts, a boy of perhaps seventeen or eighteen years of age. He was always small, about five feet eight inches in height, fair and slim. In personal appearance he resembled ex-Senator and ex-Secretary of War Chandler of New Hampshire more than any other man that I ever met. He resembled also the picture of Marshall Ney of France.

He was brighter than any of those around him; he could write and talk, and, when the occasion required, he could paralyze those near him by his audacity. A sample of this was shown just after he reached Marysville, where he went immediately on his arrival in California.

He was poor and had to find something through which to make a living, so in some way obtained an appointment as notary public. Titles were being changed every day and acknowledgments had to be made. In his business he naturally got to know all the city officers. A primitive circus came to town and the manager applied to the sheriff for a license. The sheriff was Mike Gray. He had been a Texan ranger, lieutenant under and close friend of Jack Hayes, the famous one. He was as brave a man as ever lived. A man on the street shot at him while he was seated in a buggy. He jumped from his buggy on the right side of his horse, caught the horse by the bit, swung around the horse's head to the left side, facing the advancing man, who was trying to revolve his pistol, which a broken cap clogged, and, drawing a derringer pistol from his vest pocket, Gray killed the man. That evening a friend asked Gray what other weapons he had, and he replied: "Not a thing." The friend said, "You should not go about that way. You are an officer, dealing with thugs every day, and you should not go around with nothing but a four-inch derringer on." Gray thought a moment and then said: "That's a fact; there might be more than one of them next time." The idea that a single barrel derringer would not be enough for one man never crossed his mind.

But he was as genial and jolly as he was cool and self-contained. So when the circus man appealed to him for a license he heard his story, then asked him what kind of a circus he had. The man explained. "It's a good show, is it?" was Gray's next inquiry. The man replied that it was a good little show for California and worth the money. Then Gray asked him how $2,000 for a license would appeal to him.

The man answered that he could not think of that unless the sheriff would take his circus in part payment. After bantering the poor fellow long enough, Gray said: "Why, of course the boys will want to see it. Go ahead, and never mind about the license!"

The man was grateful, and after thanking the sheriff told him to come with his deputies, to announce to the man at the door who he was and who his subordinates were and they would be shown in.

Gorham heard of this, went to Gray and offered to attend the circus in Gray's stead. When Gray declined the offer, Gorham insisted that he must see that show and could not afford to put up for a ticket. Gray explained that the offer included only himself and his deputies and if he named a little shrimp like George as a deputy, the circus man would know he was lying and put the whole bunch out.

Gorham was still for a second, then said: "You don't mind my following your disreputable procession when you go to the circus, do you?" Gray laughingly replied that he had followed a good many tough citizens in his time, and would not mind if one followed him.

A few days prior to this, Gorham had become a clerk of Stephen J. Field who later became a judge of the Supreme Court of California and later still was for more than thirty years a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The day of the circus came and Gorham was at the sheriff's office at the right time. Arriving at the tent, Gray announced himself sheriff and passed in, then was followed by the office sheriff and two or three deputies, and then came Gorham. He did not pause in his walk, but as he reached the doorkeeper, he, in a hoarse whisper, hissed, "Estoy Secretaris del Alcalde et notarius publico," in his ear and passed in. Once inside, Gray asked him how he made it. Gorham replied: "He let you fellows in because you were just common officials; when I mentioned my title to him, he thought the Alcalde was my clerk and was overcome by the honor of my presence." Gray said: "Your Spanish must have hit him hard." With a laugh Gorham replied: "Hard? It was a knockout."

Justice Field, in his book, tells how Gorham became his clerk, as follows:

"One day while I was Alcalde, a bright-looking lad with red cheeks and apparently about seventeen years of age came into the office and asked if I did not want a clerk. I said I did, and would willingly give $200 a month for a good one; but that I had written to Sacramento and was expecting one from there. The young man suggested that perhaps the one from Sacramento would not come, or might be delayed, and that he would like to take the place in the meanwhile. I replied: Very well, if he was willing to act until the other arrived, he might. Thereupon he took hold and commenced work.

"Three days afterwards the man from Sacramento arrived, but in the meantime I had become so much pleased with the brightness and quickness of the young clerk that I could not part with him. That young clerk was George C. Gorham, the present (1877) secretary of the Senate. His quickness of comprehension was really wonderful. Give him half an idea of what was wanted and he would complete it, as it were, by intuition. I remember on one occasion he wanted to know what was necessary for a marriage settlement. I asked him why. He replied that he had been employed by a French lady to prepare such a settlement, and was to receive twenty-five dollars for the instrument. I gave him some suggestions, but added that he had better let me see the document after he had written it. In a short time afterwards he brought it to me, and I was astonished to find it nearly perfect. There was only one correction to make. And thus ready I always found him. With the most general directions he would execute anything committed to his charge, and usually with perfect correctness.

"When I went upon the bench of the Supreme Court, I appointed him clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of California, and with the exception of the period during which he acted as Secretary of Governor Low, he remained as such clerk until he was nominated for the office of Governor of the State."

The truth is, that Gorham knew more politics than Field and Low combined, and it was Gorham that secured the nomination of Field for Supreme Judge of California, and the nomination of Low for Governor. When he himself was nominated for Governor, he should have been elected and would have been except for two things. When the old Central Pacific Railroad Company obtained its government money subsidy, it will be remembered that when the road should leave the valley and enter the foothills, the subsidy was to be doubled. Well, Gorham went to Washington and had the foothills moved down to within twelve miles of Sacramento. So when he was nominated for Governor, it was charged that he was a railroad candidate.

Then General Bidwell had just ploughed up his vineyard, and in the temperance move that was then sweeping over California, was nominated for Governor. All the votes he obtained were drawn from Gorham, and the Democratic candidate was elected. California made a mistake. Gorham would have made a most brilliant Governor and one of the most far-sighted and honest Governors the State would ever have had.

The night after he was nominated, the Republican State central committee called upon him and asked him to write an address to Republican voters, and said they wanted it, if possible, within a week. He bade them be seated, turned to his desk and began to write. Meanwhile his little boy was climbing upon and playing horse on the back of his chair. In forty minutes he gathered up the sheets and, handing them to the chairman, said: 'Publish that; it will answer in a campaign as well as a carefully prepared paper."

It was perfect, and just exactly covered the case.

I think it was Stewart and Nye, senators from Nevada, who obtained his appointment as secretary of the Senate of the United States. He held the office for many years—eighteen, I believe—and was a walking encyclopedia for that body.

He was always most courteous, but his quiet criticisms of some bumptious senators were delicious to listen to. He was in full accord with the stalwarts of both parties, but he never liked Sumner. He said, one day, of him: "Why, the old fraud, counting on our ignorance, talks bad Latin in his speeches." He was always a stalwart. There were as many Democrats as Republicans in Marysville, California, in 1861. But when Washington's anniversary came, Gorham procured a large mackerel, and, going into the saloon Eldorado, where many Democrats congregated, he went from one to another and, holding up the mackerel, said: "Take a whiff of that! From this time on, it is to be the American eagle."

Had anyone else tried the same thing, he would have been killed.

I saw Gorham at the Willard in Washington just after a Democrat had succeeded him as secretary of the Senate. He said: "I could have been Governor of California and would have been had not one who was under great obligations to me betrayed me. I might have been Senator. It was offered me, but I put it by for a friend who wanted it more than I did. I have helped a good many friends to get office; I have enabled a good many other friends to get rich; I have distributed more than $3,000,000 since I became secretary of the Senate, but my accounts have exactly balanced, and I am going to New York today to begin work to support my little family, and listen! I do not take a regret with me, for I have done the best I could."

Later, he wrote the life of Secretary Stanton and performed much other literary work. Some months ago, I heard he was dead, and I said then as I say now, "Poor George, the world will never know how high of soul, how clean and true and great he really was."

THOMAS STARR KING.

ALL the men of whom I have spoken in this series of reminiscences had within them more or less of the earth earthy. Thomas Starr King had not enough of base metal in his nature to hold his spirit long in this world. Gold has to be alloyed with a harder metal to endure the attrition of daily use. There was no alloy in Starr King, and he was quickly worn out.

He weighed, I judge, about one hundred and forty pounds. He was slight and fair, but the head above his shoulders was a royal one; the face a sovereign one, and notwithstanding his delicate appearance, his voice held within it all the sweetness of the harp when struck by a master hand, all the power and solemn grandeur of a great cathedral organ. He had, moreover, that subtle magnetism which drew and retained his audience while he talked. But his was never a dress parade eloquence. It was, after all, the thoughts behind his words that held men and women captive while he spoke; the thoughts and words and that majesty which comes from the soul of some men, maybe once in a century. Listening to him one thought involuntarily of the statement that when the Master was in the Garden by the brook Kidron, the soldiers came to arrest him and when they told him whom they sought and he replied: "I am He," they walked backward and fell to the ground.

He was of New England's bluest blood. He was denied a university training. His father, a clergyman, had prepared him for college, but when the boy was fifteen years of age the father suddenly died and the care of the mother and younger children, turned him to labor for them. He worked as a clerk, then as a teacher.

But while the training of his brain in the schools was for the time arrested, his soul was growing and at nineteen he began to preach. The recognition of his genius was instantaneous. He was wanted everywhere, and for eleven years he held New England enthralled. Boston had claimed him and counted on him as one of that royal circle which half a century and more ago was an intellectual Aurora Borealis in that northern latitude of New England.

He was a Unitarian minister and Edward Everett Hale was a foster father to him.

While young in his ministry a great longing for the west came upon him, and amid the sorrow and good wishes of the highest in Boston intellectual circles, he sailed for California. When he landed in San Francisco, though few knew the fact, it was really the coming of an apostle of religion and an evangel of patriotism. A pulpit was waiting for him, and his first sermon made clear that the west coast had gained a treasure richer than any in her mines, for from the first, men instinctively felt that behind all that he said, there was a character so lofty that it was interwoven into the very texture of the man himself; a something which was as much a part of the man as were his vocal chords or as was the blood in his arteries.

He preached and lectured, and wrote, and grew constantly in public estimation—he was a light to the west coast, for every man was his brother in his own estimation, and it was his duty to hold up the hands of his fellows and to affirm the mercy and glory of God.

With the coming of the great Civil war he was strangely agitated. How native land was to be saved in its entirety; how the old love and trust were to be wooed back were problems that exercised his mind continually.

When the scheme to raise money to purchase comforts and medicines for the soldiers and to pay nurses for attending upon the sick and the wounded was broached, he became its instant advocate, and to further it he lectured through the Pacific states. He drew all classes to those lectures until his fame, which had been, in most part, confined to San Francisco and surrounding towns, filled the whole coast. His travels, too, gave him every day new scenes from which to draw illustrations.

It is presumptious to try to give an idea of his style or his methods on the rostrum, but we will relate one incident. He was delivering a lecture in Carson City, Nevada, for the benefit of the sanitary fund. He finally, in his lecture, as preliminary to an apostrophe to patriotism, told how, a few days before, he was sailing down the Columbia, and the theme of all on board was a great battle, news of which had just reached the west coast. He noticed a solitary man sitting by the rail and showing no interest in what was going on.

Going over to him, he said: "Have you no interest in the tremendous events now convulsing the country?"

"None at all," was the reply, "all I want is to be left alone."

"Do you realize that the life of the republic is hanging in the balance, and that your countrymen are dying by thousands?"

"I have lost no one. All I want is to be left alone," said the man, doggedly.

"Have you no love of country? No appreciation of the blessings that have been yours all your life under the flag and the splendor that it represents?" was the next question.

"No, I jist want to be let alone," was the querulous answer.

Then straightening himself and stretching outward and downward his right hand, and in a voice that thrilled all who heard it, Starr King cried: "And that abject, cowering wretch sat there, though Mount Hood in its majesty was towering above him, and the Columbia was rolling at his feet."

It was not what he said, but the way he said it that thrilled those who listened and made them realize more fully the full meaning of what he said on another occasion, which was:

"The soul is not a shadow; the body is. Genius is not a shadow; it is a substance. Patriotism is not a shadow, it is light."

At that time there were thousands of men on the coast who were working to cause the secession of California, Oregon and Nevada, and to have them join the Southern confederacy or to organize an independent Pacific Republic. King's soul was on fire, and his appeals were bugle calls.

In the lecture field he sounded all literature for illustrations and all the moods of men were his to play upon. Everything was at his command, but there was thought behind all his words. For instance, how expressive is this: "He who composes a poem that has no burning thought in it, is not so original as he who constructs an original mouse trap. The one is a mere artisan in words, the other an original thinker in wire and wood."

And again: "So many of us there are who have no majestic landscapes for the heart, no gardens in the inner life! We live on the flats, in a country which is dry, droughty, barren. We look up to no heights where shadows fall and streams flow, singing. We have no great hopes. We have no sense of infinite guard and care. We have no sense of divine, all-enfolding love. We may make an outward visit to the Sierras, but there are no Yosemites in the soul."

And hear this:

"History, until of late, has been mostly a record of battles, many of which had no effect on society. But history truly written will show that the hinge-epoch of centuries was when no battle sound was heard on the earth—when in Galilee One was uttering sentiments in a language now nowhere spoken, never deigning to write a line, but entrusting to the air His words. The Cæsar, whose servant ordered His crucifixion—all the Cæsars—are dead, but His words live yet, the substantial agents of civilization, the pillars of our welfare, the hope of the race."

And again:

"Running up through the realm of science to society, and to the life of nations, we find that the apex-truth which the intellect discovers is this: Character is of supreme importance for national growth, prosperity and stability. How impressive does history seem as a study, when we find that every country is a huge pedestal, lifting up one national figure, which symbolizes the prospects and the perils of the millions that dwell around its base."

So he lived, working constantly and for only three things—his fellow men, his country and the glory of God.

The secret of his charm was in his absolute sincerity and in the loftiness of his character. He was intensely human in all his acts; every man who had a sorrow was his brother, but when an intellectual field was to be explored he was everywhere a leader; whenever a righteous cause needed a champion his voice was loudest and sweetest of all. He believed that all men should be educated; that there was no safety to society except in obedience to law; his apostrophes to charity in all its forms were sometimes anthems, sometimes trumpet calls; he believed in full liberty; he consecrated his life to duty, and wore himself out and died just as he reached the zenith of his intellectual power. When dying he said:

"Do not weep for me. I know it's right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. They are strange! I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future. It already looks grand, beautiful."

I feel that the forgoing does not nearly do justice to the wonderful man, and close by copying the little poem which Bret Harte wrote, evidently feeling the same way, to a pen that the great soul had written with:

"This is the reed the dead musician dropped,
With tuneful magic in its sheath still hidden.
The prompt allegro of its music stopped,
Its melodies unbidden.

"But who shall finish the unfinished strain,
Or wake the instruments to awe and wonder,
And bid the slender barrel breath again—
An organ-pipe of thunder?

"His pen! What haunting memories cling about
Its golden curves! What shapes and laughing graces
Slipped from its point, when his full heart went out
In smiles and courtly phrases!

"The truth, half jesting, half in earnest, flung;
The word of cheer, with recognition in it;
The note of alms, whose golden speech outrung
The golden gift within it.

"But all in vain the enchanter's wand we wave;
No stroke of ours recalls its magic vision;
The incantation that its power gave
Sleeps with the dead magician."

THE OLD BOYS.

THE old California days are always coming back upon me in thought, and perhaps it will not be unwelcome if I devote a chapter to the old boys. California was not settled like any other state. As late as 1848 the United States was a poor country in wealth. It was rated a little higher than Turkey, not much above Spain in its material wealth.

At that time the Sacramento, the American, the Feather, the Yuba, the Stanislaus, the Merced, the San Joaquin and the other rivers were flowing on and on, serene and unvexed, to the sea. Their banks had never been disturbed by the prospector's tread.

But the hour came at length when the nation was to advance to a higher plane, about to take up a new station among the earth's nations; and treasures were needed for that forward march; so they were released.

In those first days California was fairyland. It was beautiful beyond description. Nature seemed to have gathered there all her glories. The mountains were a rugged background for pictures such as angels might have painted with the brushes of the Infinite, with dyes from the very fountains of light.

The valleys were carpeted with flowers, the mountains looked up to from the valleys were azure until where the higher range asserted itself—there their brows were white as a planet's light.

The air was soft and sweet, and came to the faces of men like a caress. The sunlight was the crowning glory.

Sun-kissed seas smote all the long coast; the mountain tops were crowned with such forests as the newcomers had never beheld, never dreamed of before, while over real golden sands the rivers followed their channels to the sea.

Such was the land that greeted the newcomers, and in such a land nothing seemed impossible save man's capacity to grasp the opportunities before and around him, to dare to reach for and seize the triumphs which Hope painted on the retinas of brave eyes.

The people who were gathered there were the pick of the world. Young men were in the majority, every state was represented and the outside world supplied its quota. There were some bad men, of course. I have seen a coyote among the orange groves of Riverside.

What a broadening of horizons came then, and to hearts what a melting away of prejudices was experienced; how the innate divinity in royal souls shone out.

Besides the young there were older ones, those who had fled from the narrowness and poverty that had bound their lives from the cradle up. Some had fled from unhappy homes where, illy-mated at first, the cramped environment had added heart-breaking cares to original disappointments. Others had left happy homes, except that mouths became many and rewards few, so they had been forced to follow a vision of enough wealth to buy for the loved ones surcease from trouble.

Society lacked the only natural leaven—the restraints, the grace, the benign influence of pure women, the music and the benediction of children's voices and presence.

The effect was quickly seen. When a ship loses its rudder it falls off into the trough of the sea, and with every oncoming wave its decks are swept. Many a naturally brave soul became reckless; the vices caught them. Thousands of lives went prematurely out because there was no wife or mother or sister or sweetheart to steady them with a reproachful look, or cheer them when the world's buffetings made them despair.

But there was an empire to redeem from savagery, there were infinite mountains to explore, broad valleys to people and cultivate, states to be rounded into form, and behind every other incentive there was a promise of gold.

The coming to the new land had chastened the people. Whether by way of the plains, by sail ship around the continent, or by the charnal ships that came and went to and from the Isthmus, it mattered not. There was suffering enough to make men thoughtful and considerate, to engender gratitude for a land which offered so much and was so beautiful. There were no written laws that men regarded and it was then that the fashion of the west and southwest was established. Men held each other personally responsible for shortcomings, and the result was not so bad. There is a class of men needing control that is better controlled in that way than in any other.

As the hosts increased the old enlightened instinct asserted itself. There were offenses that individuals without authority could not follow to conviction and punishment. The need of laying the foundation of society where order could be maintained and laws enforced was soon apparent and generally accepted. Of course, the country was supposed to be under military rule, into which some civil forms had been injected, but in the mining camps something more was needed.

With Anglo-Saxon directness the work was inaugurated. Fortunately there was no lack of material to set up a government to start it in motion. No community ever had a larger portion of educated, trained men. Thus, men went to work. They explored the hills, they turned the rivers from their natural channels, they made new applications of the engineer's science. In part, they adjusted themselves to their surroundings—in part compelled their surroundings to minister to them. The implements that men work with they remodeled to save weight where weight was not needed, to make their own strength avail more when using those implements. A change came also in their characters. The absence of pure women gave them a higher appreciation of what a pure woman is; the absence of children impressed upon them the knowledge that a world without children would not be worth living in. The hardships of their lives made them generous and forbearing toward the weak and unfortunate. The habit of accepting as a matter of course everything which Fate had in store for them, developed in them a self-reliance which was superb, an unpretentious courage which was sublime. At the same time they acquired a habit of careless levity which would have made a stranger think they had never felt a care or heartache in their lives.

When in jovial mood they were a race of rare jokers and sometimes there was a sting in their words. They had not much reverence for the forms which in polite society are enforced. A stovepipe hat would have been in great danger in an old-time mining camp; but their cabins were never locked and strangers passing were expected to go in and help themselves to anything they needed in the way of food. But the thief who would take money or gold dust or anything else of value was dealt with in a way so decided, expeditious and thorough that more than one man was kept honest through the certain knowledge of what would follow if an offense were committed. In those days a horse was worth vastly more than a man. That is, if two men quarreled and one was killed, the offense was generally condoned; but woe to a horse thief if ever caught. Of course, in such communities a cry of distress was a signal for universal and unstinted charity, and it was extended in such a way as to make the recipient feel that he had conferred a favor by accepting it.

What a place those camps were for puncturing frauds! A pretentious man quickly grew weary of himself. The quack doctor or lawyer was quickly discovered and banished by ridicule; but if a sincere and earnest man entered a camp, explained that he was a minister of the gospel and desired a place in which to deliver a brief sermon, if necessary the games were all summarily stopped in the biggest gambling hall in the town, the preacher was given a billiard table for a pulpit, attentively listened to, when he had finished was handsomely rewarded and told when he came that way again to drop in and make himself at home. When he was gone there was a general discussion as to whether the lead that the preacher was following would ever end in the finding of pay dirt, some holding, in the idiom of the camp, that the gold was too light to save, or that the diggings were too pockety, or that there was too much dirt to move to reach pay rock, or that it was the "Blue Lead" he was on without any certainty of ever gettting into the pay channel. But it was generally believed that a preacher seemed to be mining on the square and confidently expected to finally "strike it big."

Those camps were veritable bonanzas for theatrical companies—unless too bad—that visited them. A pretty girl in the tinsel of the stage, dancing a lively hornpipe or Spanish waltz was sure to hear falling around her as she danced halves and dollars until the stage was covered with coin. She brought back to the men vividly the memory of the girls they had left in the states and they were anxious to pay her for the service.

But there were great souls in those camps. Many later proved it, many more kept still and those who see their graves in the valleys or on the mountains will never know their sterling worth, what they were to the world, how splendid were their services, how steady and true their patriotism.

All those years men east and west saw what was being done in California, but only the more sagacious ones realized the full scope of the work and progress—the eventual results that would follow. It became a habit of the steamers every fortnight to carry east two millions to three millions of dollars. The first effect was the increased credit that was ready to be extended to our country; railroad building took on a new impetus and the men of Europe were willing to buy American railroad bonds. In those days it was a habit every year to bring in from across the plains large numbers of eastern horses. They were very lean of flesh upon their arrival and were turned out upon the rich pastures. When, the next year, they were caught, it was found that five-year-old horses had grown half a hand in height over what they were when they left the east. In like manner men grew, not in stature, but in mind. They were broader, steadier-brained than when they left home. The change was such as comes to volunteers when, under the friction of a great war, they are hardened and refined into veterans.

It is the rule in the eastern states to give those pioneers credit for what they did, but it is often said, "It is most strange that no really very great men were with those Argonauts." People that talk that way do not know. Mount Shasta is a very much more imposing mountain than Mt. Whitney, though Whitney is the higher mountain of the two. The reason is that Shasta is a butte—that is, it springs up into the heavens from the valley and is not dwarfed by any surrounding mountains, while all around Mt. Whitney are peaks almost as high as its own. There was a general higher proportion of great brains and great hearts in California than were ever seen in any state before. It will do no harm to name a few as they come to memory.

There was General E. D. Baker, who went east as a senator on the eve of the coming of the great war, and a little later died under a battle cloud.

There was David C. Broderick, who made himself a name in California which is reverenced there still, and who, in the same cause, though under a different name, died for his country.

He who later was General Tecumseh Sherman was running a little bank, and he who later was Admiral Farragut commanded at Mare island.

At that time, too, John W. Mackay was mining on Yuba river. The world knows what he was pretty well, but I remember when a strike was threatened in Virginia City, he said to me:

"The little additional money that these miners want is nothing. (They were getting $4.00 a day.) What I hate is the spirit of it all. I rolled rocks in the Yuba river month after month, even though I did not earn four bits a day, but then I did not strike. I lived on the four bits (fifty cents) until I could make more, then I enlarged my menu, and the one thought that possessed me in all those years was, sometime, somewhere, if I had but courage enough and strength enough, I could win out. I never thought of asking help of any man, I never growled at conditions; the good God had given me a good constitution and a pair of strong arms, and I always said to myself that that was capital enough to begin with in this world."

Buying gold dust in those days was D. O. Mills. When later a fortune came to him, he went to New York, and the shrewdest financiers there realized that there was a man among them equal to their best.

There was Collis P. Huntington, who had a little store in Sacramento. When later a fortune came to him and he went to New York and started into a regular Roman wrestling match with the financiers there, they found he was about the hardest man to throw down they had ever met.

There was J. P. Jones. All those years he was up in the hills of Trinity county. Those who knew him knew he was brighter than anybody, jollier than anybody, deeper than anybody else in their county, and when later he went to Nevada and was sent from there to the senate of the United States, in his careless way and dress the other senators looked upon him as a western product which would add picturesqueness if not much wisdom to the senate. But finally a great national question came up and then this miner who had become senator, arose to speak upon it. He had proceeded but a little way until the sharp men around him began to question him, expecting, of course, to discomfit him. He answered all their questions on the moment and answered them in such a way that they knew instinctively that what they had thought was a common stone was in fact a pure diamond, and ever after they were careful how they questioned him.

There was Chief Justice Hugh Murray, who went upon the bench when but a little over thirty years of age and died when he was only thirty-four years of age, but who wrote decisions which lawyers now appeal to and admit their strength and directness.

There was Stephen J. Field, who, after a while, was made a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who held the place for more than thirty years and whose decisions are models for lawyers in every state in the Union.

There were wild miners who sent communications to the city papers and when they were read, the public knew that somewhere in the hills a new bird was singing with voice sweeter than the lark, but more shrill than the eagle's scream.

Bret Harte found fame first in California. He caught it from the atmosphere down there. He never could have written "Truthful James" had he remained in the east. That came from the impelling forces around him.

There were such clergymen as Dr. Scott and Reverend Stebbins; such lawyers as John B. Felton and Hall McAlister; such scholars as Leconte. There were men of affairs there who, looking at the boundless possibilities before them, said to themselves, "We are sufficient for them. We will grasp them and take them in." There was little Wm. Sharon, delicate of health, who made no noise in California, but who later stood at the helm when the Comstock's future was hanging in the balance and saved it, and when later there came the crash of the Bank of California and the eastern financiers said, "That is the end. Another western bubble has burst," he closed his thin lips and in three months had the bank again established, all the debts paid, all the dishonor which had been threatening turned aside, and gave to the men of the east an object lesson, where a bank failed and where no other bank in all this nation had ever reopened when loaded with such responsibilities; gave them an object lesson in a rejuvenated bank, stronger and more commanding than ever.

There was no end of them. There was no work too big for them to undertake and carry out. And there were others who did not care for all the gold in California, who sat on their perches like mocking birds and mocked every singer in the forest, and then, as if out of self-respect, struck out and sang a song of their own, sweeter than the mourning dove's call to her sweetheart.

If the present generation is not altogether remarkable, it is not any lack in the race, but it is because those Argonauts, when they saw a child, were sure to spoil it. If it did not have a silver spoon in its mouth, they put one in, and they let that first generation grow up under the sunbeams, living idle lives, like the birds that sang around them, like the flowers that bloomed around them, and it will take perhaps a generation or two more before a race appears that will understand from the first that nothing is really good unless it is earned, and that it is man's duty from the first, with his own hands, and eyes, and brain, if he wants something worth keeping, to earn it.

As I began, so I close. California then was the glory of the earth. It is a glory still, and the first race that gave the nation the gold through which it might become great, which planted the first fields, which framed the first institutions, was the stateliest race that had ever peopled a new state.

WILLIAM SHARON.

IT IS said that a new bonanza has been discovered and is now being explored in the deep levels of the old Mexican mine. It is fifty-two years since two placer miners, working with rockers on a little stream that ran down East canyon from Mount Davidson, in what was then Carson County, Utah, found as they worked up this ravine, increasing value in each day's work until at last, as they reached the head of the ravine, they realized $300 per day from each rocker; notwithstanding that a persistent bluish rock annoyed them by clogging their rockers and despite the fact that some incomprehensible alloy reduced the value of their gold to $13 per ounce. Their eyes were blinded. They never had thought of sending the material they were washing to an assayer. Why should they?

It was one hundred and fifty miles by trail to the nearest assay office, and then it was only gold that they were after, and they could get the gold by washing. At the head of the ravine, they came upon a great deposit of this rich gravel, and located it. The news of the rich diggings they had found was told by one prospector to another and now and then a man climbed that rugged mountain out of curiosity to see what was there. One of these picked up a piece of this strange blue-black metal and carried it away as a pocket piece. He lived near where Reno, Nevada, now is, but a few days later made a visit to his old home in Nevada City, California. He gave this strange pocket piece to a friend. The friend took it to an assayer and asked him to test it for gold, silver, copper or anything else he could think of. The result was nearly $1,200 gold and nearly $1,500 silver per ton.

So the gravel that the miners had been working up the ravine, and the deposit they had located at the head of the ravine, was not gravel at all, but decomposed rock from the croppings of the old Ophir and Mexican mines, as they have since been known.

That was how one end of the great Comstock lode was discovered. Of course, there was an unparalleled excitement and rush for the astounding new camp. It was the first silver mine ever found in the United States; a little later more silver mines were found out on the desert north, east and south; the whole financial world was electrified. What fortunes could not men accumulate now. Who could measure the wealth of such a country as ours?

No man in the republic knew how to successfully reduce silver ores, but that abashed no one. The silver and the gold were there, and there must be a way to work them, so they went to work. The story of those first years has often been told.

Two or three years later a man went up from San Francisco to see the famous lode and the state of business around the mines. That man was William Sharon. He had early gone to California and engaged in the realty business in San Francisco.

He was well educated in the schools, had studied law enough to understand its exact relations to business, was by nature shrewd and far-seeing and could reason from cause to effect on a business proposition with the quickness of intuition. He was a small man, weighing perhaps 135 pounds, always delicate of health. His hands were small and white as those of a dainty and perfectly groomed woman, but he carried a sovereign head upon his shoulders, and his features were as clearly cut as were those of that class of old Greeks that rung the world of their day. His face was lighted by a pair of cold gray eyes, a glance into which made clear that any one who dealt with him should understand from the first that no bluff would ever carry with him, that no matter what the crisis would be, it would be met without fear.

The Vigilance committee of 1856 gave San Francisco business a very black eye; the cream of the California placers had been skimmed; the rush to Fraser River of thousands of miners in 1858, and the return of those miners as a rule bereft of everything, made any advance for San Francisco impossible, and men who were loaded up with San Francisco real estate, if much in debt, could not extricate themselves, and lost all they had.

After 1859, the liveliest business there was dealing in mining shares. Sharon watched this for a while, and then went in person to Virginia City. He found a strange state of affairs. A good many crude quartz mills had been built, generally on insufficient capital; the cream of the croppings of the great lode had been skimmed; most of the mines were in litigation; the little banks there had loaned all their money on mills and mines at a regular interest of five per cent per month, but could collect neither principal nor interest, nor could run the mines nor mills; there were no pay days for miners, and Sharon found a community of several thousand people standing over immeasurable treasures, but unable to utilize them.

It was a case of oceans in sight but not a drop to drink. The prospect of bringing order out of such a situation would have daunted most men. Sharon, after looking around a few days, wired W. C. Ralston of the Bank of California that the thing needed there was a bank. Ralston wired back, "Come down, and we will talk it over."

The result was that in a few days a branch bank was established there. It took over the interests of the little banks in the mines and mills, a regular pay-day for miners was established; interest was reduced to twelve per cent per annum; regular superintendents at high salaries were appointed on the separate mines; about the same time the dealing ceased to be in feet, and began to be carried on in shares; order was established, and business, reduced to business channels, began to move without friction. And William Sharon was the captain on the bridge that ordered everything, anticipated everything, prepared for everything and with a nerve that was superb fought the difficulties that confronted him and kept the immense machinery of that business running smoothly; though there were times when the obstacles in the way would have broken the heart of any other man, for sometimes it looked as though the whole lode was going into perpetual borasca. His troubles were not all local. D. O. Mills was then president of the parent bank in San Francisco, and was exact in his business methods as a perfectly adjusted engine is in its movements, and looked upon anything like gambling in business when that in any way affected the integrity of a bank, as an unforgivable crime, and mining was not reduced to an exact science in those days by a very considerable extent. Indeed, there is always an element of gambling in mining, and for that matter in every kind of business. When the farmer ploughs his field and plants his crop, he gambles that the soil, the moisture, the sunlight and the air, will return him three or four or forty fold what he plants, and he does this, knowing that possibly frost, or the drought, or the locust or the worm, or the storm may render all his efforts rewardless.

So the miner, when he sees an indication on one level, knowing the pitch and trend of the mine, figures that at a certain point in the depth, that indication will have swelled into an ore body and delves for it, all the time aware that a fault may have occurred a million years ago that would make his hopes futile, and his labor vain, but from the record of the doctrine of chances, estimates how often he will win. Many people pronounce his work extra hazardous, but call the gambling of the insurance man legitimate business when he, in fact, for $30 of your money hand paid, wagers that your $3,000 house will not burn for a year to come. In the same way Mr. Sharon learned the habits of the Comstock and so dealt with its moods, and though carrying the cares of a hundred men in his brain, directed and controlled that mighty business and knew every day his business latitude and longitude as certainly as does the master of a ship his place on the sea, when every day the great sun bends down to give him the needed data. So he was justly called the king of the Comstock for ten years. At last he aspired to be elected to the senate and he was. I fear all his methods would not have been approved by Senator Beveridge, but his methods were not like those in the East. Here is a sample: Joe Stewart was a Virginia City gambler. He was known far and near as a dead square man in business. Sharon met him one morning and said: "Joe, I am going to be a candidate for senator. You and I have long been friends. I want you to help me among your class of men. It will take much of your time, and you will naturally spend a good deal of money. Come into the bank and I will give you a check." "Your check be d—d," was Joe's reply. "I expect to help you; you know that I will do all I can for you, but not for money. You can command me without any of your checks." "Oh, all right," said Sharon. They then talked for a few minutes, when Sharon suddenly said: "By the way, Joe, it is a long time since we had a game of poker. Can you not fix one for tonight?" "Oh, yes," said Stewart. "Well, make it for about 9 p. m. and I will be up," said Sharon.

He was there at the hour and the game began. Sharon was unlucky from the first. He lost and lost with a bad grace. He made a great ado over every loss, until Stewart said: "Why, Sharon, what is the matter with you tonight? I have seen you lose before, but have never known you to make such a fuss over it."

"It is a blankety blank thieving game. How much do I owe?" asked Sharon. Stewart looked over the memoranda and replied, "Four thousand seven hundred and sixty-five dollars." Sharon called for a blank check, filled in the amount and signed it; then pushed it over to Stewart and said: "I suppose you think you have earned that." "Yes," said Stewart. "It was a square game." Then Sharon said: "See how much trouble you can make a man sometimes. That is just $235 less than I intended to give you this morning, if you had not got so cranky about nothing."

In that same campaign a husky young man called at the office one day and, saying that his name was Sharon, asked to see Mr. William Sharon. General Dodge was in the anteroom, showed him in and explained to Mr. Sharon that the man said his own name was Sharon and that he hailed from eastern Nevada. Sharon greeted him cordially asking him what Sharon family he belonged to, and how things were in eastern Nevada. The man proceeded to business at once. He said he could control at least fifty votes, but it would require some money. "About how much money?" asked Sharon. "About

$100 apiece," was the reply. A cold bluff for $5,000. It was too transparent. Sharon sprang from his chair like a tiger, and hurling an unspeakable volley of anathemas at the man, wound up by saying: "You infernal petty larceny hold-up. I will give you $500 if you will petition some legislature to change your name, but would not give you another cent to save your worthless life."

The man seemed glad to get out alive without even the $500.

A year and a half later Ralston stretched out too far, and the great California bank had to close its doors. It was a bad break, so bad that it was believed to be hopeless. The eastern newspapers held it up as a sample of wild speculation, and scoffed at the idea that it could ever again open its doors. The directors of the bank were overwhelmed and utterly prostrated.

For the marriage of his daughter to Senator Newlands and to please his children, Sharon had fitted his San Francisco home beautifully; the parlors were a dream. When the bank closed its doors he had some rough tables placed in those parlors, upon the tables were paper and pencils and cigars, and around these tables, amid clouds of cigar smoke, for six weeks the directors sat and consulted. Some were quitters, some cowards, some belligerent, but all, at the beginning, were settled in the conviction that the bank was hopelessly involved and intent only on seeing how much of their private fortunes could be saved from the wreck.

One of the band intimated that the trouble started by adopting mining methods of running the bank. At this Sharon quietly rejoined that he had never suggested a change in the bank's methods; that by his work in Nevada he had made every one of them more money than he had lost by the failure, and had four years previously saved the bank from disaster, when by the opening of New Montgomery street, and the purchase of the necessary realty, the bank had advanced too much money.

Another director then began to assail the memory of Mr. Ralston, and then all the smothered wrath in Sharon's soul burst forth, and in a few terse and incisive sentences he declared that Mr. Ralston had more heart and soul than the whole band. That whatever his faults were he had made restitution for them all by dying of a broken heart, and that in their further deliberations those faults should not be called in evidence.

Continuing, he then insisted that the question before them was not how to bury a wreck, but how to reinstate a great financial institution and save their individual honor, and the honor of the city and state. They all declared that to be impossible, but Sharon insisted. So the matter hung for days. The bold and angry ones Sharon bluffed; the fearful and timid ones he coaxed and conciliated, his position being that each from his private fortune should double his subscription as a stockholder; that by so doing the bank would be in better standing in a year than it ever had been and would pay them better interest on their money than they could obtain in any other way. In addition, for his part he took the half-finished Palace Hotel with its liabilities. After some weeks of this, the announcement was one morning made in the papers that on a certain day the California Bank would resume business and be prepared to meet all demands.

It did open as advertised, in three months it had won back all the prestige it had lost, and was making more money than ever before. It exalted the prestige and credit of the west in the east more than any other event ever did, and it made clear that among shrewd and sagacious financiers William Sharon was a past grand master.

In private life Mr. Sharon had his moods. When annoyed he could be unreasonable, and say unjust words; again he could be the most delightful of hosts, and a most brilliant conversationalist, for he was a finished scholar along all the lines of the great thinkers, and again when in reminiscent mood to trusted friends he sometimes made clear the load he had carried while lifting the burdens from the well-nigh prostrate Comstock. In the gentle way he rehearsed them, with nothing like vanity or egotism in the narrative, the story was as winsome as a great drama.

COL. DAVID T. BUEL.

SIX feet four inches in height, had he met Saul his first question would have been: "Son of Kish, which of us are the people looking up to?" He obtained his military title by leading a band of men against the Pitt River and Modoc Indians who had been raiding the settlements on the lower Pitt river, in California, in 1850 or 1851. His command brought home many scalps.

He had fairly earned his title, for he was never afraid. His brain was filled with a rude but far-seeing strategy, and his tactics, though not elaborate, were effective. They may be described in the few words, "Find 'em; then take 'em in."

He was a natural leader. With his height, his breadth of shoulders, his aggressiveness and the absolute absence of fear in his make-up, he could not help but be, for men have been looking up to and following that style of man since before the days of Saul.

He was a pioneer on the Golden Coast, one of the first. It was naturally so, for had any started before him, he would have passed them and led them in. He early made a name in California. Readers will have already recognized how perfectly in place he must have been in a Democratic convention, and how natural it was when he arose in a convention and said "Mr. Speaker?" for the presiding officer to recognize him, and for the full convention to see him.

After a while he was elected sheriff of El Dorado County. With all his plunging ways, he had a profound respect for law, and for any sworn officer to betray or fail in his trust, he held to be the unpardonable sin.

In the early days on the west coast people had not much patience with criminals, and as they had to rely a good deal upon themselves, executions were sometimes summary. There was a tree outside of Placerville—in those days, called Hangtown—a live oak, if I remember correctly, upon the branches of which tree it was said that some thirteen or fourteen men had suffered as Absolom did—they were caught in the branches and their mules walked out from under them.

A man charged with some crime was in the jail, which was not a very secure structure. Col. Buel had but a few days before qualified as sheriff. He was called to a distant part of the county and was returning. He was resting for a few minutes at a wayside station, twelve miles from Placerville. From the station there was a grade up the mountain for three miles, then the path descended gradually into Placerville. The colonel always rode a thoroughbred horse, and it was more to rest the horse than himself that he had stopped at the station, for he and the horse were close friends.

While there a messenger dashed up on a foaming horse, sprang to the ground and handed the colonel a letter. It was from one of his deputies, and stated tersely that there would be an attempt that night to take the prisoner from the jail and lynch him.

The colonel crushed the letter in his hand, thrust it into his pocket and called sharply for a bucket of water and a bottle of whiskey. He broke off the neck of the bottle, poured half its contents into the water, then held the bucket up to the horse, which eagerly drank its contents. Rubbing his hand over the face and nose of the horse, and calling him by his name, said, "Come," and started with his long strides, like a gray wolf's lope, up the steep grade, the horse following like a dog close behind.

Reaching the summit he sprang upon the back of the horse and gave him the rein.

When he reached Placerville, the night had come down, the crowd already had taken the prisoner to the fatal tree and had a rope around his neck.

Buel rode straight to the crowd, sprang from the horse and began to force his way through the excited mass toward the prisoner, the horse following at his heels.

Twenty revolvers were drawn on Buel, and he was sternly ordered back on pain of death. But he continued to force his way, crying to those around him: "Don't be inhuman, men. The man may have a last message to send or a prayer to offer."

Through his tremendous strength and determination he quickly reached the man, with his knife cut the rope from his neck, then, seizing the man, threw him upon the horse's back, struck the horse's flank, with the flat of his hand and bade the man ride for his life.

Then, turning to the crowd, he denounced them as cowards and law-breakers, and declared them all under arrest.

There were hot words and many threats for five minutes; then the mad-men realized that they had all been baffled by one man who was not afraid, and one of the bunch proposed three cheers for the new sheriff. Then, I am told, they made a night of it and that the sheriff went along to see that order was kept. He got back his horse in a day or two, but the prisoner was never seen in that region again.

Of course, Colonel Buel went with the crowd to the Comstock. In the ten years in California he had learned much about mining and mine formations and was a practical expert.

He visited all the camps in the state, but finally decided that for him the neighborhood of Austin was better than that about the Comstock. The leads were narrower, but the ore was richer and the competition less.

From Austin, he went off south, with a company, on a prospecting trip and wore out his shoes. One of the boys found a dead ox on the desert; from its hide he cut two pieces, bent up the edges, attached some buckskin strings and tendered them to the colonel for sandals. He put them on; they worked all right. On reaching Austin there was a call for money for the sanitary fund.

The colonel was a red-hot Democrat, but the cry appealed to him. He put up his sandals at auction. He called attention to the value of the sandals, pointed out their length and depth and breath and beam, and asked for bids. One man offered a dollar, another a dollar and a half, but the bidding was slow. The colonel bid twenty dollars, then upbraided the crowd, told them the money was for sick and wounded soldiers and put up the sandals again. The result was they brought $916.00.

At last he drifted down to Belmont and bonded one of the mines there. He took the bond and the needed data, went to England and sold it, realizing a little fortune from the sale.

Then he determined to make a run over to Paris and see the sights for a week. It was not long after Napoleon III and Eugenie were married, and all Paris was rejoicing.

In his youth the colonel's study of French had been at best most superficial, there was not a word in the language that he could pronounce correctly. But, by the show bills that were hung out with their pictures and by the preparations he saw going on, he knew a great horse race was going to be run, so he followed the crowd to the track. The seats were all occupied except those in one special stand. He noticed that over this stand were flying many gay flags. It was carpeted and supplied with easy chairs. He immediately took possession of one of these chairs on a long row of seats. Soon an officer rode up, saluted and delivered a brief oration, of which the colonel did not understand a word. But he bowed politely to the officer and thanked him, but kept his seat. The officer seemed much perplexed, and finally turned his horse and rode away. Then an officer covered with decorations rode up, curtly saluted, and in a most impressive tone explained something to the colonel, upon hearing which he bowed profoundly, told the officer that he was greatly obliged, pointed to a seat beside him and in pantomime invited the officer to occupy it. The officer was wild, and was just entering upon a most vehement speech when a trumpet sounded and a carriage and four, superbly caparisoned and attended by a glittering array of mounted outriders, drove up and the emperor and empress alighted and entered the stand. The officer, with extravagant gesticulations, explained something to the emperor, who turned and glanced at Colonel Buel, then with a smile, bade the officer let the elongated American alone. And the colonel watched the races from the royal stand.

The colonel was one of the pioneers of Eureka, Nevada. He and his associates obtained a working bond on the Eureka Con.; built the furnaces and worked them successfully; thoroughly opened the mines, when they sold out at a large advance to an English company. It would have been better for them had the sale fallen through, for the mines paid $1,000,000 per annum dividends for fifteen years.

The colonel removed to Salt Lake and operated mines in Utah and in Nevada for several years, then went to Joplin, Missouri, and worked for awhile until finally, overborne by a life filled with hardships, died in St. Louis some eighteen or twenty years ago.

He was one of the most typical of frontiersmen. No undertaking was too hazardous to make him quail, though when he was prosperous nothing was too good for him. He slept on the ground in every county in California; he slept on the banks of the Fraser River when the rain that was falling was half ice; the sagebrush of Nevada made a good enough bed for him, and the simple food of the miner was a feast for him when he was prospecting, but in town he insisted upon the best, his ideas being that the man who did not get the finest that could be procured every day was discounting his own rights.

He was honest in business and would throw any one who deceived him or played false, through a window on land, overboard at sea. He was an intense American; he was public-spirited; he wanted to see the foremost of other countries made second-class by comparison with his own; he was sensitive of his own honor and had any man maligned a friend of his in his presence he would have broken him in two. He passed a stormy, restless, laborious career; all his aspirations were high and true, and he prized his individual honor more than he did his life.

WILLIAM H. CLAGGET.

I HEARD of Billie Clagget first about 1864 as a bright lawyer and marvelous orator of Humboldt county. An old California friend who lived in Humboldt county, but who was making a brief business visit to Virginia City, said to me: "We have a young man out in Humboldt whom you are going to hear about one of these days. He is the son of the famous Judge Clagget of Iowa, splendidly grounded in the law, but it is as a speaker that he is going to win. When he talks he is sometimes a whole orchestra playing, sometimes just a great baritone chanting a battle hymn with organ accompaniment."

After a while we all knew him better. After Nevada was admitted into the Union his business often called him before the supreme court at Carson City. About 1866 he was a candidate for Congress, but so many of us had made pledges to help friends who were candidates that we had to beat him in convention, and have been grieving over it ever since.

The man nominated was a lawyer and in broad experience the superior of Clagget, but none of us loved him so much. Had any one else been defeated on that day we would all have forgotten it, but when Clagget's defeat is thought of a feeling of sorrow is awakened yet in the hearts of the very few who are left of that convention.

I suspect it was that faculty of winning the sympathy for the cause he advocated, that gave the chiefest charm to his eloquence.

He was a fine lawyer and natural great orator, but he never made a masterful success because of certain idiosyncracies of his mind.

For instance, his idea of his own political sagacity in the handling of a campaign was like Richelieu's idea of his own poetry. He thought it the clearest evidence of his genius; it was his utter weakness.

An ordinary ward politician could beat all his combinations and shiver to atoms his most cherished plans.

He was often the same way about business matters. I remember that on one occasion he was sanguine that he had secured the key which was going to make him a millionaire. He explained it to me. He told me of the hundreds of thousands of acres of worn-out lands that were in the state of Virginia alone. He further explained that the land was not really worn out, but that because of the steady rotation of one crop certain of the original elements of the soil had been leached out or exhausted, that the alkali soil in places in Nevada possessed those very elements, and that with the alkali soil for a fertilizer the lands which were now practically almost valueless, would increase in value four or five hundred per cent.

I asked him how much of the fertilizer he proposed to apply to the acre. He replied, "Oh, some hundreds of pounds, you know, it will cost nothing here in Nevada."

"But," I asked, "how much will the freight upon it be from Nevada to Virginia?"

He had never thought of that.

He practiced law for a good many years and held his place up in the front rank of the marvelous bar of that state, but his charm was his eloquence. He had every attribute of an orator. His voice was glorious, there was a grace in every movement that was an enchantment and his mind was so equipped that he could draw his illustrations from every mine of knowledge. On the rostrum he was perfectly at home, while before a great, cheering crowd, one watching him thought instinctively of Job's war horse, "whose neck was clothed with thunder" and "saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

After a while he left Nevada and settled in Montana, when it was a territory. There the people sent him as a delegate to Congress. But a delegate from a territory has not much chance. He is expected to talk very little, save on questions pertaining to his own territory, and it must have been a torture to Clagget to listen in half-enforced silence as chump after chump, in a lumbering way, discussed themes which they but half understood and to which they could lend no inspiration.

After a while Clagget visited Salt Lake and because of illness in his family remained in that city several months—the greater part of one winter.

Toward spring he told me one day that he was going to Oregon. I asked him if he believed that was a good state for a lawyer, whereupon he confided to me that he did not care about practicing law any more, but added: "I have money enough to buy 160 acres of land in Oregon and fix myself comfortably. I intend to plant 100 acres of the land to apples. There is no such country for apples as Oregon. I shall plant 100 trees to the acre, plant them wide apart, so they will have plenty of sunlight. After eight years they will bring me net $10 to the tree. There is never any failure of crops there. Ten dollars to the tree will give me $1,000 per acre, and 100 acres will make my income $100,000 per annum, and that is as good to a prudent man as a million." It was a good thought.

I saw him three or four years later and he told me the climate of the Willamette valley was too damp for him, that it gave him rheumatism, and that he had made his home in Idaho.

Two or three years later he was a candidate for United States senator, and when the legislature met it was expected that he would be elected. The late O. J. Salisbury of Salt Lake City, who was very fond of him, went to Boise to help him.

He returned after two or three weeks and told me that it was no use; that Clagget had a plan which he was sure would win and would take no advice from friends, and added the belief that he would be defeated, or if elected it would be in spite of Clagget's management. He was defeated and two or three years later died. The greatest sorrow that his death caused his friends was the thought that he died without ever having found the place where what was greatest in him could be made clear. What was masterful and grand in him seemed always under the domination of that part of his brain that was not infrequently weak. Men with half his legal learning; not half his scholarship, possessing not one tithe of his eloquence, have made for themselves immortal names.

WILLIAM M. STEWART.

HE WAS six feet two inches in height, his natural weight in early manhood was about 210 pounds, which, with age increased to 250 pounds. He had a great wealth of reddish-brown hair, with immense whiskers and mustache of the same hue; his eyes, I think, were gray, but under any light except sunlight, they seemed to be black. He had fine hands and feet, and was a most impressive-looking man.

He had, too, a bearing like that of a lion when he stalks up and down his cage and dreams of his days in the jungle when he was lord of all.

He was born a little east of Rochester, New York, in Wayne county, and grew up on a farm. He received a fair education and studied law. But he did not know law enough to hurt, until after he reached California.

When the news reached the east of the gold discoveries in the far west, he only waited to have the news confirmed, and then, going west, bought four or five yoke of oxen and a wagon, loaded what stores he thought he would need, and drove his oxen into California. No man from Pike county, Missouri, could excel him in manipulating an ox team.

When he sold his outfit, bought a few books and opened a law office in Nevada City, California, those who had seen him navigate his "prairie schooner" and oxen, resented the change and gave gloomy forecasts of the future of an accomplished "bull-whacker" trying to be a lawyer.

But Stewart was never sensitive and was always sanguine, and worked on the theory that a man who possessed the neeeded qualifications to successfully engineer an ox team across the continent might, if he tried, succeed in other fields of effort.

He grew in his profession from the first. If, now and then, he received a metaphorical black eye from some giant at the bar like Colonel E. D. Baker or General Charles H.

Williams, he was not discouraged, neither did he sulk in his tent, but went to work to fit himself to meet a like attack in future, and reasoned that after a while there would be no attacks that he could not parry.

It is told that when the original James Gordon Bennett had a street scrap in New York, and got the worst of it; he quietly went to a pump on the street corner, washed the blood from his face and eyes, then sat down on the curb, and wrote a picturesque account of the collision for publication in his own paper, declaring, with proper journalistic alertness, that he did not intend to permit the *Tribune* to get a scoop.

Our idea is that Stewart would have done the same thing under like circumstances.

His practice in California oscillated between Nevada county and Sierra county, Nevada City and Downieville being the respective county seats.

He had sharp competition. There were Thornton, Taylor, Meredith, Dunn, Campbell, McConnell and a score more, and important cases drew from Marysville and Sacramento their ablest attorneys, and many of them were giants.

The resourcefulness of Stewart was something wonderful. Then, as said above, he was not sensitive, neither was he sentimental, and his nature all his life was to conquer any difficulty that he met.

He commenced the construction of a fine house in Nevada City. Asked what he wanted of so pretentious a structure, he replied that the finest girl in all the Golden West had consented to marry him, and on a certain date he was going to San Francisco to get her to come up and put the house in order.

At the appointed time he left for San Francisco. He called upon the lady—she was a most splendid woman—and told her he had come for her. Then, in the most delicate and pleading words she could master, she told him that she had thought that she loved him and meant to marry him, but that she had met another, and from that hour she had known that it would be wrong for her to marry any other man.

Stewart made no comment, uttered no reproach, expressed no sorrow, but merely asked the name of the favored man.

The lady told him, he bade her good-bye and went back to his hotel. Soon, ex-Senator Foote—formerly of Mississippi, came in, and seeing Stewart, asked him to take a drink. Stewart acquiesced, then asked Foote to drink, and they made a night of it and all the next day, and part of the second night.

They had reached the limit and were lying side by side on the floor of Stewart's room, when Foote said:

"Stewart, you are a northern man; your political principles are a disgrace to the world, but personally I like you exceedingly, and it will be a pleasure to me at any and all times to serve you personally."

"You can do me a great favor right now," said Stewart. "I want your permission to ask your daughter Annie to be my wife."

"Well," said Foote, "as I told you, your political principles are a disgrace, but you are clever, and I never go back on my word, suh. Go and see and if you can fix up things with Annie all right. She might do worse."

Stewart straightened up as rapidly as he could, and when fully himself, he called upon the young lady and asked her to be his wife. She wanted a little time to consider the matter, but Stewart insisted that every day she would be considering would be a day lost for them both, and he carried his point. Within a week they were married. Stewart carried his bride triumphantly home and it was a long time before Nevada City people new that Mrs. Stewart was not the lady that he had all the time expected to marry.

By the way, the other lady married the man of her choice. The pair moved to Virginia City just about the time that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart moved there, and the two men were rivals professionally and politically for years, Stewart winning more than half the honors professionally and all the honors politically. But the other was the abler lawyer.

The Comstock was just the field for William M. Stewart. The laws governing mining titles at the time were confused and often of doubtful construction; the titles sometimes overlaid each other three times on the same ground, the courts were presided over in great part by judges who in the east had been given appointments because of political services rendered congressmen; the majority of them knew little of the science of the law and nothing at all of the complications they would meet in the west; many of them were as corrupt as they were stupid; there were witnesses who could be educated; there were jurors who were not there because of the climate; tremendous sums were often at stake, and fortunes were made or lost on the determination of a case.

In such a field William M. Stewart was entirely at home; the forces around him were such as he loved to ride and control.

Then he was, personally, much liked by the stormy crowds that surged up and down the great lode. He was generous, never apparently caring for money, a host was always ready to back him, and he had a courage that never failed him in or out of court.

Much more profound lawyers than he thundered against him, and made arguments which before a great judge would have carried absolute conviction, but Stewart was never fazed; he could appeal to juries and to those chumps of judges successfully, when his case had been torn to shreds, and in a thousand adroit ways baffle all legitimate conclusions.

He made a great fortune between the time of the finding of the Comstock and the creation of the state of Nevada, and then was in such a position that it was conceded on all sides that he would be one of the first United States senators.

He was elected almost without opposition.

In the senate his first work was to frame a bill defining how quartz veins should be located, their extent, and what the location should include, pushed it through both houses and never rested until he had obtained the president's signature. For that service he is entitled to the gratitude of every mining man in the nation.

He performed much other splendid work for his constituents and for the west, and was one of the bulwarks of his party in the senate on all the questions that were sprung in reconstruction days. He was a stalwart of stalwarts. Grant leaned on him, so did Conkling, Chandler, Carpenter—all of them.

He maintained his place as one of the foremost senators until the silver question assumed an acute stage. So sanguine was he in the righteousness of the silver cause that he believed he could carry the senate his way. He did not realize that the cards were all stacked against him and when finally told by a friend that he was fighting a hopeless battle, he replied: "I may not convince them, but I can make the situation almighty disagreeable for them."

At last, when he began to speak on that theme, senators, one by one, would get up and leave the hall. The gold press, too, assailed him with anathemas and ridicule, but neither senators nor newspapers could answer his arguments, and they are more pertinent today than when delivered.

Mr. Stewart left the senate after serving two terms, was re-elected in 1885, and served two terms more.

Filled with his old farmer memories, he went over into Virginia, bought a farm and started a dairy. But it was not a financial success. When his last term in the senate expired he returned to Nevada, built a fine house in Bullfrog and opened a law office and remained there two years until the titles in Goldfield and adjacent camps were pretty well settled. He then returned to Washington and made that city his home until in about 1908 he suddenly died.

He was one of the most extraordinary men who ever lifted his head above the level in California and Nevada; one of the most forceful personalities in the nation.

He had fine legal abilities, though not of the highest, but he was one of the most successful lawyers that the west ever knew. His executive abilities were wonderful. He would have made a superb state governor, a broad, enlightened president of a continental railroad company, and a much more able president of the United States than either of several who have been presidents.

In preparing a case for trial not one detail was omitted to insure success; in framing up a political campaign he was the same way.

He liked to make money, but he cared little for it, and rich men received no consideration from him on account of their wealth.

When one very rich man was in much trouble he sent for Stewart to help him out.

Stewart said: "I will do what I can for you, but I don't like your tone. You have been a d—d old fool, but now brace up and take your medicine."

He was hearty and strong to the very last, and did not mind a champagne dinner that lasted all night. He should have lived many years longer.

For some ailment he submitted to a petty operation, and died next day. My belief is that he died from the effects of the anesthetic administered to him.

He was not only a great man, but one of the very truest of friends. His loyalty to his friends was one of the very finest of his manifold attributes. He would not permit any one to assail a friend of his in the friend's absence.

He early clashed with President Cleveland, most naturally on the silver question. Shortly after the inauguration of President McKinley, he came west. I asked him if the change of presidents would make any difference in the status of silver in Washington. He thought it would not. I said, "The change of presidents then is not much more than a change of men?"

He replied: "That is about all except that the man who is now president is a gentleman."

He made "The House of Stewart" a great house.

"RED" FRANK WHEELER.

THERE were two prominent Wheelers in Nevada, one was dark and swarthy with intensely black eyes and hair; the other was light with reddish brown hair and blue eyes. Being in the same town, they were soon designated "Red Frank" and "Black Frank."

"Red" Frank, when I met him first, had a saloon and eating house combined in Hamilton, Nevada. Moreover, it was a central station for business men, prominent miners and strangers to congregate.

It was natural, too, for "Red" Frank Wheeler was both a genius and master spirit among men. He kept an eating house and saloon because he was not very rich, but many a duller man has been given high places and earned for himself high honors. But "Red" Frank did not care for honors. His theory was that a man should get all the good he could out of life every day, for there was no certainty for the morrow.

That winter of 1868-69 was a tough one in Hamilton; there were many poor men there; many in want. Hon. P. C. Hyman was mayor, and he had an understanding with Wheeler that his orders for meals would be honored at half price, and the poor were fed.

Then the smallpox broke out and became epidemic; moreover, there was a great deal of pneumonia, and men do not last long with pneumonia at an altitude of 8,500 feet above the sea. The calls for help were incessant, but they were promptly met. In this work "Red" Frank led.

One night about 10 p. m., just as the mayor was about to retire, there was a knock on the door. He opened the door and there stood "Red" Frank.

"What is it, Frank?" asked the mayor.

"A fine mayor you are," was the reply. "Fine care you are taking of the city, and the reputation of your friends."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the mayor.

"You had better ask," said Frank. "You know there are some boxes piled outside my place. Well, next door a man died of smallpox this evening; his friends stole enough of my boxes to make a coffin, then returned the boxes in the form of a coffin and piled them on the other boxes."

"Well, what have I to do with that?" asked the mayor.

"Oh, yes;" said Frank, "of course you are innocent, but have you not the care of the smallpox patients?"

"Suppose I have, how am I concerned if men steal your boxes?" asked the mayor.

"But they have brought back the boxes," said Frank.

"Very well, what is your growl now?" asked the mayor.

"Why, of course, nothing," said Frank, "only the man who was a smallpox patient this afternoon is in the box and my customers swear that it is no good sign for a first-class hostlery.

"But what could I do, at this time of night?" asked the mayor.

"You can come and help me!" was Frank's answer. "Everybody is panicky. You and myself must see to this funeral."

The mayor put on his hat and coat. They two took the coffin and carried it down to near the Big Smoky mill, when they met a man with a team. They told him what they wanted, but when he learned of what the man had died, whipped up his horses and drove away.

"Red" Frank looked as he disappeared and then said: "Mr. Mayor, that man ought to start a dairy!"

"I give it up," said the mayor, "what's the joke?"

"Why, is not his breast running over with the milk of human kindness?" was Frank's answer.

They picked up the rude casket and carried it a little way, when they met another team. They told the driver; he swung his team around and said: "Put the box on the sled and jump on yourselves!" He drove them to the cemetery. There they found picks and spades, shoveled the snow away, and sunk a grave. The ground was frozen more than two feet deep, but they persevered, finished the grave, dropped the box into it and filled it up, and as they returned to town the east was beginning to shoot up the first signals of approaching dawn.

As they were about to separate, Frank said: "Mr. Mayor, if you won't say anything about this I won't; you have done so many mean things that no one will believe you if you do tell; but, honest, I did not want that sign out on my boxes when morning came."

Frank was careless about taking care of his money, and one night, to scare him into more careful habits, some friends went to his bed, woke him up and told him the safe had been robbed.

He looked very grave for a minute, then turning to his clerk—who had just come on watch, asked how much money belonging to outside people was in the safe. The clerk replied, "Between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars."

Then Frank's face relaxed and he said: "Never mind, I have enough to make that good." He was not thinking of his own loss, but of those who had deposited money in his safe.

Before going to Hamilton, Frank had lived long in Austin, Nevada, and knew everyone in eastern Nevada.

So, when J. P. Jones became a candidate for senator in 1872, Frank went to Gold Hill to look after his campaign.

In a ~~brief time~~ the candidate became wonderfully attached to Frank, and when elected senator still kept him in his employ.

Frank went as a delegate to the Republican national convention at Cincinnati, which nominated Hayes and Wheeler. Frank originally was an Ohio man and knew Cincinnati as well as he did Virginia City. He happened to stop at the same hotel that the candidate for vice president did. At night after the nominations, a brass band came around to serenade the candidate. The two gentlemen had rooms on different streets and the serenading party got on Frank's side and played "Hail to the Chief." Frank had not retired, and while the band was playing some instinct told him that it was a mistake, so when the crowd began to shout "Wheeler, Wheeler!" he stepped out upon the balcony and was greeted by a storm of cheers. Then a sudden silence fell and Frank, knowing what was expected, rose to the occasion with:

"Gentlemen and fellow citizens! I thank you sincerely for this great honor, but I hold it as not intended for me, but for the great office for which the convention today named me.

"But the nomination already has brought a burden upon me, not that I fear defeat, for when I run for office I am always elected. But the whisper is already in my ear: "Can you fill the expectations of your countrymen when elected."

"Your visit tonight encourages me, for what American can fail when his arms are upheld by the confidence and support of his fellow-countrymen?

"Our country has been torn by a terrible war, and since its thunders died away it has been tossed as is a great ship when, in the midst of furious seas, the winds are suddenly laid, and the ship loses steerage way and rolls and wallows in the confused waste of waves. But, gentlemen, I have a happy premonition that when the great soldier statesman named today for president is elected an era of peace will follow. I need not tell you that if I shall be elected vice president, I shall so preside over the senate that I hope the entire senate will agree that in whatever else I may fail, I have known no north, no south, no east, no west, in my rulings.

"Thanking you once more for this high compliment and with a prayer that the wounds of our country may soon be all healed, I bid you a happy good night."

Returning to Nevada, Frank was asked about his speech when he replied: "It was a great speech under the circumstances, but the newspaper cut out nearly all the telling points that I made, and the landlord of the hotel doubled my bill after he read it."

When asked if it was true that the band played a funeral march as they retired, he answered: "You cannot tell what those Dutch in Cincinnati are going to do until they do it."

After a while Frank's health began to fail. He had been burning life's candle at both ends for many years.

At last he called upon two eminent physicians in San Francisco and asked them to look him over. They did so, and then asked him about his habits of life for the previous ten or fifteen years. He answered them frankly, keeping back nothing.

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Then one of them said: "If that is true we can save you some suffering, but we cannot long keep you alive."

"I knew it," said Frank. "I knew it when I came to see you. I was only curious to see if you gentlemen were well up in your profession."

A little later he could no longer leave his bed. Then he sent for his great friend, "Red" Davis, and said to him: "Did we not make a compact once in Austin?" Davis answered "Yes." "What was it?" asked Frank. Davis replied. "That whichever of us was called first, the other should see that he had a gentleman's funeral, even if he had to beg, borrow or steal the money.

"Correct," said Frank, "I shall need your services sooner than you think."

"Oh, you will be all right in a few days, do not talk about quitting," said Davis.

Then Frank said: "You don't know much, old friend. "My constitution was gone years ago. Since then I have been living on the by-laws, and they are beyond amendment now."

A few days later he died. An hour before his death Davis called to see him. He was conscious, but could not articulate. He made a feeble motion which the nurse could not understand, but Davis did, and said to the nurse: "He wants a toddy."

The nurse made the toddy and held it to his lips, but Frank feebly shook his head, looking at Davis. Then Davis said: "He wants me to have one."

The nurse made a second one and gave it to Davis, then held the first one to Frank's lips. With the ghost of a smile he drank, and a few minutes later ceased to live.

He was careless of himself. He might have made a great name, but he was indifferent to all that. He worked hard, his whole life's pathway was lined with good deeds and he died as he had lived, without reproach, without fear.

JAMES W. NYE.

HE WAS not an Argonaut; not even a Nevada pioneer, but came by appointment as governor of Nevada when the territory was carved out of western Utah. But he would have been a marked addition, had he joined the first company of forty-niners.

He was New York born and bred; grew up in poverty; studied law, practiced law in all the courts; was always a success, and at home among every class of people, from the fire jackie of New York City to the President of the United States; from Captain Jim of the Washoe Tribe to Abraham Lincoln; and on the rostrum, from a bunch of cowboys to the Senate of the United States. He was nearly sixty years of age when he reached Nevada. He was given a public reception and when it was over the verdict was that he would do. About five feet ten inches in height and massive, weighing about 200 pounds; small and high-born feet and hands, and with about the handsomest, most expressive face that was ever given a man.

His eyes were coal black, but they were dancing eyes, like those of Sisyphus, and snow-white hair down upon his shoulders, like Henry Ward Beecher's. In repose his face was most striking, but the play of his features was wonderful; every emotion found expression in his face. Had he chosen an actor's career, I am sure that he would have stood first among actors in his generation in all roles from Falstaff to Macbeth; though he would have failed, probably, in Shylock, for when Bassanio and Antonio failed to pay, he would have hunted up the latter and said, "Brace up, Tony; if you need a little ready money, while I have none myself, I will send you to a man who has plenty and whom I think you can work for a loan."

He was one of the most intense of Americans, and had the full courage of his convictions. Had trouble come in Nevada as was predicted and threatened in the early sixties, Governor Nye would have been what Governor Morton was in Indiana. On the rostrum he was a very glory of the earth, for he was familiar with every phase of human nature; it was impossible to take him by surprise; it was a delight to have someone interrupt him and hear him flash back a reply that settled the question. He was making a speech in Eureka, Nevada, one night after the war closed, and reconstruction had not quite run its unfortunate course.

He was saying that the men of the South were our brothers; that they had got off wrong; that many of them were still angry, but he was looking forward to the day which he believed was coming soon, when their old devotion would come back, and through their generous natures again fully awakened would be once more as they were at Buena Vista, when the struggle was to see which state could honor most the land which the fathers had bequeathed to us. Just then Major McCoy, who was a Mexican war veteran, but who in the great war had been so fierce a secessionist that when the confederacy collapsed he had expatriated himself and gone to Mexico to remain there some years, interrupted with the question: "Senator, if those are your sentiments, why are you so loath to giving Southern men full official recognition?"

The old jolly look came over Nye's face, and he said: "When I was a boy I was walking one very cold winter day from Bridgeport, on Oneida Lake, to Syracuse, when, hearing sleighbells coming rapidly, I stepped out into the snow to let the sleigh pass. It proved to be a fancy New York cutter drawn by a span of perfectly matched Black Hawk horses. The trappings on the horses were silver-plated; the cutter was filled with fine robes and was driven by a middle-aged man. As the rig flashed by me it was, to my eyes, a vision of beauty. The man saw me and as soon as he could pull up the team —the morning was frosty and the steppers were pushing the bits hard—called to me to come quick and get in. I ran and climbed in, the man holding the team steady with one hand and with the other tucked me all up with one robe and then drew a second robe over my lap and I knew I had struck a bonanza.

"By this time the Hawks were fairly flying—you know they can only strike about a three-minute clip, but can keep it up all day. The man was talking low to them and I know now that they were making his arms ache. This went on for about fifteen minutes. I was snug and warm under the robes, when I looked up at the man and proposed that he give me the reins, telling him that I knew lots about horses. He glanced down at me and said: "My boy, when you grow wise you will know more than you do now and will learn that an invitation to ride does not carry with it any obligation to let you drive." The major asked no more questions.

Just after the war he was making a speech. The passions of all men were strung to their utmost tension in those days, and he was explaining all that was being done to reconstruct the south, when some one in the audience said, "But, senator, the war is over."

He made two strides forward on the stage and with eyes blazing, thundered: "Yes; but for an original unrepentant rebel there is no cure save through death; no justification save through ages of hell fire."

But he did not mean it. Hearing that a confederate officer who was a close friend of one of his own friends, was in prison in Fort Lafayette, under a charge that, when captured, he was within the federal lines as a spy, Nye first went to President Lincoln and obtained a pardon for the man, then went up to Fort Lafayette, got the man released, advised him to quietly take the first steamer for California, then to go to Nevada; gave him a list of names of good fellows out there, put a roll of $1,200 greenbacks in his hand and bade him good-bye. He explained later that the greenbacks were worth only forty-seven cents on the dollar, so he was not out much.

He and the late Senator Stewart were the first senators from Nevada to Washington. Nye's seat was next to that of Senator Sumner of Massachusetts.

They became warm personal friends, for as Nye said: "Sumner meant well, even if he did not know much." He said when he first took his seat, Sumner looked down upon him from an infinite height and said, with all dignity: "Good morning, Senator Nye." "Good morning," Senator Sumner," was the reply. In the course of a few days Sumner began to relax and one morning said: "Good morning, Mr. Nye." And Nye, responding, said: "Good morning, Mr. Sumner." "After about a month," said Nye, "I went in one morning and Sumner said: 'Good morning, James,' and I said: 'Charlie, my boy, how are you?' "

The second year Nye was in the Senate a furious debate was sprung on some question of the management of the war, and one senator grossly criticised President Lincoln. When the speech was finished, Nye sprang to his feet, and for twenty minutes held the Senate spellbound. The burden of the speech was to picture the mighty burdens under which the patient president was staggering and the cowardice of senators who, in such a crisis, instead of holding up his hands, would add to these burdens. Nye had a private key to a side-door in the White House, and went there nights to "swap stories" with Lincoln.

Nye received a letter one day, informing him that a brigade of New York soldiers, stationed at some point in Arkansas or Missouri, had been overlooked and were suffering for food and clothing. Next morning he called at the war office and sent in his card to Secretary Stanton. He told me that he wrote under his name—the only time he ever did it in his life—"U. S. Senator." He was shown in. Stanton was standing behind a little counter, and as Nye approached, Stanton said curtly: "What can I do for you, sir?" Nye presented the letter and asked the secretary to read it. Stanton glanced over it hastily, and pushing it back, said sharply: "I have no time for these little things." "Will you please take the time, sir?" said Nye. Then Stanton said hotly: "Do you know who you are talking to, sir?" Nye stepped up close to the counter and, holding out one finger, said: "You will change that tone of yours right quick or you will know very soon who you are talking to." "Then," said Nye, "we glared at each other for a second or two, and then Stanton opened a little door in the counter and said politely: 'Walk in, Senator Nye,' and we had everything fixed in five minutes." He added: "Something about the incident seemed to please the clerks within hearing a good deal."

One day in the Senate Sumner made one of his mean speeches, asserting that no great race had ever sprung from below latitude 37.40. As Sumner sat down Nye arose, and, being instantly recognized, explained that he would take but a moment of the time of the Senate, that he desired only to call attention to the unfortunate fact that the learned senator from Massachusetts had not lived prior to the coming of our Savior, because, had he done so, when the Messiah came to give instructions to his disciples he would have said: "Go ye forth and preach the gospel to all peoples, nations and tongues, north of 37.40," and sat down.

Sumner turned to him and said: "There is no argument in that." To which Nye responded: "Of course not. There was not a trace of sense in what you said."

Nye had the scriptures at his finger ends. In the hot campaign of 1868 the national committees sent Nye up to a town in Connecticut to make a Republican speech. He reached the place about noon. The local committee met and welcomed him, but explained that it would be useless to try to have a political meeting, that the whole region thereabouts had gone wild over a religious revival, that they were holding services day and night and that the work of grace was doing wonders.

Nye told them that he was glad of it, that he did not want to make a political speech, but would like to attend their afternoon meeting, adding that while not a member of any church, he had a Christian mother, and if he might be allowed to speak for a few minutes he believed he might interest the children.

This was hailed with delight, and when the great congregation had assembled in a grove in the open air, the head deacon explained to the audience that a rare treat was in store for them, that the great "gray eagle, Senator Nye" of Nevada was present; that while not a professed Christian he was brought up under Christian auspices and had kindly consented to address the congregation. Nye was then presented and turned that sovereign face of his upon the audience. His own account was like this:

"I looked them over a minute and they became very still.

Then, as impressively as I could, I repeated the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' Then I gave them a few flirts from Job and a couple of rib-roasters from Isaiah, and in fifteen minutes I was giving them as robust a Republican speech as they ever heard. I held them for two hours, and when I closed I noticed an old girl who was sitting in the front row wiping her eyes, and could not help hearing her say: 'The gentleman may not be a professor, but nothing can convince me that he is not full of saving grace.' "

It was a custom in mining towns for merchants to keep donkeys, so when an outside miner bought a bill of goods, they were packed on a donkey, the miner led him to his cabin, unloaded the pack and turned the donkey loose. The wise creature would at once return to town.

Nye was speaking in Austin, Nevada, one of those matchless Nevada summer nights, and everybody was out to hear him. He had hardly got under way when a donkey started around the crowd on a fast trot, braying as though his heart was breaking. It seemed as though he would never stop, and when he did, the echoes came back almost as distinct and loud from old Mount Toyabe, and, of course, the audience was convulsed. It was ten minutes before the tumult was settled. Then Nye, stretching out his hand, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, that does not disturb me in the least. I have never tried to make a Republican speech in Nevada that the opposition have not trotted out their best speakers to try and down me."

Senator Nye was called upon once to address a gathering of Sunday school children. The burden of his talk was that the utmost care should be taken to see that children receive upon their plastic hearts only good impressions, so lasting were they. To accentuate his words he drew a fifty-cent piece from his pocket, held it before the children, and told them that when a small boy that silver piece had been given him by the great Daniel Webster, that foremost of statesmen.

Then he told them that since then he had often been hungry, often cold, for in childhood he had not sufficient clothing for a New York winter; often he had seen dainties which he coveted, but that nothing could ever induce him to part with that silver, for it had been held in the hand of the matchless Webster, and by that hand given to him. By this time he was overcome with emotion, and was crying, and so were half the women and children before him.

When he finished and was retiring from the hall a friend said to him: "Senator, where did you get that half dollar?" "Got it from a bootblack this morning," was the reply.

He was riding on the cars in Central New York one morning when he saw an old man in another seat whose face seemed familiar. He studied the face for several minutes, when a leaf of memory turned in his brain, and, going over and sitting down by the old man, he said: "Is not your name Baxter?" The man said it was.

"Well," said Nye, "do you remember that a little after daylight one November morning some forty-five years ago you took into your house a fourteen-year-old boy who had been walking on the tow-path of the canal all night; took him in, gave him a hot breakfast—sausage and eggs and buckwheat cakes and honey, pumpkin-pie and coffee; how your wife gave him a pair of shoes and stockings, a muffler for his neck and mittens, and when he went away filled his pockets with Rhode Island Greening apples, doughnuts, gingerbread and cheese?"

The old man said he did recall something of the kind.

"Well, I was that boy," said Nye, "and I wanted to ask if your wife was still spared to you, and if all was well with you."

The man replied that his wife was still with him, but that he had been unfortunate; that he was forced some years before to mortgage their little farm for $800; that now, with interest, costs and lawyers' fees the debt amounted to within a few dollars of $1,400; that the sheriff would sell the place at noon that day at Little Falls; that he was on the way to see who bid it in and to see if he could get a lease from the buyer so that his wife would not be forced to give up her old home. Then the old man burst into tears. Nye told him that he was a lawyer; that he, too, was going to Little Falls, and would accompany him to the sale; that he might help him in fixing up the papers.

They went to the sale together. Nye found out the exact amount of the mortgage and costs, bid in the property, had the sheriff make out the deed in Baxter's wife's name, paid the money, placed the deed in the old man's hands and told him to go home and tell his wife that the home would always be hers. He further told him that really the money had cost him nothing, that it was a fee a client, one King Faro, had paid him for a trifling service.

The old man was overcome and asked Nye where he could be found. Nye told him in the Senate chamber at Washington. Four weeks later the old man and his wife found him in Washington, and Nye, speaking of it, said later: "If the great bookkeeper up above saw that meeting, it's a twenty dollar piece to a ducat that, with their gratitude, he balanced a mighty tough column that he held in his ledger against me."

But this is growing too long. With the most characteristic story of Nye ever told, we will close.

He went to Europe one summer late in the sixties, and went as far as Constantinople. He wired the American minister there that he was coming. The minister informed the Grand Vizier that a senator of the United States would arrive in the city that evening. He informed the Sultan and the Sultan ordered a review of all the 30,000 soldiers in the city the next day in his honor—those superb soldiers that stood off Skobelorff so long at Plevna, a little later. We take up the story as Nye told it: "They gave me a pure Arabian horse to ride. You should have seen him. Eyes like an eagle's, nostrils you could put your fist in, coat like velvet, and he felt under you like steel springs, but still was biddable as a great, good-natured, friendly Newfoundland dog. I rode him through the review and divided honors with the Sultan. On dismounting I could not repress my admiration for the horse. The interpreter explained what I had said to the Grand Vizier, whereupon he made a very low salaam, saying something as he bowed. The interpreter explained that his highness, the Grand Vizier, begged to be accorded the honor of presenting the horse to my excellency. I made a rapid calculation. I had not the money to pay the freight on him; I could think of no one to whom I might send for the freight money, and so I took high ground. I made a salaam that must have made the Grand Vizier's look like an amateur's and bade that interpreter explain to his highness how honored I would feel to receive so royal a present, but that it was against the constitution and laws of the great republic, my country, for a senator of the United States to receive any present from any foreign prince, potentate or power."

A moment later, he said: "Why, do you know, had I have had that freight money I would not have taken $2,000 for my chance on that horse?"

Nye was twelve years senator from Nevada, but was defeated in the election of 1878. He left San Francisco on the steamer, apparently well, but after arriving home he was found wandering daft in the streets of Richmond, Va. He could not explain how he got there. He was taken to Bloomingdale asylum, where he died a few months later.

JOHN W. MACKAY.

WHEN I heard the news of the death of Mr. Mackay I thought instinctively of the old Persian legend, and said to myself: "Had he died in a deep wilderness, as did the old king, all the lions in the forest would have assembled, the strongest and stateliest of them would have taken up their stations around him and held ward and watch until men came to bear the body away for sepulchre, for the instinct that a masterful soul had fled would have come to the forest and its sovereigns would have gathered to guard the dust which had been that soul's tabernacle."

When the soul of Abraham Lincoln took its flight, the light shining back from it caused the children of men all around the world to stop in awe, and the men of his own race through their tears to see how dimmed had been their eyes, how feeble their comprehension of the man of sorrows who had been their President.

But Mr. Mackay had been but an humble citizen. No official honors had any lure for him; he had never sought any notoriety and to the world at large he went to his grave merely as one of the world's rich men, though the highest in the land, east and west, had besought him to accept a United States senatorship.

Only a few of us who had found out his real nature know his sterling worth, the motives that guided his life, the real nature of his high soul, and the splendor of his character.

He was five feet ten inches in height, weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, his eyes were blue-gray, his hair brown, his complexion ruddy—that ruddiness that comes where the warm air blowing across the Gulf stream keeps Erin perpetually green. I never saw him show anything like exultation over being rich, but once, and that was but a flash of his eyes. In the winter of 1876-7 the famine was sore in Ireland. I mentioned it in his presence one day. He said, "Yes," but added: "There are a good many poor people right here, but you may thank God that none of them are either cold or hungry."

We did not know the truth until later, and found it out then by accident. In the previous October all the southeast half of Virginia City was destroyed by fire, including the Con Cal Virginia and other hoisting works, offices, etc. In the crisis of the fire, when the miners were dynamiting the houses on the west side of D street, and filling the shafts to a depth of thirty feet to where the cages had been lowered, with bags of sand, and covering the floors of the hoisting works around the cages with sand two or three feet deep and Mr. Mackay was everywhere directing the work, a devout old Irish lady approached him and said: "Oh, Mr. Mackay, the church is on fire!" All the answer that he vouchsafed was, "D—n the church, we can build another if we can keep the fire from going down these shafts!"

The old lady went away shocked, but next morning Mr. Mackay called upon Father—later Bishop Monogue and said: "There is a good deal of suffering here, Father. If I try to help personally I shall be caught by two or three grafters and then will be liable to insult some worthy men and women. I turn the business over to you and your lieutenants. Do it thoroughly, and when you need help draw upon me and keep drawing." In the next three months Father Monogue drew upon him for $150,000, and every draft was honored on sight, and the old Irish lady saw, besides, a church grow out of the embers of the old one, and it was larger and more beautiful than the one that had been destroyed.

After Mr. Mackay made his first little fortune, he lost $300,000 in an Idaho mine. No one knew it but himself, but he told me long after that he lost that money just when he could not afford to do so, and, while he was counted rich, as riches were rated then, he was struggling under a heavy load. His firm was trying to get control of a mine that Mr. Sharon wanted the control of, and one day they clashed in the branch California bank of which Mr. Sharon was manager. Sharon was a small man, and all the last years of his life in delicate health. But he was hot tempered, and when angry did not care what he said. On this occasion he was standing behind the rail which shut off the public, and Mr. Mackay stood outside. The contrast between the men was most marked; Sharon was small, pale and frail, Mackay in the flush of perfect manhood, erect, compact, alert and with the easy bearing of a wary tiger in captivity. The dispute grew sharper and sharper until at last Sharon told Mackay that if he did not go slow he would make him pack his blankets out of Virginia City. Mackay flushed red, his hands opening and shutting for an instant and then he controlled himself and in a husky voice and with the stammer which always came to him when angry, said: "You will? Very well, I will still have a mighty sight the best of you: I can do it."

But some months later, as Mackay came down town one morning he met Billie Wood, one of the bank attorneys, who asked him how things were going with him. "I must have $60,000 today or lose stocks which in three months would make me twenty times $60,000." "Come up to my office," said Wood, "and tell us about it." They went to the office, which was over the bank, where Sunderland, the partner of Wood, was. Wood explained to Sunderland the situation and Sunderland made a memorandum of the stock, and saying "Wait here a few minutes, Mackay," went out. He returned within ten minutes with a note and a check on the bank for a like amount, and, laying the two papers down, said, "Sign the note, Mr. Mackay, and at your convenience leave the stocks in the bank."

Mackay glanced at the check and saw that it was the personal check of Sharon.

"Did Sharon do this?" asked Mackay. "Yes, he was glad to do you the favor," replied Sunderland; "and let me give you a little advice. You and Sharon are both too hot-tempered to quarrel with each other. When you both feel like fighting at the same time, separate and fight outsiders."

But there was no more disposition on Mackay's part to fight Sharon, and when Sharon later was in real trouble, Mackay was as a brother to him.

In his younger days, Mackay had much repute as an athlete and boxer. One day when the Bonanza was at its best, he asked R. M. Daggett and myself to go down in the mine with him. He sent the message by Colonel Obiston, who was then superintendent of the Gould and Curry—one of the Bonanza firm's mines. He said to Obiston: "Those fellows up in the print shop think I get my money easy. I want to show them."

We went down into the mine and began to explore it. But Daggett was fat and not much accustomed to exercise, and fifteen minutes of going up and down ladders and into hot drifts was enough for him. He found where an air pipe was supplying the mine with air, sat down in front of it and declared that he had no interest in examining mines that he did not own personally, and making $7,000 reports of them for nothing, especially for people who kept their mines as hot as that was. It must not be forgotten that in a hot summer day, after an hour's visit to a lower level of the Comstock, on ascending, as the cage emerges from the shaft the summer air strikes one like a plunge into a cold bath. On that day, after going the rounds, we were hoisted out of the mine and went to the dressing room to throw off the mining suits, bathe and resume our own clothing. When Mackay had thrown off the gray shirt he "put up his props" before Daggett, in challenge for a boxing match. Daggett cried out. "Wait until I am ready, and

"I will lay on for Tusculum;
Do thou lay on for Rome."

But a moment later he said: "On second thought I decline. When I become excited I strike too terrible a blow, and you are poor and have a family to support."

While in the mine that day, Daggett asked Mr. Mackay how much money he had, and he replied: "I have twelve millions of dollars now and believe I have yet twenty-five years of good work in me." He died almost exactly twenty-five years later.

But, speaking of his fondness for athletic sports, I suspect he was more responsible for the career of Jim Corbett than anyone else. After the Bonanza days, Corbett was a clerk in the

Nevada bank in San Francisco. For exercise the clerks had fixed a little gymnasium in the basement of the bank. Mackay often went down to watch the young men in their exercise. He noticed the wonderful quickness and precision of Corbett.

Many young Englishmen who went to San Francisco carried letters to Mr. Mackay. They were often fresh from Oxford or Cambridge, and their talk naturally drifted to athletics. Then Mackay would tell them that there was a boy in the bank who was right handy, and if they expressed any desire to meet him, he would be called from his work and go to the basement, and it was with grim humor that Mackay would watch Corbett "do them up."

He had another kind of humor. One day the boys were down in the Con Virginia office fixing up a slate for candidates for city offices. While thus engaged, Mr. Mackay swung around in his chair and asked, "What are you going to do for Jasen Baldwin?" (Baldwin was bright and shrewd and winsome, but there was a loose pulley somewhere in his brain; he lacked application and thrift.)

Colonel Osbiston replied that Baldwin wanted to run for constable, but he had no money. Then Mackay said: "Send him down here. I will give him $500. If we do not get him an office we will have to fix a place for him and he is not a first-class worker."

Osbiston soon found him and said: "Baldwin, why do you not run for constable?"

"Because I have not a cent to treat the boys," was the reply.

"How much do you need?" asked Osbiston.

"I need two hundred and fifty dollars," said Baldwin.

"Well," said Osbiston, "go down and Mr. Mackay will give it to you."

"Yes, he will; he will fire me out of the office," said Baldwin.

"No, it will be all right, I know," said Osbiston.

Baldwin thought it over and then went down, walked up to the rail and said to the secretary: "Will you inform Mr.

Mackay that Mr. Baldwin is here and would like a brief interview?"

He was shown in and said: "Mr. Mackay, I want to borrow two hundred and fifty dollars."

"You want to borrow it? What is your security?" asked Mr. Mackay.

"The security is a little thin, but there is no end of it," said Baldwin.

"You would give your note, would you not?" asked the Bonanza king.

"Oh, yes," said Baldwin.

Mr. Mackay turned to his desk, made out a note, filled in a check and pushing both papers across to Baldwin, said: "Sign the note, Baldwin, and there is your money."

Baldwin picked up a pen and signed the note, when Mackay said, "Had you not better read that note before you sign it?"

Baldwin held it up and read aloud: "On demand, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of John W. Mackay two hundred and fifty dollars with interest at the rate of five per cent per day until paid." Dropping the paper, he turned to Mackay and said: "Mr. Mackay, make it five hundred dollars, and put the interest at 10 per cent per minute!"

In Bonanza days the men were paid in coin. A window was opened in the secretary's office. Before it was a table on which there were several tills, such as are used in banks, and filled with twenty-dollar pieces, twenty in each column, making $400 as in all western banks, and a great heap of silver coins in the center of the table. As each miner came to the window and gave his name, a clerk would name the amount due him, and another clerk would pay in gold and silver.

One pay day, when this was going on, Mr. Mackay was sitting inside the rail in conversation with a San Francisco gentleman who had expressed a desire to see how the men were paid off.

Looking up, Mr. Mackay saw an old Irish lady bending over the rail. He arose, went to her and heard her begin to say, "O Mr. Mackay, we are very poor—" then he broke away, went to the table, picked up three of the $400 rolls, returned and said low to her, "Hold up your apron." When she did, he dropped the money into it and said, "Go right away now, please. I am very busy."

When the great actor, Adams, returned, dying, from Australia to San Francisco, he started out and went from theatre to theatre, trying to secure an engagement. But every manager saw how feeble he was, that he could not bear up under the strain of a single play, and put him off with one or another excuse. He returned to his room exhausted and almost broken-hearted. This was long before bonanza days and before any of the Bonanza firm was rich. Adams had been obliged to take to his bed immediately on reaching his room. As he lay there ill almost unto death and in despair, suddenly, without a knock, the door opened and Mr. Mackay entered softly. He greeted Adams cordially, talked hopefully to him, telling him that he knew that in a few days he would be his old self again, keeping up the talk for several minutes, when, rising, said he must go, but added: "Adams, you do not seem to be lying comfortably," and bending over him put one arm under his shoulders, raised him up, and, with the other hand, rearranged his pillows, then, laying him down, said he would see him again very soon and left the room. A little later, the colored man who was waiting on Adams asked to help him to a near-by lounge, that he might make his bed for the night. This was done, but when he turned the pillows back he said: "Why, Mr. Adams, here's a letter." Adams opened it and read the following:

"My Dear Adams: I have long owed you a great debt for the pleasure you have given me by your fine performances. I am sure you will not be offended if I begin to pay you in installments, of which I enclose the first one.

"Sincerely your friend,
"J. W. MACKAY."

With the letter was a check for $2,000, and it was never known until McCullough, the actor, told it at a banquet in New York. And he added, the tears streaming down his cheeks as he spoke: "We found the letter under Adams' pillow when, a few weeks later, he died."

The hardest trial that Mr. Mackay ever passed through in the business world, the one that most clearly revealed the tenacity of the man and made clearest his integrity of purpose, came to him after he thought his fortune was secure.

When the founding of the Nevada Bank was being considered, Mr. Mackay had said, "Go ahead if you think best, but do not bother me with the business; that is altogether out of my line, unless you get to advancing money on mining stocks, then I shall want to know what you are doing. The bank was started, also the branch bank in Virginia City. It will be remembered that in the winter and spring of 1884 or 1885, a series of great rains and floods swept the whole southern country from San Francisco and Los Angeles clear across the country to Galveston. The Southern Pacific railroad was the greatest sufferer from the storms. One morning in San Francisco Mr. Flood, president of the Nevada Bank, met Mr. Charles Crocker. They stopped on the sidewalk, but after a moment Flood said to Crocker: "You seem to be cast down this morning. Anything special the matter?"

Crocker replied: "I am about ready to give up." Then he explained that the road was washed out in a hundred places; that cars with costly merchandise were strung all the way from San Francisco to El Paso, and the amount of money needed to put the road in repair was appalling. "How much money is needed?" asked Flood. "I am afraid to say," was Crocker's reply.

"The best way to meet trouble is to look it squarely in the face," said Flood. "Tell me how much money you require."

Crocker answered: "I think $5,000,000." "Well," said Flood, "make out a note and have Governor Stanford sign it with you, and the bank will cash it."

But the cashier of the bank, a young man, was furious about it. He declared that no bank had any right to loan $5,000,000 on any two men's signatures, no matter whom they might be.

Some months later, Mr. Flood was confined by illness to his home in San Mateo, and the bank was left in charge of this same cashier.

About the same time, unconscious of any trouble, Mackay sailed for Paris by London, to visit his family. Arriving in London he called at the bank which was the London correspondent of the Nevada Bank. He was shown into the president's room and after a few minutes' conversation, the president said: "You are doing a heavy business in your San Francisco bank, are you not?"

"Nothing unusual that I know of," was the reply. "What leads you to such a conclusion?"

"Why," said the president, "your bank's account is overdrawn with us more than £100,000."

Mackay turned over private securities which he was holding in London, settled the overdraft, wired his wife that he was obliged to return to America, took the next steamer and hurried to San Francisco. A man had tried to corner the wheat market and had hypnotized this same cashier, and when Mr. Mackay reached San Francisco, he found that he had advanced this wheat cornerer more than $30,000,000. The ships carrying the grain were strung all the way from Port Costa to Liverpool, and wheat was falling in price. He said he did not know in that hour whether one cent of his fortune would be left or not, or whether he would not also be in debt.

Sometime before Mr. Fair had withdrawn from the bank, but that morning he entered the bank, walked up to Mr. Mackay, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said: "I hear you are in some trouble, John. I sold a little railroad yesterday, and have $3,000,000 over in another bank. If it will do you any good, you are welcome to it."

They worked out, but Flood and Mackay lost $12,000,000.

Then Mr. Mackay said to Flood: "Don't be cast down. We have lost a little money, but have a little left and we will get along." But Mr. Flood never rallied from it, and died a few months later.

In face and hand and foot, Mackay showed that he came of gentle stock; in natural bearing, he was imperious as a Cæsar, with the walk of a trained soldier, but it was only in his bearing. As he mingled with men, there was not one look or word or gesture that was not winsome, unless some base nature crossed him.

Most men can bear misfortune. To toil and to be disappointed is so often the fate of men that it may be called the rule.

But when the wealth of a kingdom comes suddenly to a man, then the manhood of the man is tried; then if aught of vanity or false pride or love of power or display attaches to him it comes at once to the surface, and its manifestation is a trial to witness.

Mr. Mackay in youth started out with a fixed belief in the omnipotence of labor. He believed it was capital enough for any healthy man in this country. By nature he was impetuous, quick of temper, resolute, never asking odds, always aggressive, always borne up with a belief that he could fight his way through, trusting only in his own brain and the physical equipment which nature had given him.

After years of incessant labor, and all the hardships which are inseparable from a miner's life, John W. Mackay awakened one morning to find himself twenty times a millionaire.

He knew that mankind burned incense to success. He knew that if desired all honors in the political world were open to him; that all social triumphs might be his; but the thought that controlled him was that wealth in this world is a trust; that the greater the wealth, the more exacting is the obligation to use it righteously.

His former work had made him an "industrial king." He had laid his hands upon the desert mountains of Nevada and wrested from them vast treasures. His fortune was a creation; so much added to the wealth of the world. Labor had been his trust always; he continued to work. He next laid his hand upon the sea and stretched a cable beneath its storms and its surges, a living wire, a right arm for commerce, a link in the chain of peace. He supplemented this with a telegraph service that controlled a continent; could his life have been spared two years more, he would have completed a "girdle round about the earth" which would have realized

Puck's dream. He wore the harness of toil until the moment that his final call came.

Though brave enough to have led McDonald's charge at Wagram with unblanched face, he was sensitive as a woman; he loved passionately music and works of real art; though through all his youth his days were absorbed in a rough and tumble fight with and against an iron fortune, he was perfectly at home in the society of great men and accomplished women—the unpretentious manhood of the man shone out everywhere.

Gifted pens have told of his achievements, but none have or can give any clear idea of the man as he was; the alert brain, the warm heart, the superb character that he bore; the courage that no misfortune could daunt; the soul so high that there was never room for one trace of false pride.

His whole life was lined with unostentatious charities; if every generous act of his life could be converted into a flower they would garland the mausoleum where he sleeps with a glory never seen around a death couch before; if his impulses in life could have taken material form they would have fallen in benedictions upon every poor man's home, they would have steadied the hands of every high officer of our government, for love of his adopted country and solicitude for its welfare and glory were with him grand passions.

Intense and strong as he was, after all his highest attribute was his affection for those he loved. He was never quite himself after the death by accident of his eldest son. As one after another of his old friends fell asleep, he grieved for them as for brothers dead.

But he kept right on with his duties. He was always ready if summoned to his final account to say to the judgment angel, "I began with nothing. I gained many millions, but I kept my hands clean; look at them in this clearer light and see if they carry one stain."

The world has never seen a manlier man than John W. Mackay. If good deeds count for so much as a feather, if they took form beyond this life and became his pillow, his final couch is softer than down, and his last sleep is curtained in everlasting peace.

CLARENCE KING.

WHEN I met Clarence King, he was most considerate, kind and companionable. There was not a trace of self-consciousness about him, but merely a genial recognition of a fellowman—the air of one who as men measure men—knowing that he was learned and gifted, never forgot that real men are men, and that brilliant accomplishments in this world are at best but a mastering of the alphabet of real learning—that the exhaustless fields are beyond. There was a courtesy and refinement about Mr. King which to me seemed inborn, and which I never fully understood until I learned that when a baby of a year old his father died and that thereafter his gifted mother devoted her life to her boy's education and training. When I read that, I said to myself, "Why, of course it was the character of his mother shining out through the son."

He was the same in a mining camp, in the private office of hard-headed financiers or at a reunion of college boys. His audience was always puzzled to quite analyze him.

The truth was that he was a child of nature; the great mountains were more real company for him than either men or men-made books, though he was a scholar and loved his friends exceedingly.

He was drawn from his New England home by reading a description of Mount Shasta, and never rested until he had found that majestic mountain and climbed it. Then at its base he found a stream of water which by its color he believed had come from a glacier, and when assured by the highest geological authority that there were no glaciers on Shasta, he still had his convictions, and after years of exploration he found the glaciers on the sullen mountain's flank. He had a memory that never left him in the lurch; he was so brave that he could perform feats that other men shuddered even to contemplate; he kept his heart always open to every cry for help; his knowledge was most profound, but to the last he was simple-hearted and eager to learn, and every phenomenon of nature was, when he found it, a joy to him. I can imagine him and John Muir walking side by side all day over Yosemite trails and hardly speaking, and then at night see them enthusiastic over the great day they had enjoyed.

He grew to be a great geologist on the west coast and was more and more absorbed in the study up to the day of his death. We say grew to be, because that exactly expresses the fact. In a suit between two warring mining companies in Eureka, Nevada, he gave his expert testimony. In another case some years later, where the same formation was a question Mr. King was called upon again and reversed his previous opinions. When his former testimony was shown him and he was asked to explain the discrepancies between his statements, he frankly admitted that his first testimony was delivered upon superficial knowledge, stating why he was deceived at first and how a new light had come to him.

The air was filled with whispers of combines to defraud, bribery, double-dealing, perjury and all the sinister accompaniments; but there was not a thought on either side that expressed would have cast so much as a shadow on the stainless shield of Clarence King's integrity. He explored almost every defile, climbed to the summit of every western mountain and lifted the veil from every desert of the west, but we feel sure that only his over-mastering love of nature held him up to the work, for he was naturally refined and loved all refinements; he loved the society of the gifted, accomplished and learned; everything that was exquisite in art and literature; he loved, too, the comforts that come of richly furnished houses, delicate food, soft beds, rare books and pictures, trained service; and the highest society held him as foremost guest.

But with all these, I suspect he would periodically have broken away—he would have followed a cloud to mark the changes of color that the sunbeams might paint upon it, or would have followed the trail to some new mountain that he had news of, or would have run away to the seashore to interpret the voices of the waves as they came rolling in from far-off lands.

"The call of the wild" was ever ringing in his soul. He climbed Lassen's Peak one day when the fog eight thousand feet deep had laid its mantle on the hills of Lassen, Shasta and Siskiyou counties, and all the Pitt River valley. It was just after the first fall of snow in the early winter, and seen that way a man's first impulse is to doff his hat as though in the presence of Deity.

When King reached the crest of Lassen's Peak—which is a sovereign mountain itself—there, eighty miles away, the six thousand feet above the bank of fog, stood Shasta, its crest turned to purple and gold under the sunbeams, its sides white under the new fallen snow, and he cried out: "What would Ruskin say could he see this?"

Ruskin gave the world some glorified pictures of the Alps, but never had seen an inspiration such as that would have given him.

But we are not sure that King would not have achieved more fame had he chosen a purely literary career. Sir Walter Scott achieved immortality in weaving into simple stories, colorless without, the pictures of Scotland's mountains and the portrayals of Scotland's men and women, their looks and their deeds.

What might not Mr. King have achieved had he chosen to portray the poetical side of the great west of America or of the fairest of foreign lands!

Under his mother's care he wrote beautifully when but fifteen years of age. What might he not have done with his later knowledge and experience in the clearer light that had come to him? For he knew how the mountains had been framed; how the glaciers were started in their flow; the ages of the rocks; and had translated their heiroglyphics into written languages. However distracted he may have been in other directions, he was always in accord with nature. Then his taste was so perfect, his wit so exquisite, his power of description so unequaled; his use of language so inimitable—for he never lacked the exact word needed—his observation so all-embracing that he never missed a detail—like a woman who at a glance can take in every detail of a sister woman's attire as they pass on the street—what might he not have produced in a literary way?

Then he could master a strange tongue in a month and so all literature would have been at his command in its original form and expression.

And he could in a moment ingratiate himself into any company, a band of cowboys in the west or an array of artists or scientists or writers in London or Paris, or had he been captured by cannibals, they would not have eaten him, but would have adopted him and within a week would have tendered him his choice of their prettiest dusky maidens for a wife.

And still, after a hard day's work, or an evening spent with artists, brilliant men and women, to rest himself so that he might sleep, he was prone to solve some abstruse problem in mathematics or clear up from his field notes some doubts as to rock formations.

The service he performed for his country in his reports of his studies of the great west, are invaluable and the work performed in getting together his data was something prodigious.

Still as a simple man was he greatest, the every-day man, manly everywhere, manly without a shade of false pride in his nature; the man at home everywhere, the man who held all other honest men as good as himself; one who would have taken a friend from the gutter and nursed him back to health and hope, but would not have taken the hand of a Cæsar had that Cæsar been unworthy—the centuries may not produce his fellow, so versatile was he, so all-encompassing was his mind, so royal his heart, so exalted his character.

Those who knew him best loved him most, and when he died, beyond the passionate grief that followed him to the grave, was a vast regret that he had never given full expression to the real height and depth of his nature, and that the world would never realize how altogether great and splendid a man he was, or how much the world lost when he died.

JUDGE B. C. WHITMAN.

SO FAR as I could ever see, there was not one flaw in the character of Judge Whitman. A gentleman, a gentleman always; educated, refined, so exalted in his integrity that it was never questioned; the most devoted father and husband; the most considerate of the faults of others; mingling with all that throng on the Comstock in the first wild days in perfect accord, and still making it absolutely clear that he had nothing in common with anything coarse or rude or unclean, he was to men what the Gulf stream is to the common waters of the sea, moving amid it with a current distinctly its own, fed by a different fountain, bound on a separate voyage, utterly unlike in temperature, and pursuing a different course.

He was always genial and gentle; he loved his friends, loved to associate with his fellow men; he had an exquisite sense of humor, and still he always gave me the impression that he would have been perfectly at home in some great institution where only high thoughts were permitted, only classic language spoken.

He practiced law many years in Virginia City in those years when gladiators in the profession met in the arena and fought to the limit, and held his own there.

No spoken nor mental reproaches ever followed Judge Whitman out of court. The thought was: "Whether right or wrong, he thinks he is right."

When elected to the supreme bench, and he took his seat, it seemed to those who watched as though the seat had been long waiting for him, so natural was it to think of him as a judge.

I do not think he was as profound a lawyer as Judge Mesick, or C. J. Hellyer or General Charles H. Williams, but he was great enough to have the perfect confidence of the whole bar, not only in his absolute integrity, but in his knowledge and his utter absence of prejudice.

Outside of his profession he was a most valued citizen.

He was a massive man physically and intellectually; he had most pronounced opinions on all subjects relating to the government and country; he could express them without offense and in a way to influence those who heard him. And so he moved, an example of high manhood and of exalted patriotism all his days.

In those first days on the Comstock, when the clouds of the dreadful war gathered and broke in their fury, the bar of Virginia City was about equally divided between northern and southern men, and sectional differences between them were bitter in the extreme.

These had been nursed during the five preceding years in California after the Democratic party had divided and the tattered remnants of the old Whig party had been picked up and woven into the Republican fabric.

This had been greatly intensified by the death of Broderick and Ferguson in California; their friends declaring, in their sorrow and wrath, that they had been slain to get them out of the way, the friends of Terry and Penn Johnson insisting that both had acknowledged the code and that they were fairly killed.

For many months the dropping of a match would have kindled a civil war. Among these contending forces Judge Whitman moved with his life-long serenity, and though as fixed in his convictions as any of them, and as perfectly understood, his presence made for order and for law, not only among the men who were prominent, but among their respective followers. It was natural, too, for to have assailed him would have been like knocking the scales from the hands of Justice or bespattering the white robes of Peace.

The influence for good of such a man cannot be estimated. As the years move on he gains in his influence, and it is more difficult for men to do unmanly things when they meet such a man every day.

When Judge Whitman left the supreme bench the Comstock was going into temporary borasco, and he removed to San Francisco and resumed the practice of law there, which he pursued for a few years until one evening he went into one of the gentlemen's clubs in the city and feeling drowsy laid down upon a lounge. Soon after he lost consciousness and a little later died.

It is a welcome memory that when his call came it was without pain and that death to him was but passing from a troubled sleep into the sleep of everlasting peace.

In life his was as nearly a perfect character as I ever met.

Men can live calm lives in a cloister; if their lives are absolutely devoted to the service of God, many men can live blameless lives; but Judge Whitman assumed all a man's duties as husband, father, citizen, and fought for a place and name against all the sharp competitions necessary to forge out unaided his way, and so did his work that there was not a stain on his character, not a reproach attaching to his high soul to the last.

He was the highest possible type of man, and those who revered him most were those who understood him best; those who loved him best were those who had been closest to him in their relations.

To his family he was at once a king and a guardian angel.

He was in the sharp contests of business, and every night emerged from the fiery furnace as did the three—no smell of fire upon him.

JAMES G. FAIR.

ABOUT five feet eight inches in height, weighing, say 210 pounds, massive every way; a sovereign head; a splendid face; a soft voice; a winsome personality—a tiger satisfied in captivity and inclined to purr, and seldom "to unsheath from his cushioned feet his curving claws." A master mechanic who could do anything in iron and steel, a perfect judge of any kind of machinery; a brain in which everything was reduced to perfect order; one of the very shrewdest of financiers; a mind that could reason from cause to effect with lightning-like rapidity and perfect certainty, and from early childhood more interested in the affairs of James G. Fair than of any other soul on earth. From childhood he knew, what so few men ever learn, the exact value of a dollar, and was strong enough when his fortune climbed into the millions, never to forget the unit and what it was worth.

Early in California quartz veins had the greatest attraction for him. If a vein assayed $7 per ton, and if 80 per cent of the value could be saved, that meant $5.60. If that could be mined and reduced for $2 per ton there would be $3.60 saved, and one hundred tons per day would mean a saving of $360, and that would be newly-created wealth. If 85 per cent could be extracted and the cost reduced 50 cents per ton, then the profit could be $4.45 per ton or $450 per day. How to perfect machinery to save a higher percentage from the assay value, and how to adjust machinery and labor to reduce the cost of working, were his studies for years in the Golden State. From it one can readily see how well prepared he was to wrestle with the problems that the Comstock presented. I believe it is fair to say that the Wheeler grinding and amalgamating pan was the most important adjunct in the working of Comstock ores in the first twenty years in which those ores were worked. Mr. Fair always claimed that every feature of the pan was his original idea.

He went to the Comstock as a machinist, but in California he had given much study to ore presentations and in a brief time he understood perfectly, both the formation of the great lode and its peculiarities, for all great mines have habits of their own.

When the mining stock board was established in San Francisco, and the dealing in stocks became the great feature of that city, no one understood better than Mr. Fair its possibilities. In the meantime he had learned to know John W. Mackay well and both knew Flood and O'Brien in San Francisco, and a combine was made. The San Francisco firm had some means and when from the Comstock word was sent to buy or sell stocks, or to buy on a margin or to sell short, Flood responded, and a good deal of money was made. They soon became a factor; then they began to get control of certain of the mines; they made one diversion and lost $300,000 in a Silver City, Idaho, mine, and thereafter clung with more tenacity to the great vein under Mount Davidson. By 1870 they had obtained control of the California and Con. Virginia, Best and Belcher, and Gould and Curry, all adjoining. Their hope was to explore the old workings of the California and Con. Virginia, believing that a good deal of money could be made from low-grade ores that had been left in the stopes, as the cost of reduction and transportation had been much reduced. They worked with but indifferent success for six months, when one evening Mr. Fair met Captain McKay, who long had been in charge of the Gould and Curry, before the Bonanza firm obtained possession. Captain McKay was a fine geologist and scholar generally, besides being a perfect miner.

McKay said to Fair: "Why do you not go to the bottom of the Gould and Curry shaft and drift north? The shaft is 1,200 feet deep; a tunnel north from it would be below all the workings of the Best and Belcher, the Con. Virginia and California; it would be in virgin ground, and if there are any deep ore bodies on the fissure, the outcrop of which was the surface ore body of the Mexican and Ophir, by the dip of the vein you ought to strike them."

"I don't think there is anything in it," was Uncle Jimmie's reply, but that night three shifts of men were set to work at the bottom of the Curry shaft, drifting north. It was all blasting rock; when broken the debris had to be run back to the Curry shaft, hoisted 1,200 feet and run out on the dump. It required a good deal of nerve and a great deal of money, but it was pushed out through the north end of the Curry, 150 feet, through the Best and Belcher 750 feet and 150 feet into the south end of the Con. Virginia, when the great bonanza was struck about 30 feet below its apex. Had the shaft been only 1,100 instead of 1,200 feet deep, the drift would have passed over it and it might have remained undiscovered still.

When I left Virginia City it had yielded $119,000,000 and had paid in dividends $67,000,000. Of course Uncle Jimmie made some millions from it, but it did not change him, rather it made him as the boys on the Comstock said, more so. The anecdotes of him were numberless. When the big bonanza was fully opened it was 400 feet wide in places and was laid off in great galleries by wide drifts like the streets of a city.

It was intensely hot, and so the timbers—it required 3,000,000 feet per month for several years—became as dry as tinder. A fire started in those depths would have made a volcano in an hour.

Hence the strictest rules were enforced against everything that might start a fire. One rule forbade smoking. Uncle Jimmie went down in the mine one day, and going to one of the stopes thought he detected the odor of tobacco smoke. He said nothing, but went to other portions of the mine and in half an hour returned. Sinking down on the floor of the drift with a deep sigh he said, "I am surely growing old, a little run through the mine tires me more than a day's work used to. I think if I had a few puffs of a pipe it would refresh me greatly." A dozen pipes were presented in a moment. Uncle Jimmie took one, puffed away for a moment, then with many thanks handed it back, saying that it had greatly revived him, and went to the surface.

The next day, going down Taylor street toward the mine, he met the whole shift of men going up the hill, "Why, how is this?" said he: "I thought this was your shift."

One of them replied. "We have been laid off." "Laid off?" said Fair. "That is John (Mackay). I never get a crew of men that just suit me, that John doesn't discharge them." And with a sigh he passed on. But the miners knew better and called him names as they climbed the hill.

One day a gentleman from Boston with his wife and young lady daughter called at the Con. Virginia office and the man asked if it was possible to visit the lower levels of the mine. The clerk called down to the lower shaft house, telling what was wanted. The reply came back to send the strangers down there at once. They put on the needed clothes and were shown to the cage. The man at the engine was told to stop at 16. When the party left the cage a miner received them and for an hour or more showed them 'round, explaining what was ore, what country rock, how ore was mined; how big mines were timbered, all the time talking wisely of ore formations, the working and ventilation and drainage of mines; the provisions made for escape in case of a cave or a fire or other accident.

The party was charmed with the sturdy miner who seemed so well informed and so affable. When they reached the cage and were about to be hoisted from the depth, the Boston man tendered the miner a bright new silver dollar. The miner thanked him but declined the gift, remarking that the company paid him for his time and it was easier to show strangers around than to swing a pick.

"But," said the man, "this is for you personally." But still the miner declined, saying that what he had done was no trouble, but rather a pleasure.

But the Boston man persisted and said: "Now, tell me honestly, my man, why you do not wish to take this dollar."

The miner sighed and said: "Well, one reason is that I have $600,000 up in the bank and it has been bothering me all the morning to decide how I had better invest it."

It was Uncle Jimmie and he smiled softly as the cage shot up the shaft.

A man and his wife in San Francisco filed the papers in a suit against Mr. Mackay, claiming heavy damage for seeking to alienate the affections of the wife from her husband. It was a direct attempt at blackmail and Mackay never rested until he landed both the man and his wife in the penitentiary. But when the news of the filing of the suit reached Mackay in Virginia, he was furious. No one had ever seen him so angry before. He paced up and down the Con.-Virginia office like a tiger and the old lines would have fitted him:

> "We tore them limb from limb;
> And the hungriest lion doubted
> 'Ere he disputed with him."

The woman's given name was Amelia. Uncle Jimmie went down to the office that morning, but seeing how the atmosphere was he softly went out and started across the foot-bridge for the Ophir works. On the bridge he met a young man and woman. The young woman stopped him and explained that the young man was her brother; that he was a splendid worker, and that they both needed what he could earn and besought a place for him. Uncle Jimmie smiled down at her and said, "My dear! John tends to all that, go to the office. I just left him. Go and tell him what you have told me, and tell him your name is Amelia and I am sure he will give your brother a place!"

Fortunately they did not get to see Mr. Mackay that morning.

On one occasion Mr. Fair returned to Virginia after an absence of a couple of months when a blacksmith presented a bill for $80. Uncle Jimmie looked at it and said: "Eighty dollars. What might this be for?"

The smith explained that it was for shoeing Mrs. Fair's carriage horses, setting the tires on the carriage and—but Uncle Jimmie interrupted him with: "That is all right, I was not disputing your bill, but I am superintendent of four mines, and the companies pay for all necessary work. Take the bill home and bring me back four bills, against the four companies, but not all quite alike. Make one for $22 to sundries against the Con. Virginia, one for say $18 against the California; one for $24 against the Curry and one for $16 against the Best and Belcher, and I will try to get them allowed, though times are hard."

He went to San Francisco in 1879, called at some offices on Montgomery street on business, and glancing around the offices, thought he would like them. He knew who owned the block and the agent in charge. He went to the agent and asked if the people in the corner rooms had a lease of the rooms. The agent replied that they merely paid from month to month. "And how much might they be paying?" asked Uncle Jimmie. The agent gave the figures. "Well," said Fair, "they would be worth $100 per month more to me. Please give them notice that you would like the rooms on the first of the month."

The agent replied that he could not do it, that the firm occupying the rooms had been there two years, had paid the rent every month promptly and he could not order them out. "You are right," said Fair, "you are doing just as I would want you to, if you were my agent."

Three days later he met the agent again and said to him, "You will kindly inform the tenants in that block that they will have to vacate on the first, that the block has been sold." "Sold?" cried the astonished agent, "to whom?"

"Oh," said Fair, "the owner wanted a little money more than he did the block and I exchanged with him, but you are still the agent, only after the first report to me please."

In the sixties, Mr. Fair, as he got up from the breakfast table one morning, said to his wife: "My dear, have you any money?" ~~Mrs. Fair~~ replied that she had $7,000 in the bank. By this time Uncle Jimmie had put on his hat, and said: "Don't mention the matter to a soul, but I think there are a few dollars in Curry," and went out.

Mrs. Fair thought the matter over for a few minutes. Then she said to herself, "Surely there would be no harm in letting my brother know," and crossed the street. Her brother was away, but his wife was home and Mrs. Fair told her.

She had a brother and like Mrs. Fair, her thought was, that there would be no harm in telling her brother. By noon all Ireland in Virginia City was buying Curry and Uncle Jimmie was unloading it upon them.

By the end of the week the stock had dropped out of sight and in the Fair house there was a thunder cloud in every room. As Uncle Jimmie rose from the breakfast table he said to his wife: "My dear, did you not tell me that you had some money in the bank?"

Here the storm broke. "I had $7,000 and it is all lost in that old Curry," said Mrs. Fair, and she burst into tears.

"My, my, but I am sorry," said Fair then with a deep sigh, he went into his library and a moment later returned with a check for $7,000. Handing it to his wife he sighed again and said, "I will help you out this time, my dear, but I fear you are not constituted just right to successfully deal in stocks."

While he was absent Mrs. Fair one day told Mr. Mackay that if her husband could go to the United States Senate it would be a great thing for her children.

That was enough. Mr. Mackay had the machinery all in order for his election when he returned, and he was elected. It was a great misfortune. There was no more happiness in the Fair family.

While he was senator I went to him and explained that raw sulphur came into this country free, but there was a tariff of $20 per ton on refined sulphur; that 3 per cent sulphur in Sicily was being refined up to 97 per cent and then shipped in as raw sulphur free, which kept the nearly pure sulphur deposits in Utah from the market, because of the cost of transportation, and asked him to see the secretary of the treasury and have the duty applied to Sicilian sulphur. I had forgotten that he had extensive refining works in San Francisco, and that sulphur was an essential agent.

When I had made my plea, he sighed and replied: "I will do everything I can for you, but I have three shiploads of that Sicilian sulphur on the sea right now."

He continued to make a great deal of money up to his death, some fifteen years ago, and died very rich.

ROLLIN M. DAGGETT.

NOT tall, about five feet eight inches in height, swarthy, a remote strain of Iroquois in his veins, I think; heavy set, weighing close upon 200 pounds, a face full of merriment generally, but savage as a trapped bear when he was angry, a mind filled with all sorts of contrasts; a face and voice and handclasp filled with magnetism—his like we shall never look upon again. He was born somewhere in northern New York, and in youth learned the compositors' trade and obtained an academic schooling from the masters and the books; a deeper training from nature, for the mountains, the streams, the valleys, the forests were all open books to him, and wind, sunbeam and storm all brought messages to him.

He went with the first argonauts to California, started with nothing but a rifle, a blanket and a little knapsack containing his tooth-brush, his other shirt and a few indispensable trinkets. He was a natural writer, an editor whose judgment never erred. At first he engaged in placer mining and made a stake, then he went to San Francisco and started the Golden Era, a literary paper, the merits of which still linger in the minds of the few old Californians left on this side of the Great Divide.

Whoever may have retained a file of that paper will by running over it now, realize anew how strong was his pen; how every impulse of his soul found expression in those columns. Late in the fifties he disposed of the paper and early went to the Comstock and became associate editor with J. T. Goodman on Mr. Goodman's *Territorial Enterprise.* Dan DeQuille was already on the paper. That made three strong men on the editorial staff which a little later was reinforced by Mark Twain. The Enterprise was a great newspaper in those days; indeed, there was not a more brilliant journal anywhere. It had to be, for at that time there were more brilliant men in Virginia City than were ever seen in a town of that size before.

On the *Enterprise* I got to know Daggett as well as any one ever did, for there are not many secrets in an editorial room between men who are in close rapport every day. Daggett at that time had been a journalist for twenty-five years, and had grown a little lazy intellectually, but age had not withered him nor custom staled his infinite variety or his infinite humor. He was not witty, but the drollest genius in the world, and he had a way of mixing adjectives, never heard before in conversation, and when a joks was perpetrated at his expense, he would laugh until the tears ran down his cheeks.

I recall that one night when there was a company of gentlemen in our main working editorial room, he looked over at me and asked me which syllable in some word ought to be accented. I gave him my idea, whereupon he reached over, took the big dictionary with both hands, lifting it in front of him—he loved to make a dramatic display—and most impressively said: "I will see for myself. I would rather be right than be President." I said gently to him: "We all feel that way about you, Mr. Daggett." Whereupon he sprang up, went to each gentleman in the room and asked for a gun, and beseeching from all an opinion as to whether instant murder would not be justified, under a provocation of that kind.

Elderly people will remember that when after the war as the Southern States were restored to the Union, in some of them rather tough legislatures were elected; that in those days General Sheridan had command of the Department of the South and was stationed at New Orleans.

That one day he sent a dispatch to Washington declaring that the legislature of Louisiana was made up of banditti and asked for authority to dissolve it. The dispatch caused a tremendous excitement. Democratic legislatures all over the country, and Democratic newspapers from Maine to California were fierce in their anathemas. At that time a gentleman, whom we will call Snyder—only that was not his name—was running an evening Democratic paper in Virginia City. When the dispatch reached him he was furious and in an impassioned editorial demanded a new rebellion, if that kind of work was to be continued.

It was a cold winter night, and Daggett did not show up until 11 o'clock. He waddled to his table and sat down, admitting that he had on board a large and assorted cargo of gin.

I finished my work about midnight and getting up proposed that we go out and get some hot oysters. He replied by holding up some manuscript and requesting me to read it. I did and said: "Oh, Daggett, do not publish this! We are good friends with Snyder; let it go; his article will do no harm."

Then Daggett took on his savage look and replied: "No, sir. That other rebellion cost 4,000 millions of dollars and 400,000 lives. I am going to squelch Snyder's right now."

"But," I said, "if you publish this, Snyder will get his gun in the morning and fill you full of buckshot when you go on the street."

With a cunning look he said: "Do you think so?"

"Of course," I answered. Then he said: "I will fix that, I will get up early in the morning and go down and tell him it was you."

As nearly as I can recall, from an imperfect memory, the article began with these words:

"Mr. Snyder paid his respects to Lieutenant General Sheridan in his last evening's Chronicle.

"It was good of him to thus remember an old companion in arms.

"Both were in the service. When Sheridan was planning a raid on the Shenandoah valley, Snyder was planning a raid on a government safe.

"Both succeeded, Sheridan cleaned out the valley, Snyder cleaned out the safe."

There was more of it, but the above is sufficient to show his style.

The article appeared in the next morning's paper. I saw no more of Daggett until after dinner the next evening, when he and Snyder came in, each a little mellow. They had been dining together. He was filled with contradiction.

He went out on the divide, four miles north of Virginia

City, one day, to attend a prize fight, and acted as one of the judges. He returned in the evening and wrote a scathing article, picturing the shame of prize fighting and its demoralizing tendencies, and denouncing the county officers for permitting such things. It was our habit in the *Enterprise* office to read each other's proof. I read his article, then turning to Daggett, said:

"Old man, you remind me a little of Saul before he became Paul."

"How is that?" he asked.

"You must have seen a great light as you were coming in from the divide today," I said.

"You lack experience," he said. "When you become wiser—I should hate to wait for the time—you will learn that there come times in men's lives when it is duty to assume a virtue, though they have it not."

In some way he awakened the ire of a brother editor in an outside town of the state, and the editor came back at him in an article which was fierce in its savagery.

He was asked if he was going to reply to it. His response was: "Answer that? Would you hunt snipe with a howitzer?"

He and I were quietly at work one afternoon when a man came in unannounced, walked straight to him, and presenting a folded *Enterprise,* said: "Daggett, that is a shame. My cows are as well fed as any man's, and the milk I sell is rich and sweet."

Daggett took the paper, looked at the heading: "Swill Milk," swiftly glanced it over and knew that one of the reporters had been writing up the man's dairy in not very complimentary terms. Turning upon the man an indignant face, he said: "You are a pretty fellow to come to me. I was down by your corral night before last;"—he had not been there in three years;—"as I walked along the high-board fence I heard your cows gnawing bones, and when I turned the corner they looked up at me and growled like dogs." The man dropped his hands, exclaiming: "Well, by ——!" turned and left the office."

"That was all on the square, I suppose?" I said.

"That was necessary," was his response. "That son of a gun will not bother us again for eighteen months."

Daggett met Mr. Sharon one morning, who said to him: "Come and have breakfast with me!" On his announcing that he had just come from breakfast, Sharon said: "Come along, I want to talk with you a few minutes."

Sharon ordered a quail on toast and in his dainty way commenced eating, when Daggett bade the waiter bring him a plate of ham and eggs. When served he began eating in his usual hearty manner. "I thought you said you had breakfasted," said Sharon. "I had, but the way you eat made me hungry," was the reply.

"Heavens, I would give half my fortune for your appetite," was Sharon's comment. "Yes," said Daggett, "and the other half for my character and lofty bearing. You see I am richer than you." He had no more form than a sack of apples and his character, from a Christian standpoint, was a good deal shop-worn in spots.

General Thomas H. Williams was one of Virginia City's great lawyers. He carried through successfully a difficult law suit, and his client gave him a small fee and 1,800 shares of Con. Virginia stock. Williams tried to sell it, but the mine was in borasco then and on the stock board was rated at only a few cents a share. But after a while whispers began to be circulated that there was something in Con. Virginia, and the stock began to rise. Then the shares were multiplied by five; but they continued to creep up, then to jump, then to soar, and Williams woke up one morning to find himself worth $12,000,000. It was not long until it began to be told that General Williams was a candidate for the United States Senate.

Hearing of this Daggett wrote and published an article giving some data in Williams' record, calculated to depress Mr. Williams' hopes of success. The general met him next morning and trembling with anger, through white lips demanded to know his authority for what he had said.

Daggett named a not very brilliant lawyer who was a half pensioner on Williams. Williams bowed and walked on. An hour later the man named burst into the editorial rooms and demanded in almost uncontrollable anger whether Daggett had given him as authority for the infamous article on General Williams.

Daggett turned in his chair, seemed to be thinking for an instant and then said: "I believe I did."

"Well, on what grounds?" was the next demand.

"It was this way," said Daggett: "Williams came on me sudden-like, and you were the first son of a gun that came into my mind."

One night Daggett and another engaged in a friendly game of seven-up in the Washoe club. They continued to play until 11 p. m., having beer between the games. A final game was proposed to decide which should settle the score for the evening. The friend agreed to this and the game proceeded until Daggett had won six points and the friend had but two. It was Daggett's deal, and he gave the friend a queen and seven of trumps. The friend begged. Daggett, who had no trump but a jack, gave him one. Then the friend led the queen and caught Daggett's jack, made high, low, jack, gift and the game and went out.

A friend who was watching the game turned away with a laugh and left the club.

In his softest, pleasantest voice, Daggett said: "D——, do you know why Quinby went out?"

"It is getting late," was the reply. "I suppose he has gone home."

"Oh, no," said Daggett, and his voice was like a caress. "He has gone out into the hall, just to say to himself that a man who would beg on a queen and a seven"—here his voice quickly took on the growl of an angry bear—"is a blankety, blankety holdup who, had he but the courage, would rob a stage."

When the Custer massacre was wired, I met Daggett on the street and told him. The savage in him came out like smallpox. No word of sympathy for the command, but admiration for the Sioux. With eyes ablaze he said: "Big fellows, Roman noses, fighters. I am proud of them."

Daggett had a beautiful wife and two little girls. When

I first knew them the children were three and four and one-half years old respectively. In his home they would both seize him; he would fall to the floor declaring they had thrown him down. They would pile cushions and rugs upon him, shrieking with glee, while he, looking like a half-buried hippopotamus, with awful imprecations would threaten to fall upon them and make wafers of them in just two minutes more.

If he ever took an old lady by the hand and told her how much he was honored in meeting her, she was hypnotized for life. And when he tried, how he could handle English! Listen to those opening lines of his memorial poem in the centennial year:

"With leaf and blossom spring has come again,
And tardy Summer, garlanded with flowers,
Trips down the hillside like a wayward child,
Her garments fringed with frost; but in her smile
The valleys turn to green, and tender flowers,
Woke from their slumber by the song of birds,
Reach up to kiss the dimpled mouth of May.

"With feet unsandaled and with solemn step,
Treading the path that marks the centuries,
We come to lay on valor's silent bed
The fragrant offerings of our hearts and hands."

After Daggett's term in Congress expired, he served two or three years as minister to Hawaii. Then he returned to California, and about nine years ago he was stricken with hemorrhage of the brain and died the same day.

There never was but one R. M. Daggett in all this world.

PROFESSOR FRANK STEWART.

PROFESSOR STEWART was one of the extraordinary men of the west. He was tall and slim and angular; he might have passed for a twin brother of Abraham Lincoln, though he had a handsomer face than the man of men of his generation. He was Indiana born and could not have received very much schooling, for at eighteen he volunteered in Joe Lane's Indiana regiment and went to the Mexican war. He fought through all that long day at Buena Vista, and could describe it in much more graphic phrases than any historian ever has.

He was one of the original California Argonauts. If he was not deeply schooled in his youth, he made up for it by incessant study; he was not a miner, but a wonderful geologist, botanist and all around scientist. He was familiar with the classics, wrote some fine short poems, but his joy was to grasp an abstruse scientific problem and never rest until it was solved. He would rather, from the shells and rocks, calculate the age of the earth than to attend a banquet. He joined Walker's expedition to capture Nicaragua, his reasoning being that it would be a mercy to the people of that country to give them a stable government. They conquered the country, but because of Walker's utter incapacity and unfairness, his command broke up into fragments; Walker, with a few followers, was captured and shot, and Stewart made his way on foot to San Juan, Costa Rica, from there reached the coast and in some way caught a vessel and returned to California.

He was editing a newspaper at Placerville, Cal., when one day "Snow Shoe" Thompson, who carried the mails on snow shoes over the Sierras between Placerville and Genoa, Nevada, showed him a sample of rock and asked him what it was, explaining that it clogged the sluices and bothered the placer miners in Gold canyon.

Stewart told him that he did not know, but that it looked as though it might be black sulphide of silver as described in the books, and advised him to have it assayed when he reached Sacramento. Thompson did so, with astounding results. The return was nearly $1,000 per ton in gold and over $1,200 in silver. It has never been clear which assay was made first, the one in Sacramento or the one in Nevada City. But they were nearly at the same time.

Stewart went early to the Comstock. Mount Davidson rises 2,000 feet high just west of the Comstock lode. At first the pitch of the vein was to the west. Professor Silliman being early called to Virginia City to give expert testimony as to the great lode, predicted that the heart of the Comstock would be found under Mount Davidson. This was published in Silliman's testimony. Stewart read it, and with a laugh said if that was true then God Almighty had made a mistake, and had placed the gangue on the wrong wall.

When explored a little below two hundred feet, the vein suddenly quit. It did not pinch out—it just stopped. Short drifts were run east from the bottoms of the shafts, then from the east ends of the drifts shallow winzes were sunk and lo, there was the ledge found, pitching east. Now the hoisting works are a third of a mile down the mountain to the east. By some upheaval the crest of the ledge had been pushed back and broken off so that its natural pitch to the east was reversed near the surface and turned to the west. It deceived Silliman but did not Stewart.

Stewart explored all the camps of Nevada. His old reports on Tuscarora, though discounted at the time, have been vindicated by the pick, drill and dynamite.

In early days he gave a series of lectures in California and received the sobriquet of "Earthquake" Stewart, because of the theory that he put out, that the tremblors in California were caused, not by displacements below the surface of the earth, but because of electrical disturbances in the air and in the earth near the surface, and predicted that when railroad tracks and telegraph wires were stretched across the continent, connecting the eastern and far western states, these disturbances would in a measure be neutralized, that the tremblors would grow less and less severe, but that there would be tremendous electrical storms in the Missouri and Mississippi valleys.

For like reasons he insisted that California was not a good state for children to grow up in; that they would be high-strung, with abnormal, nervous temperaments, and that like too early ripened apples, would never reach entire excellence.

He was the kindest-hearted of men, but became impatient in a moment if anything like a question of his geological conclusions was asked.

After he had spent a month in Tuscarora, he returned to Virginia City, and calling at the *Enterprise,* was enthusiastic over the new camp.

A gentleman from New York had brought letters to me and we were conversing when the professor came in. He at once plunged into a description of the camp, and after talking a few moments he suddenly stopped with the remark: "I will show you just how it is." Then he went to a table, sat down, picked up a pencil and was busy for several minutes making a sketch. When he had finished it he brought it back, explaining how each mine, thus far, had been located, and then gave the course of the vein as he had traced it from the formation, explaining what mines would be liable to have ore bodies and which would not. His description lasted perhaps fifteen minutes, and then the New Yorker said gently enough, "This is your theory, Professor."

"There is no theory about it. That is the way God Almighty made it," said Stewart, savagely, and rolling up his sketch, left the office without another word.

When any new specimen of rock or shell was shown him, he had a fashion of studying it, sometimes for fifteen or twenty minutes, until he got it classified in his own mind, and then he would explain what it was, to what age it belonged and all about it.

He seldom drank any strong liquor, but about once in a year or two he would drink for a day or two. After a long absence on a hard trip to some mines he got into Elko one afternoon. At that time there was a district judge in Elko who drank a good deal too much. Meeting Stewart, they drank together, then drank again, and as the night came down they were both how-came-you-so, seated at a table in the bar room of the hotel, unconscious that forty or fifty men were looking on and listening The more Stewart drank the brighter he seemed to grow, while the more his companion drank the stupider he became. At last Stewart began to describe that day at Buena Vista; how General Wool, early in the morning, in splendid uniform, great epaulettes and a plumed hat, rode along the lines, crying to the men that it was Washington's birthday and American soldiers could never be whipped on Washington's birthday; how the battle opened; how early Jeff Davis, with his Mississippi regiment of riflemen, without a bayonet in the regiment, stopped 4,000 Mexican lancers in full charge; stopped them and rolled them back, covering the plain with dead men and horses; how then the fight centered around the regiments of Hardin, McGee and Clay, and all three were killed; then the storm broke over Lincoln and his regulars and Lincoln was killed, and when Bragg sent back for reinforcements and there being none to send him, General Taylor in person, on his white horse, rode to him and gave the famous order: "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." But this was but preliminary to his description of the prodigies which Joe Lane with his Indiana regiment performed, when suddenly Stewart's friend, the judge, roused up and said: "Professor, were you in that Indiana regiment that ran like blazes from that fight?"

Stewart stopped talking, looked across the table for quite two minutes at the judge and then broke out with: "I can't classify you, sir. I don't know whether you are a fool, sir, or a son of a she wolf."

The listeners shouted with laughter. Stewart looked around at them, then, rising hastily, said: "I think it is an hour after the time when I should have been in bed," and hastily left the room.

He came into my office one morning with a joyous look on his face, and laid a specimen on my desk, saying: "What do you think that is?" I said: "It looks like a piece of brick that was too much burned in the kiln."

"Not much," he said; "———, the great traveler, just gave it to me. It is a part of a brick which he picked up from the ruins of the Tower of Babel. It proves what I have always said. You know the Bible says a fire came down from heaven and destroyed that tower. It was just an old-fashioned tremendous electric storm—a cyclone and thunder storm combined, and the lightning vitrified that brick."

He was a Democrat, and with his breeding he never liked New England, always expressing the belief that except for Phillips, Garrison, Sumner, Mrs. Stowe and the others there would never have been any secession or war. But in the eighties some croppings were found in Maine which, being assayed, showed fair values in silver. A Boston company was organized to develop the property. But an expert's opinion was wanted, and one of the directors wrote to one of the great mining companies on the Comstock to send them a man both practical and scientific. Stewart was sent. He was engaged as consulting engineer, which held him in Boston most of the time, only making occasional visits to the property. After three months he wrote me: "Do not waste your life any longer in the west! Come here! I never knew what a whole community of gentlemen meant until I came to Boston."

From Boston he received a call to examine a mine in West Virginia. He returned with a fearful cold, which soon developed into pneumonia, and he died three days later.

Poor Stewart; he was altogether a most gifted, manly man.

GOVERNOR LUTHER R. BRADLEY.

IT IS with a feeling of deep sorrow that I recall the memory of Governor Bradley, for he was long my friend; but there came a time when it was my duty to inflict upon him perhaps the greatest disappointment of his life.

He was an early comer to California, one of the Argonauts, I believe. He settled near Stockton in that state. He was from Virginia, unlettered, spoke in the dialect of the poor whites and negroes of that state, was intensely pro-southern, and went to Stockton just when Judge Terry, Dr. Ainsley and the full band of fire-eaters centered there and controlled things politically, sometimes in a most partisan and arrogant manner. Governor Bradley was in full sympathy with them. He was not more than five feet seven or eight inches in height, but stockily built, and must have weighed 200 pounds. I never knew him until he reached Nevada. Ever after that he wore very long, full whiskers. It was said that when the news of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency was confirmed, he declared that he would never have his hair cut nor beard shaved until the people got some sense and elected a Democrat President. The truth of this I cannot affirm, but think it very liable to be true. He came to Nevada, I think, in 1860, driving over a small band of cattle. He located near where Austin now is.

At that time Nevada was covered with bunch grass, which is most nutritious. Cattle pastured upon it in the autumn, when the seed ripens, would in three months, from half skeletons take on full flesh, and the meat be equal to or better than the best stall fed beef, for the seed was really grain and the very finest quality for beef. There was a series of mild winters after 1860; the governor's herds swiftly increased and he became a real cattle king. In the early seventies, I asked him once if he ever made any provisions for protecting and feeding his cattle in the winter, and reminded him of the legend that buffalo were plenty in the Great Basin until the fierce winter of 1838, which killed them all. He replied that he only brought a small band of cattle to Nevada and just let them rustle, and he had done reasonably well. He added: "There is a good deal in educating a critter He is like a man. If he knows his living depends on his rustling, he will rustle." In 1870 the Democrats, looking around for a candidate for governor, determined to nominate Bradley.

The Comstock had been in borasco for several years until 1869. Mr. Sharon had held things together, and made the great discoveries in the Belcher and Crown Point possible. Not one man in a thousand comprehended the work he had performed, but he was called king. Sutro was filling the air of the whole state with his complainings against Sharon and the bank ring, and when the Republicans nominated F. A. Tritte, a broker in Virginia City and friend of Mr. Sharon, though he was one of the most splendid men that ever lived in Nevada, the Democrats with "Old Broadhorns," as they called him, and a cry for an honest government, easily elected their candidate.

He had not the first qualification for the place; no clear knowledge of the duties of the office, nor of the needs of the state, but he was a kindly old man and had a streak of native strategy about him which was in truth the most catching kind of politics. A couple of samples of this will make it clear.

Crossing the street in Carson one day, a man in a lumber wagon, with his wife and child with him, drove past, and, seeing the Governor, stopped his team, and accosted him with, "Excuse me, Governor, but me and my wife wanted to speak to you and tell you that we and all the neighbors up in Douglas county were glad that you were elected, and to wish you well."

The Governor stepped up to the wagon, shook hands with both, told them he had been hoping that he and his neighbors would come to Carson, that he wanted to see them all, and all the time was patting the child's head. They drove away with radiant faces, when the Governor turned to a friend and asked, "Who be they?"

The friend replied, "Why, that is —— ——; they live in Douglas county."

"And whar be Douglas county?" asked his excellency.

On another occasion, as the Governor went out from his executive chambers one morning, he noticed that the janitor was removing the desks from the assembly chamber. Going to him, the Governor asked: "What's yer doin', Jake?" The janitor explained that the Knights of Pythias from all over the state had been in convention in Carson for two days, that they were going to have a ball in the assembly hall that night and he was preparing the room for them.

"Knights of Pythias," said the Governor, "who be they?" The janitor replied: "Why, Governor, it is an order like the Masons or Odd Fellows; have you not noticed them here for a couple of days wearing sashes and swords?"

"O them fellows," said the Governor; "why they'll get drunk and muss everything up. I wouldn't let 'em have the hall, Jake."

At that moment one of the Knights came in, the scabbard of his sword clanking on the marble floor at every step.

The Governor turned to him, right in the presence of the janitor and said cheerily: "Well, my son, are you going to have a good time tonight?"

"I hope so, Governor," was the reply.

Then the Governor, with a smile, said: "I heeard you was going to have a party and I war so anxious that everything would be pleasant for you. I war out superintending Jake's work myself."

Could anyone beat that? He was re-elected governor in 1874. By 1876 the bonanza was in full blast and the Comstock was soaring as never before.

When the Legislature met in January, 1877, the Governor, listening to some not very level-headed advisers, recommended in his message a mighty tax on bullion, and further, that all incorporations should be taxed for the full amount of shares in their capital stock at par.

That meant that if the owners of a prospect incorporated with say 150,000 shares of the value of one dollar per share, in hope of selling a few shares, say at 10 cents per share in order to help develop the prospect, the incorporation should be assessed for the full $150,000 named in their incorporation papers.

When the time for nominations drew near in 1878, I begged the Democrats, through the *Enterprise,* not to try to run the governor for a third term; explaining that the Republican press of the state had always been most considerate of the governor because of his age and kindly ways, but it would be necessary to defeat him if he was a candidate again, and that one result would be to sunder old ties of friendship which it would be sweet to keep.

The Democrats met in state convention two days later and nominated the old man by acclamation.

Of course the fight was on at once. I do not think there was ever any other such political fight on this coast. It did not relax, but rather grew hotter and hotter every day for two months, and the old man went down under the storm.

But he got even in a little way. Four years before, I had called upon a friend in Sacramento. In a paddock near his house he had a mare and a baby colt perhaps three months old. It seemed a wonderful colt, and I asked the friend what he would take to keep him and break him and send him to me when the colt was four years old. He named a price and I paid him. Just before election, when the campaign was at its height, the friend sent me the colt. He was a wonder, one of the most beautiful horses ever seen in the west. The stable boys were hitching him to a sulky one day when Governor Bradley passed. He looked into the barn, saw the horse, entered and walked around him several times exclaiming, 'What a beauty! What a beauty!" naming his regal points in a kind of ecstasy. Finally he asked who owned the animal. When told, he said: "That thar feller in the *Enterprise?"*

When answered yes, he turned abruptly, and saying: "That there colt looks ter have a heap more sense than his owner," left the barn.

The following winter was a most severe one, and 20,000 head of the governor's cattle perished.

His disappointments, his financial losses and his great age were too much for him, and a few months later he died.

He died thinking I was his enemy and never knew that there never was a moment when personally I would not have gladly gone out of my way to serve him in any manner possible, and he never could understand why the best interests of Nevada made it necessary to defeat his third election.

If any reader thinks the personal pronoun is too much in evidence in this, I hope he will believe that it is but to make clear to the many friends of the Governor who are still alive that sometimes an honest newspaper has to present things in such a light as makes everyone connected with it wish that he could avoid the duty.

Governor Bradley was a kindly, generous man in life. He was, too, shrewd and cunning in many ways, a typical frontiersman, and the hope of all who knew him is that in the beyond in the clearer light, he will see the hearts of men as they really are, and be able to understand all that was hidden from his darkened eyes here.

ALVINZA HAYWARD.

ALVINZA HAYWARD lived about the most even life of any of the famous men who won and lost on the Comstock. He was an Argonaut. When he looked first upon the Golden state he was six feet in height, strong and brave, and looked like one who had come to conquer. From the first his thought seemed to be that the legitimate work of a man in California was mining; that everything else was secondary employment. He made some money in the placers in Amador county, but the great mother lode ran by his door, and he was irrestibly attracted to it. He had assays made from it, and though he knew nothing about quartz mining, or the reduction of gold ores, he knew that the simplest form was to crush ores by stamps, then to wash the pulp, and if the ores were free a fair proportion of the gold could be saved.

So he crushed some pounds of the ores in a common mortar and then washed the fine pulp in a pan. In that way, by comparing what he could save from twenty pounds of rock, with the assays of 2,000 pounds, he could estimate what percentage of the ore in a ton could be obtained in a mill. In that way he found that the ore was "free milling;" that is, it was not held in combination with some other metal that would carry it away with the pulp, as it was run over a quicksilvered plate. Then he had a crude mill built and found that he could make money much faster than in the placers, and so in the early fifties had accumulated what was then a great fortune and a high name among the business men of California. He really was working a mother lode bonanza.

Then he devoted much of his fortune to many different enterprises. He was an original stockholder in the California bank.

He was intimate with Ralston, Mills, and the others of the bank; when Gorham and Jones ran for governor and lieutenant governor, he formed a great attachment for J. P. Jones—as almost any man would, for there was never but one J. P.

Jones—and we suspect that he advised Jones to go to Nevada, and helped get him the place of superintendent of the Crown Point mine in which Hayward was a heavy stockholder.

In the mines in Amador, Mr. Hayward was always dressed as a miner with gray shirt, overalls and miners' boots; in San Francisco he was always attired like a gentleman of leisure and finely groomed, and altogether an attractive-looking man of affairs. He was indeed a real captain of industry.

As the Crown Point progressed under the management of Jones, Hayward stood behind him, he being the controlling stockholder, and as the indications pointed to a bonanza sure, bought more and more of the stock until when in a very few months the stock jumped from 50 cents a share to $1,800, both men became several times millionaires. That bonanza gave up, if we remember rightly, something over $33,000,000.

When Mr. Hayward began to grow rich in Amador, he started to help his fellow miners when they were in trouble. The amount of these loans, which were generally gifts, only the books in the Beyond can ever reveal. Certainly Alvinza Hayward never knew the sum.

This he kept up all his life, one result of which was that he had mining interests in many places.

In a certain district in Placer county, "drift diggings" were found. In the immemorial past a river had threaded its way through that region.

By some mighty convulsion of nature this river was covered deep by overturned mountains. Its source was turned in some other direction and the ancient bed of the river was buried.

In a few places, through the erosion of the years, the mountains covering the dead river had been worn down, leaving exposed small portions of its bed.

This bed was often several feet deep in gravel which was rich in gold and when the bed rock was reached it was often fabulously rich.

When found the only way to work this was by drifting up stream—for it was filled with water—running the gravel out on cars and washing it outside.

Mr. Hayward had some interests in the camp, but another man had an extremely rich section of the old stream and in a few months took from it $1,500,000.

Then he went east on a visit. In New York City, at the home of a relative, he met a beautiful and most brilliant young lady who was poor and was earning her living by teaching.

She had quarreled with her sweetheart the very day before she met this miner who had just made $1,500,000. He was carried away at the first sight of the lovely girl and in two weeks sailed from New York for California with her for a bride.

Reaching San Francisco, her husband offered to buy her any home that she might select, but she told him it was a contract for life, that while he remained a miner she intended to be a miner's wife, so she went with him to their wild camp in the high Sierras and remained there three years. There she sometimes met Mr. Hayward.

Afterwards they went to Auburn, built a fine home and remained there until the husband died.

In addition to the first stake of $1,500,000, the man took another million from the old river bed; but he knew nothing about business; he invested his money in a hundred schemes, and when he died his wife found that there was nothing left but the home and the "remnants" of the old mine. She went back to the old camp and looked it carefully over and then went to find Mr. Hayward in San Francisco. She called upon him and told him that she had come to him to borrow $10,000, maybe $15,000.

He smiled and asked her what her plans were, for he knew that her husband had left her next to nothing.

Then she unrolled before him a map or map and sketch combined, and asked him if he recognized the place. He looked long at it and then said. "It is as the camp was fifteen years ago."

"That was when I made it," she replied.

"You made it?" he asked.

Then she explained that when a young girl she used to make caricatures of every teacher that she did not like, and every boy that she found looking at her in school. That when her late husband found her in New York she was teaching mathematics and drawing; that when her honeymoon began to wane up in that mining camp, to occupy herself she began to sketch the camp.

"But," she added, "look closer, Mr. Hayward! Do you see these lines? They represent the old river bed, from this point (touching the map) up and down. My husband worked out the bed above as far as he could follow it, and found that the fall averaged twenty feet to the mile. Then he went below and started this tunnel (tapping another line) to strike the old bed in 700 feet.

He ran it 50 feet, and then the upper river bed was paying so much that he put all the men to work there and never resumed work on this lower tunnel. I want the money to drive that tunnel 200 feet more, to strike the channel."

"Suppose you do not strike it?" asked Mr. Hayward.

"But I shall. I must," was the reply. "My children and myself cannot get along without it."

"What do you know about mining?" asked Hayward.

"Did I not work three years in those mines?" she asked, and then added: "Please keep in mind that I am no common miner. I am a mining engineer. Look at that map!"

"Well," said Hayward at last, "such pluck as yours deserves recognition. Draw on me for all you want!"

The lady made good; paid him back every cent and had something left for herself and children. I can not tell her name for the children were still alive when I last heard from them, though their mother is dead. Everyone in Auburn will know whom I mean.

As Mr. Hayward grew old he became a great spiritualist, a sort of Uncle Jesse Knight, for rumor has it that Uncle Jesse dreams out bonanzas; but Mr. Hayward's spirits came out flat-footed and told him what mines would do.

The late Charlie Lane found or obtained an option on the Utica mine at Angels camp in Calaveras county, Cal., and went at once to Mr. Hayward for help. Hayward was then an old man, but the Utica was on the mother lode; he looked at the samples Lane had brought (whether the spirits approved I do not know, but Hayward did) and told Lane to go ahead, and in the next six years the mine made them both what would have been great fortunes before the Comstock was found. He made his first and last fortune on the mother lode, and though he made more money on the Comstock than he did in California, his first love was for that same great lode that plows its way for three hundred miles through the Sierras; which has made so many people rich and which, its friends believe, holds yet in its course vastly more than it has so far given up.

Mr. Hayward was one of the first to demonstrate its possibilities; it made him a millionaire when millionaires were rare objects in this old world, and he in return made it clear to the men of California that the quartz of the state would many times make up for the vanishing placers.

Mr Hayward died a few years ago in San Francisco.

We do not know of one reproach that followed him out into the Beyond.

He came to California and single-handed forged out a fortune for himself and made it from the hills; no other man was made poorer by it, rather while he was wresting it from the stubborn rocks, his life was a blessing to those around him; he kept his brain alert to find where he could be of use to his fellow men and his heart always open and generous.

At the same time he was a shrewd business man; if he was ever foolish with his money it was because he intended to be. Among as sharp men as ever battle for fortunes either through the legitimate channels of business or by desperate plunging on the stock market, Mr. Hayward never lost his head nor his temper, but moved easily among them, saved what he had made and added to it.

He believed in the invincibility of work; his love for California and his desire to see the great state exalted were grand passions with him; he was one of the very strong men of the Golden State for more than half a century; and among those who changed the great state from its barbaric glory in 1849 to its enlightened splendor of today, not one did nobler nor higher nor more effective work than Alvinza Hayward.

HARRY I. THORNTON.

HE WAS slight and fair, not more than twenty-four years of age, I think, when he reached California, but he was already an accomplished lawyer. He hailed, I believe, from Alabama, and was of the first families. He settled in Downieville and soon made a name as an orator and lawyer, and was looked upon as sure to stamp himself upon the state as one of its foremost citizens. His private life was above reproach—he always carried himself as one who was above winning anything except on merit, and as though his self-respect was something which he would sooner die than stain or wound. After awhile the Sierra district sent him to the legislature and he soon made a name there as a speaker and legislator. He was a Democrat of the Southern school and politics were fast taking on a fiery form in California. The killing of Broderick by Terry, and Ferguson by Penn Johnson had inflamed northern-born men of all parties. Though they were both killed in duels, the feeling in the first case was that he was challenged by an expert duelist, not because of the reason assigned, but to get him out of the way, and in the latter case that it was little better than murder, for Ferguson was one of the most genial, gentle and kindly of men.

The extreme Southern-born men counted on General Albert Sidney Johnston turning over the arms and ammunition stored in Alcatraz to them. But he was a soldier, and was on his honor to perform his duty, and though all his sympathies were with the Confederacy, he would not betray his trust. When he was relieved by General Sumner, and resigned from the army to start for the South, a great many southern-born men in California followed him.

Thornton made a ringing speech in the legislature giving his reasons why he could no longer serve California as one of her law-makers, sent in his resignation, and likewise left for the South.

He was at once given a commission and a place on General Pat Cleburne's staff. He fought in all the battles that the fiery Cleburne engaged in, the most furious one being at Franklin. He told me that on that afternoon Hood ordered six separate assaults upon the earthworks behind which Schofield with his seven thousand veterans played upon Hood's army in the open field. Six high officers of Hood's army were killed, among whom, if we are not mistaken, Cleburne was one, with a score of lesser officers and an appalling list of men. Franklin virtually decided the battle of Nashville.

It was what Hougomont was to Waterloo, and a part of Hugo's description would apply to Franklin, as follows:

"Napoleon sent his brother Jerome against Hougomont; the divisions of Foy, Guillemont and Bacheln hurled thunders against it; nearly the entire corps of Rielle was employed against it and miscarried; Killerman's brigades were exhausted on this heroic section of wall. Banduin's brigade was not strong enough to force Hougomont on the north, and the division of Gage could not do more than effect the beginning of a breach on the south.'

And the result:

"Banduin killed; Foy wounded; conflagration. massacre carnage; a river of English blood; French blood; German blood mingled in fury; a well crammed with corpses; the regiment of Nassau and the regiment of Brunswick destroyed; Duplat killed; Blackmaun killed; the English guards mutilated; twenty French battalions besides the forty from Reille's corps descimated; three thousand men in that hovel of Hougomont cut down. slashed to pieces," etc.

As will be remembered, when Sherman at Atlanta wired Grant, asking permission to break away from his base and go through to the sea, Grant wired back to detach Thomas to look after Hood (who was in command of the Southern army in front of Sherman), and then go ahead. Sherman took ninety thousand of his army and started "From Atlanta to the Sea," and the army he left Thomas was so much inferior to Hood's that there was nothing for Thomas to do but to fall back until he could unite with the command at Nashville. Then began that movement of Thomas' army with Hood hanging on his rear and seeking the opportunity to overwhelm him.

When Thomas reached Franklin, two days' march from Nashville, he ordered Schofield with seven thousand men to occupy the works there that had previously been constructed; to keep a lookout for Hood, and if he found that he was flanking him, to leave the works and hurry after him, but if Hood attacked him to fight him until night and then draw out his troops and follow him to Nashville. Evidently Thomas believed from what he knew of Hood's impetuous nature that he would try to crush Schofield and then his battle with Thomas would be much easier, which would have been good generalship had Schofield been in the open like himself, but not when Schofield's army was splendidly entrenched. So Hood led his army through six distinct assaults with loss so frightful that it was only a half-hearted army that he had left. Thornton told me that in the last assault General Adams led his command until his horse's fore feet were reared upon the earthworks, when he and his horse were both killed.

When night came down, following his orders, Schofield silently withdrew his army and hurried on to join Thomas. Next morning the Confederates entered the deserted works, and found there the body of General Adams. The Federals had gone out and carried the body in, composed the limbs on a blanket and over it had laid an officer's costly military cloak.

When the war closed Thornton prepared the necessary papers and went to Washington. He went to Secretary of War Stanton's office next morning and waited his turn to speak to him. When the others were disposed of, Thornton went to the rail which separated the outer from the inner office, and Stanton asked in his brusque way what he could do for him. Thornton, pushing forward his papers, replied: "I have come, Mr. Secretary, with a petition for pardon."

Stanton looked down upon him for an instant and then said: "You had better go about your business. We are not spending our time in pardoning boys."

I suspect that hurt Thornton more than would a blow. He had practiced law several years, been a member of the legislature of a great state and then had fought by the side of a general renowned for his fighting propensities, only to be called a boy and told to go about his business by a grim old secretary of war.

From Washington he went to New York and watched the thousands that thronged the streets, the ships going and coming, and he told me he had never realized before what fools the southern men had been. "Why," said he, "New York City alone could have licked us, and had she found the work a little too robust, she could in a month have imported enough Irishmen and Germans to have beaten us down through the sheer force of numbers." As soon as he could he sought the west. Reaching San Francisco, his friends advised him that all the rush was for Nevada, and he went there, settling first, I think, in Austin and going from there to Hamilton. When he arrived in Austin he found many old Sierra county friends. The first proposition was to all have a drink. As they stood glasses in hand, one man cried out, "Here's to the south, beaten, but not subdued." Thornton set down his glass and turning to the man, said: "Where in the south did you serve?"

"Oh, I was here," said the man.

Then Thornton said: "I was in the south, and I am subdued."

He formed a law partnership with Judge Garber, and the firm was recognized as one of the foremost in the state for several years. He was handling a mining case in Belmont and the principal on the other side was a Frenchman who had but a poor understanding of English. In his final argument, Thornton used the Frenchman's name several times. A would-be funny deputy sheriff sitting near the Frenchman asked him if he understood what Thornton was saying. He replied that his understanding was imperfect, when the other, thinking to have some fun, told the Frenchman that he was making fun of him and intimating that he was none too honest. When the Frenchman finally understood, he grew pale and asked the deputy if he would carry one paper to Monsieur Thornton. The deputy said he would, and the Frenchman went to a desk and wrote something in French and gave it to the deputy.

When Thornton finished his argument the deputy carried him the paper. Thornton read it, his face flushed a little and leaning forward, he penned an answer. A lawyer friend was watching him, and leaning over him said: "What is it, Harry?" Thornton passed him the Frenchman's note. He read it and the friend said: "Are you going to notice it, Harry?" For answer he held up his acceptance. The friend read it and then declared that it must not be; that Thornton had said nothing to provoke a challenge, and the man was only a boor.

To this, Thornton replied: "When a man is willing to risk his life for the honor of his name, his social position is not to be questioned. He is a man as good as any other man."

It required the utmost exertion of the court and bar, coupled with the protestations of the deputy that it was all meant as a bit of fun, to make Thornton concede anything. Finally he said: "Gentlemen, bring me a formal withdrawal of this challenge signed by Monsieur, or the fight goes." Then the Frenchman was appealed to, but he was as game as a bull-dog, and not until the judge of the court assured him on his honor that there was not a word of disrespect to him in Thornton's speech, would he sign the paper. He finally did, grinding his teeth and swearing low to himself in the meantime. Then he sprang up and challenged the deputy to fight him, "not with ze sabre, not with ze gun, not with ze cannon, not with ze bomb, but with ze fists."

Then it required another extended explanation that the deputy was a peace officer, and while he held the office could only fight to keep the peace.

The Frenchman was still angry when he started out of town toward his mine.

Thornton and Garber were in all the litigation in White Pine county, and in all the great cases in Pioche and Eureka. After some years they removed to San Francisco and there maintained their high standing as lawyers and men. But after Mrs. Thornton died, Harry seemed to lose his interest in his business, and a little later an insidious disease came upon him. He had bought a farm some miles out of Oakland and raised horses and flowers upon it. He bought the place merely as a resting place when he wanted to be quiet, but as his feebleness increased he spent more and more time there, and I believe died there.

He was most gifted and lovable; most generous in his estimates of his fellow men. There was nothing of envy or jealousy in his nature; not one drop of cold blood in his veins. Such a nature naturally drew men to it, and the grief over his death extended from cabin to palace and took in all classes of men.

Except for the great war, Harry I. Thornton's name would have been familiar and honored in every home on the west coast.

A little anecdote may make a good closing for this sketch. One day, when General Sherman was before Atlanta and Bragg was in command of the Confederate army in his front, Bragg sent a flag of truce to Sherman. Thornton heard the order given and begged to go along. The little company passed through the union lines and came upon Sherman's headquarters. One side of Sherman's tent was thrown back and Sherman was seen within bending over a map and talking to a group of officers around him and gesticulating in his impetuous way. As the flag of truce was announced, all in the tent stood at attention. The ranking officer approached General Sherman. They had been friends before the war. Sherman greeted him cordially and presented him to the officers around him. Then the Confederate officer presented those who had accompanied him, until it came to Thornton, when Sherman said: "One moment." Looking intently at Thornton in his colonel's uniform, he said: "I had the honor of being associated with you in the trial of the case of Lucas Turner & Co. vs. Langston's Express Company, in Downieville, California. The trial began on the 16th day of February, 1854, and lasted four days. It was a hot fight, but we licked 'em. I am glad to see you, Col. Thornton." Then added, "Colonel Harry I. Thornton." Then he turned to his officers and introduced Thornton as an old California friend.

"DAN DE QUILLE."

HIS real name was William Wright, but his *nom de plume* grew to so much overshadow it that thousands knew him by no other name. Prior to the war, the Sacramento *Union* had a correspondent who signed himself "Ching Foo." He was an army officer, but in time of peace wrote to the *Union*. He was a fine writer; his letters were superbly prepared and called for loving remembrance for years after he ceased to write. In Washoe county, Nev., was a prevaricator whose genius in that line is still recalled with admiration. Long after "Ching Foo" had ceased to write for the *Union*, reference was made, in a little company, to his old-time wonderful letters. Our imaginative friend at once broke in upon the conversation in this strain: "Ching Foo was the most intelligent Chinaman that I ever saw. He cooked for me three years in Calevaras county, California. I taught him to write English."

There may be grand liars still who, when occasion requires, may be telling that Dan De Quille was a most intelligent Frenchman, and that it was under their care that he acquired a fair knowledge of English. But Dan was an American through and through. I believe he was Ohio born, but his home had been in Iowa from childhood until he went to Nevada.

He reached there in the autumn of '59, I believe, and took up his home in a cabin in Silver City. He was following in the wake of the Grosh brothers, who either first found the Comstock, or at least a spur of it, built a rude furnace and smelted the ore and then both died—one in trying to cross the Sierras in winter, and the other of sorrow and sickness a little later. Dan was a good deal of a geologist and something of a mineralogist, and studied the Comstock from the surface to below the 3,000 level. He was always writing dissertations on the lode and its formation, and when Mr. Goodman moved the *Enterprise* to Virginia City, Dan became a regular contributor, which culminated in a few months in his becoming one of the staff of the great little paper. Then for more than thirty years he was in full evidence in the columns of that journal. Without him the paper would have been an automobile with a punctured tire.

He was down in the mine every day at first, and could the files of the *Enterprise* have been saved, his articles taken out and arranged with the proper dates, would make a complete and fascinating history of the great lode from the first. Moreover, what he wrote, everybody believed implicitly. This or that expert might make a report, and men would say, "He may have been mistaken." This or that owner of heavy shares might express his opinion, and men would say: "Maybe his interests prejudice him." But everyone believed Dan.

But his work was not confined to the mines. It covered everything; he was a mining reporter, a local reporter, and when, late at night, his regular work was finished, he would write away until after daylight on some droll story or some scientific theme.

He had a quaint irony through which he could make fun of his fellow man's idiosyncracies, which everyone would recognize at a glance, but he never offended anyone.

Daggett, with his intellectual cleaver, would chop a man to pieces. Mark Twain, with his droll humor, would lead his victim up to the shambles he had in waiting for him, and the unconscious creature would never suspect what was going to happen until the ax fell.

But Dan had a softer way. The intended victim would know all the time after the first ten lines that he was going to be sacrificed, but he was under a spell, enjoyed the process, and laughed after he was downed. Dan was in close rapport with the Indians and Chinese, and they all brought their troubles to him. Yan Sing came to him one day and said: "Mr. Quille, you sabbie! Hong Lung he die las week. We fix him up all lite, fine coffin, hire band, plenty music, plenty yellow paper, well we bellie him all lightie, but he come back first nightie, say he no all lite. He came nex night, say he no all lite, he come Slaterday night and say, 'What the h—l! Me no all lite.'

"Yesterday we dig him up, open boxie, what you thinkie? One leg pullie up so (bending his knee). We pushee leggie down, make um straight, nail up box, bellie him again. He no come last nightie."

Dan was married, and a baby girl was born to him before he left Iowa for the far west. When old enough this little girl began to write him letters. They were a crown of glory to Dan and the writer of them was Dan's divinity, the one thing that kept his heart warm and filled with a celestial light.

He was drinking beer with Steve Gillis one night in the Fredericksburg brewery, when he broke out and delivered a eulogy on this little girl back in Iowa. Gillis listened and then said: "Dan, I have been looking for just such a girl as that. Bring her out here and I will marry her."

Dan's face grew savage in a moment. Bringing his first down with a resounding whack upon the table, he exclaimed: "No, sir; no, sir; no son of a gun that drinks beer can ever look at that girl, much less marry her."

He wrote up a plausible story, taking as a starter the fact that C street, Virginia City, was exactly the same altitude as the surface of Lake Tahoe, thirty miles away in the Sierras. He explained that the excessive water in the Comstock was probably due to an underground channel from the lake, coming that long way under the mountains and under Washoe valley, then under Mount Davidson in the range in which the Comstock is located, and filling the Comstock fissure to the surface; and all that kept it from overflowing was that the surface of the lake was at the same altitude as the croppings of the Comstock: and instead of favoring the Sutro tunnel to drain the lode, he suggested that shafts should be sunk in Washoe valley and drifts run, until the underground channel was found; then plug that and, of course, when the Comstock was once pumped out there would be no more trouble from water.

His solar armor story was one of his best ones. It was an invention intended to neutralize the excessive heat of the summer. It was called "a solar armor." It was a suit of India rubber that a man could put on, but within it was a compact air compressor attached to which was a pocket battery to run it. When the wearer found it was growing too warm, he had but to touch a button to set the compressor going, and when sufficiently cooled, he could touch another button and shut off the power.

At last, according to Dan, when the inventor got all ready, he put on the armor and started across Death valley one afternoon when the thermometer marked 117 degrees in the shade, and went out of sight in the sun. He did not return, and the next morning an exploring party started out to try to find traces of him. Out four or five miles in the desert they found the man's body. He had started the apparatus evidently, but could not stop it, and it had frozen him to death. The machine was still running when the body was found, and an icicle eighteen inches long was pendant from the nose of the dead man.

About a month after the story was published Dan received a London *Times* one morning containing a marked article that filled two or three columns of that ponderous publication.

Some writer had read his article, accepted it as true, endorsed the principle and elaborated upon the advantages which would come of it, could the government see its way clear to supply the British soldiers in India and other hot countries with the armor. Dan read it through, then with a blue pencil drew a line around the article and connected the two ends with a pencil sketch of a hoodlum, looking at some far away object, and the figure had his right thumb to his nose with his fingers wiggling He put the paper in a wrapper and directed it to the Scientific Writer, care of the *Times*, London, England. But all that day he wore such a look as Dr. Holmes must have worn while writing that poem in which he promised never more to "write as funny as I can."

His resourcefulness in a newspaper office was wonderful. He could do two or three men's work when necessary; his industry was untiring and his brain exhaustless.

He took one summer off and wrote his book, "The Great Bonanza," which is a true story of the Comstock up to 1875. He was tall and slim, and as he grew older he seemed to grow more spare and tall, and a feebleness came upon him which finally left him no strength to work. He went back to his friends in Iowa and as the winter came on the influenza which came that winter across the Atlantic prostrated him. He recovered from the disease, but he had no strength to rally and after a few weeks the wornout machinery ran down and stopped.

He was the most winsome of men; no man was ever more honest or conscientious; he was gifted in a hundred ways; he was one of the most efficient and valuable men that ever wore out his life in a newspaper office, and no one who knew him well has ever ceased grieving for him.

He was above both bribes or bluffs; no man could ever corrupt him; no man could scare him. He made no pretentions, but every day he followed his duty as God gave him to see it. and along its path. though there were sometimes thorns and sharp rocks under his feet, he never stopped unless to here and there plant a flower or a shade tree.

He did not need any credentials when his soul went above. The pearly gates swung back merely at the mention of his name, and I fancy that the breeze that swept over Summer Land in that hour, caused every harp-string to thrill with soft æolian notes in welcome to Dan.

COLONEL ROBERT H. TAYLOR.

HE would have been a great statesman had not nature given him so many splendid gifts to lure him from a settled and high purpose. Then in a rollicking mood, Bacchus must have stooped and kissed his baby lips while he was yet in his cradle. He was just about the height and size of James G. Blaine, quite as bright, but far more versatile.

He was born and reared, educated, and studied law in New York City. He married into a stately family there—one of the old "400," in which no one could gain recognition unless his credentials were of the highest. Had he remained I am sure that he would have divided honors with the very highest, for his equipment was complete; he was perfect physically and his mind was superb. After a few years his wife died, leaving a boy perhaps ten years old. Then came the news of the gold discoveries in the west, and he, with some others, chartered or bought a bark, and after a very long voyage, reached San Francisco. Marysville had just been "located," and he went there to begin the practice of his profession. While erratic in a thousand ways he was as methodical and automatic as a piece of machinery. No lawyer ever drew up the papers in a case with more care. They are models in every court in which he ever practiced. They were perfect as legal documents, but in addition there was a style about them which few lawyers could in the least imitate, for while the strict legal phraseology was closely clung to, a word here and there gave them a rhythm which was as though Jove, while framing a decree, was humming low to himself a strain from one of Apollo's songs, which mellowed the irrevocable edict. And still he was a natural poet. When any public occasion required it, he was on hand with a poem, or a dissertation in prose which only required to have its measure changed to make it a poem. Indeed, in Marysville, he practically edited a newspaper for a long time. Moreover, he was as good an actor as he was poet or lawyer, and often appeared to help out an amateur play.

Later, in Virginia City, he played Iago to Lawrence Barrett's Othello, and divided the honors with Barrett. From Marysville he moved to Downieville and a little later was elected district judge and held the office for years until he voluntarily gave it up to remove to Virginia City. He had not been long in Downieville until news reached him that his boy in New York had been killed by a fall from a tree. He was never quite the same after that. He had the same devotion to duty; the same cordial bearing, the same warm-hearted generosity; but there was an indefinable change. He was at night more reckless in throwing off the cares of the day; his dreams for a high fortune and great name seemed to begin to fade away, and he cared less for the approval or at least the applause of his fellow men. But as a judge he filled every requirement. We never heard a complaint of his rulings, never heard of any man who ever cast a reflection on his absolute integrity He was one of the most perfect presiding officers that we ever saw, either on the bench or in a convention when the disposition was sometimes to make things stormy.

He never became confused, never lost his balance, nor his temper, and with his superb and perfectly practiced and disciplined voice, his rulings had a cadence and power which were never appealed from. He was a wonderful elocutionist. He could read a funeral service in a way to give the listener a feeling as though while he read an unseen organ was accompanying him.

As age came on he grew more dignified and more reckless. Although I never heard of his quarreling, he had a self-respect which never failed him. A man had been saying some mean things about him. He paid no attention to it, but one morning the same man approached smiling and with a "Good morning, Colonel," held out his hand. Taylor looked at him an instant, then turning away said, "Excuse me; I have just washed my hands."

I returned to Virginia City after an absence of some weeks and met the colonel a little after dark. We were near one of the famous saloons of those days, and the colonel insisted that we must take something. While standing at the bar, a German brass band, a new organization, began playing in front of the saloon.

The colonel explained: "It is a new band and the members need encouragement. Excuse me for one minute." He made a dash for the leader and I went my way.

I met him the next afternoon and asked him how he got along with his German friends the previous night.

He smiled and said: "Our German-American fellow citizens are hard gentlemen to throw down. It took me until 2 a. m. to do it."

I met him late one night with his partner Judge Campbell, and Judge Hardy. All had been drinking a good deal. Campbell and Hardy were considerably intoxicated. Taylor had drunk as often as the others, but was fully himself. The proposition was for another drink, and Hardy insisted that Taylor should sing again, "If I Had But a Thousand a Year." Taylor was as good a singer as he was elocutionist; but he had important business early on the morrow and said that he was going home.

In the meantime, he had managed to whisper to me: "Hardy is getting his incipient whoop on; we must get him home, for when real drunk he becomes mean and quarrelsome." After a little further parley we started Hardy and Campbell in front arm in arm walking with unsteady steps; Taylor and myself in the rear.

It was one of those still, delicious moonlight nights which Virginia City is given to in the dog days.

At the time the Civil war had just closed; all three, Taylor, Campbell and Hardy, were Democrats. Hardy a fierce Southern Democrat, a great friend of Terry, Gwin and the others of that school. But when the walk started, Campbell struck up "John Brown's Body Lies A-mouldering in the Grave," and Hardy joined him. We passed from C street up Union street to B, and then south on B street.

At one of the big livery stables on B street the stable boys had a pet black sheep named Joe. Joe was as well known as the mayor of the city. He had some pretty bad habits. He was fond of tobacco and especially fond of beer. On this night

Joe was lying on the outer edge of the sidewalk enjoying himself. Just as Campbell and Hardy came opposite him, they reached the stanza, "John Brown's pet lambs will meet him on the way," when Joe arose and gave a responsive "Bah." The singers were too much occupied to notice the aptness of Joe's response, but Taylor, with a "Did you hear that?" sat down on the curb of the walk with his feet in the gutter in a perfect hysteria of laughter. The judges turned up Taylor street toward A, where they both resided. I went with Taylor to his gate and left him. Next morning at 10 a. m. he was in court, and from his words and bearing no one would ever have discovered that a few hours before he had been sitting on the edge of the sidewalk with his feet in the gutter and screaming with laughter over a brief remark made by a black sheep.

He worked two years on a case in which he had a great fortune pending. It was decided against him in a territorial court. He told me that all the law and all the facts were in his favor; other great lawyers said the same, but he would not say a harsh word of the judge. He had been for several years a judge himself, but had "the recall" been possible in those days, I suspect he would have voted for it. He worked on, but his wild nights became more frequent, and the wrong side of stocks had something to do with it, for he left Virginia City fortuneless and passed the remainder of his life in San Francisco.

I can but think that had he remained in New York, he would have made a name as great as Samuel J. Tilden or Roscoe Conkling. He had all their high attributes and other winsome qualities that neither possessed, but lacked one thing, which was fixedness of purpose. There was so much of the thoroughbred in him that once in a while if he could not get proper exercise he would kick a side out of his own stable; then with his strength and power he was by nature so genial and so bright that every Bohemian sought him out. He was the happiest toastmaster that ever presided at a banquet; as orator of the day, no matter what the occasion, he was always perfect; if a role needed filling at the theatre, he could assume it with perfect grace, and could melt an audience to tears just by the way he read a burial service. He should have made for himself a great name, and would, had he been denied half his winsome gifts, or had his lot been cast where only steady business was the rule and where the highest society was exacting in its requirements.

He was the soul of honor; moreover, he was a devout Christian. He told me once that Archbishop McCloskey of New York was the greatest and most winsome man he had ever met. Under his eye what might not have been his fame? Had he remained in Sierra county, he would have been judge for life and held with the highest. But in Virginia City in its palmy days, there were no brakes on men and every boiler carried double pressure.

R. H. Taylor was one of the truest and best of friends, and the keenest regret that followed him to his grave was that he was not a more exacting friend of himself.

THE OLD STAGE DRIVERS.

MOHAMMED was a camel driver, but he was not like other camel drivers. The stage drivers in the old California and Nevada days were not like other stage drivers. Marysville, California, was headquarters for the California Stage Company, and it was there that staging was seen at its fulness.

As soon as it was light on those delicious mornings, the criers began—one can hear them still,—"Empire Ranch, Rough and Ready, Grass Valley and Nevada" was the first cry. Then came "Oregon Ranch, Camptonville, Downieville." Then "Oroville, Forbestown and Moore's Flat." Then "Tehama, Red Bluff, Shasta and Yreka," and at steady intervals in a glorified baritone rang out "Sacramento, Sacramento."

Then, from the stables would come the stages. The horses had been driven across the plains, turned out on their arrival and by the next spring they had grown a hand in height, and when taken up, fed grain and groomed, they were most beautiful.

The great Troy coaches for twenty-seven passengers and drawn by eight horses, had the right-of-way. At first they were driven on alternate days by "Big John" and "Big Jake." Their real names were John Littlefield and Jacob Putnam. Later Oscar Ross was put upon that line, but one morning he ran his coach into an opposition coach and knocked it to pieces, and a passenger on the opposition coach, as soon as he could extricate himself from the wreck, fired a full charge of bird shot, at close range, into Oscar's side and he died three days later. "Big John" became dissipated and the company took him from the Sacramento route and gave him one of the Camptonville coaches, which were four-horse coaches. After a few days he made a night with the boys in Camptonville. He was a little "How-came-you-so" when he mounted the box next morning, and, going down the Goodyear hill grade, rolled his coach over, broke the rail from the top of it, bruised badly a

Chinese passenger, but managed to get to Marysville. He had the coach repaired at his own expense and next morning drove up in front of the stage office. While waiting for the time to start, a clerk came out of the office and, walking up to the coach, said: "Mr. Littlefield, President Hayworth has instructed me to inform you that your salary has stopped."

Littlefield began to wind the reins around the brake bar, and in a soft voice which grew harsher as he went on, said: "My compliments to President Hayworth, and kindly say to him that while I hate to disappoint him, if what you have just said is true, I'll be d—d if I drive!"

Robert Robins and his twin brother Dan drove the Shasta stages, leaving Marysville on alternate days. They were known as "Curly Bob" and "Curly Dan," because of their curly hair. As the railroad stretched its way up toward Tehama and Red Bluff, and staging declined, they came to this side of the Sierras and drove on the Overland and branch lines. They were fine looking men and great drivers, and had none of the wild strata in them which is so common in men of their calling. Rob died some years ago in Idaho, and Dan in Salt Lake City a few months ago.

Baldy Green was another famous whip. He was an old-time California driver and then for years handled the ribbons on the Overland between Virginia City and Austin.

The last I heard of him he was a justice of the peace in Humboldt county. His knowledge of law was limited, but he surely had a great deal of horse sense. He must have been of the Sancho Panza order of magistrates.

Of course half of the world has heard of Hank Monk. Before there was any grade over the Sierras and before the finding of the Comstock, Monk drove a stage between Genoa and Placerville. It was there that Horace Greeley encountered him and the famous story has been told with more variations than are used when "Home, Sweet Home" is played on the piano by an amateur. There was not much to it except that Greeley grew impatient going up the mountains from the Genoa side and sharply told Monk that he was put down for a lecture in Placerville that night. Monk with his drawl told him to keep his seat, that he would have him there on time. Reaching the summit, Monk shook out his team and Mr. Greeley's head collided with the top of the coach at short intervals, which caused him to cry out to go slower, but Monk's only reply was: "Keep your seat, Mr. Greeley; I will have you there on time."

Mr. Greeley did not know it, but the man on the box was about the most superb reinsman in the world. His secret was his exact calculation. With every ribbon apparently loose, he would turn a running team on a narrow street, and bring them to a full stop at exactly the right point.

A friend of mine came down one evening with Monk from Glenbrook on Lake Tahoe, to Carson City, fourteen miles, in forty-five minutes. The friend asked him if he ever rolled a stage over on that route, for the horses were at full gallop half the time. "Oh, no," was the reply, "when you strike a level grade ride your brake and let the stock go; but when you turn a curve, take off your brake and give the wheels full play, because to ride a brake around a curve when going lively might make you trouble."

Monk had a superior education and was famous for droll expressions. I was riding beside him once when, nearing a wayside hotel, a man with overcoat on arm came running out of the hotel to the coach. Monk pulled up his team, when the man said: "Monk, have you seen Bill lately?"

"Yes, saw him yesterday; he's coming down with me tomorrow," was the reply.

The man said he was glad, turned and walked back to the hotel, and Monk, easing up on the reins, the team trotted on. When we had gone a few rods, Monk said: "I wonder what Bill that yahoo meant?"

"What Bill did you mean?" I asked.

"I meant the way-bill," said Monk.

Mrs. ——— of Virginia City went up to Tahoe in a carriage one day for a few weeks' rest in the hot weather. She left her trunk—a skyscraper—to be sent next day by coach. When Monk reached the hotel at the lake, the lady, a fidgety little woman, was on the upper piazza looking for her trunk. It was not there, and, knowing Monk well, she called to him and asked where it was.

"They were sawing it in two when I left," he replied. "I will bring half of it tomorrow and the other half next day."

The lady rushed to her room and cried out to her husband: "They are sawing my trunk in two in Carson and all my good clothes are in that trunk: all my party dresses."

"Oh, well," said the husband, "that will be all right; you are not more than half dressed anyway when you go to a party."

At last, after many years, Monk tipped a stage over. He never recovered from the humiliation of it, and died a few months later.

But when the Comstock was discovered, stages and stage drivers reached perfection. The coaches were beautiful, the horses magnificent, covered with ivory rings, tassels on their head stalls, and trappings generally as splendid as could be invented. There were two rival lines: the California Stage Company's line from Dutch Flat via Donner Lake to Virginia City and Wells Fargo & Company's pioneer line from Placerville via Genoa and Carson City to Virginia City. The drivers were the finest that could be found. Among these were John Burnett, whose sobriquet was "Sage Brush;" Wm. Gephardt, "Curly Bill;" Charlie Livermore, and others.

"Sage Brush" was a wonder with the reins. He was driving for Jack Gilmer in Nebraska and Dakota when in a quarrel one night he killed or desperately wounded a man. The difficulty was fixed up some way, but he thought best to leave that region, and finally reached Sacramento. He was a small man and was much travel worn, but he walked into the stage office then in charge of Grant Israel and asked if he needed a stage driver.

Israel had just quarreled with a recalcitrant driver and discharged him, and was in no good humor. Turning fiercely upon Sage Brush, he said: "A stage driver? Did you ever drive a stage?" Sage Brush had a drawl like Mark Twain and he answered, "A little." "Ever drive two horses?" was Grant's next question. "Sometimes," said Sage Brush. "Ever drive four?" asked Israel. "Occasionally," was the answer. "Ever drive six?" asked Grant fiercely. "Oh, yes, once in a while," said Sage Brush. "When can you go to work?" asked Israel. "Whenever you like," was the answer. "Do you know where the stage barns are?" was Israel's next question. Sage Brush said he did.

"Well," said Israel, "go there tomorrow morning at six o'clock and tell the men you are to have the six bays for the Placerville route. Come down the street that the barn is on to a block below this, then turn to the left a block, then turn into this street and bring the coach to this door!" "All right," said Sage Brush, and turned to the door. But Israel hailed him and, calling him back, said: "I suppose you are broke; take this," extending a twenty-dollar gold piece, "and get yourself a square meal!"

"No, thanks," said Sage Brush. "I have plenty of money. I only drive stage for exercise," and went out.

Then the clerks in chorus said: "Mr. Israel, you surely are not going to give that team to that emigrant! They will kill him before he ever reaches this office."

"Suppose they do? You don't know how much I would give to see a stage driver killed. I have felt that way for a week."

Israel was out on time next morning to see the tenderfoot bring down the team; so were the clerks. He did not come down the back street, but down the street on which the office was situated, only on the other side, and the team was trotting along gently enough, all their pranks seemingly put aside. When a little below the office, the driver seemed to rouse himself. There was a swift tightening of the reins, a sharp crack of the whip, the leaders came around on a run, the swings on a gallop, the wheelers on a fast trot; at just the right moment all the reins were pulled taut, the driver's toe touched the brake, from the driver's lips came a low "ehe," and the team stood still. "A stage driver at last, by ——," cried Israel, and the clerks said, "You bet."

The stable boys said that before the new driver mounted the box, he inquired the name of each horse, then went to each one, called him by name, rubbed his nose a minute, talking low to him, and "hoodooed the whole bunch." "Sage Brush" drove the first coach on the Donner Lake route out of Virginia City every night, and "Curly Bill" the second. "Curly Bill" was not nearly so expert a reinsman as was "Sage Brush," but was a tremendously powerful man. One day a lady in his coach called to him asking protection from a passenger. The passenger happened to be a distinguished army officer who had made a great name in the Civil war. But that day he was in his cups, and in a vicious mood. Curly Bill got off the box, and, going to the stage door, said to him that one wearing the uniform he had on should respect it too much to make a woman afraid. The officer made an insulting reply, whereupon "Curly Bill" reached in, took him by the collar and hauled him out, bringing the door of the coach with him. The officer was appalled by the terrible strength of the driver, appalled and sobered. He apologized to "Curly Bill" and to the lady, and for the rest of the journey was "childlike and bland."

The teams driven in and out of Virginia City were marvels, but when the climbing of the Sierras began, less valuable horses were used. One day at Hunter's Station on the Truckee, Spaulding, superintendent of the road, asked "Curly Bill" if he would not for a few days exchange his team going west from there for that of "Sage Brush." At this "Curly Bill" demurred, saying that he had taken pains with his team, that they traveled together like clock work, and he did not want to give them up. Then Spaulding said: "But that team of Sage Brush's are big half-breeds, wild as Zebras and a bit vicious withal, and 'Sage Brush' is afraid that some day when he has a big load of passengers on the grade something will happen and he will have a spill."

"Oh, that is different!" said Bill. "Give me the right-of-way and I will try them." The next day the passengers were seated in the coach and Bill was on the box when the "devils" were brought out. It required two men to each horse to hook them to the stage, then the reins were passed to Bill, and he nodded to let them go. They all sprang into a run, over the bridge they flew and up the road for a mile, when Bill said to a man beside him: "I wonder if they are real game." With that he gathered the reins, touched his foot to the brake, and all six went up into the air as though they had struck a stone wall. "Why, they're dunghills," said Bill, and, taking his whip, he lashed them for a mile, then threw them up into the air again, and thus lashed them and hauled them up by turns all the way to Crystal Peak. They went into Crystal Peak in a sickly lope. They were all afoam and trembling almost in a collapse of exhaustion.

"Sage Brush" had crowded Bill's team to the utmost, and reached the Peak a few minutes later.

Bill, pointing to the panting, trembling horses, said: "They are broke, Sage Brush." And Sage Brush replied: "They look it."

When the railroad superceded the stage, "Curly Bill" established a livery stable in Virginia City and later removed it to San Francisco, where he died last year.

"Sage Brush" drifted to White Pine and then back to Austin. There one night he ran upon his own sister in a questionable place, went to his room and shot himself dead.

Charlie Livermore drove out and into Virginia City on the Placerville route.

At the beginning of this paper I made reference to Big John Littlefield. After losing his situation in California, he went to Virginia City and his friend, Deland, who had the Eclipse mine, gave him a fine six-horse team and wagon and set him to hauling quartz. But he got full, let the team get away from him and smash the wagon. Livermore told me that one morning he was driving his coach up the steep grade through Gold Hill. He had his pet six-horse chestnut team with all their trappings on, a full load, inside and out, of passengers, ladies and gentlemen, and he believed he had the finest team and coach in the world. Then he caught sight of Big John—who had driven the Troy coach and eight horses between Marysville and Sacramento—driving a donkey not much bigger than a jack rabbit on a whim close beside the road. Livermore said: "I was foolish enough to call to him and say, 'Why, John, what are you doing there?' when, in a voice like a fog horn John shouted back, 'I am trying to see to how d—d fine a point I can reduce this stage-driving business'."

Littlefield went north and died, I believe, in Oregon many years ago.

After the collapse of staging in Nevada, Livermore went to Arizona to drive on a line there. He had nothing left but one ivory ring such as are used where the reins cross between a team.

His first drive was in the night, and his only instructions were to follow the road. He was given four mules as wild as deer. It took several men to hitch them up; when they started it was on a run. A jolt put out all the lights. After a few minutes the coach stopped and the leaders disappeared in the darkness, the lead reins being pulled through Charley's hands. His first word was "Keno!'

Someone trying to find water had sunk a great shaft fifty feet deep, the lead mules had run directly into this shaft. As they fell the goose neck of the wagon pole broke, leaving the wheelers and coach on the brink. Asked what he thought, Livermore said: "I knew in a minute that my ivory ring was gone forever."

When Big Jake gave up staging he went to Virginia City and opened a bank,—not a national bank, but one of King Faro's, and became wealthy. Each year when the snow was deep and the sleighing good, it was his custom to hire a four or six horse team and sleigh with double bob-runners, fill the sleigh with robes and children and give the children the ride of their lives.

They are all gone. I do not know one of the old band that is left.

The world will never see their like again unless somewhere in the Cordilleras or Andes another Comstock may be found, beyond the reach of railroads, where steep grades will have to be climbed and descended and sharp curves rounded and commerce will have to return to old methods.

As it is, the old race have all passed away as did that driver in Sacramento, who, when dying, whispered: "It's a down grade and I can't reach the brake."

JUDGE ALEXANDER BALDWIN.

IN Nevada he was known as "Sandy" Baldwin; a small man about five feet eight in height, weighing perhaps 135 pounds. Had he been born a bird, he would have been a game rooster or an eagle.

He was the son of the famous Judge Joe Baldwin of Alabama, who wrote "Flush Times in Alabama." Sandy was not as great a lawyer or as profound a scholar as his father, but was growing to be both when overtaken by an untimely death.

He was one of the partners of William M. Stewart in Virginia City when he was appointed a United States circuit judge for Nevada.

This appointment sobered him a good deal, for he fully realized the responsibilities of the place, and notwithstanding his impetuous nature and the strong prejudices which he never sought to conceal, in his rulings an enemy was liable to fare better than a friend, for his thought seemed to be: "Would it not be a shame were I to permit my personal dislikes to sway my judicial judgment in weighing the legal rights of this man." So he gave him the benefit of all his doubts.

But it was when practicing law in Virginia City that he shone best. His audacity was something beautiful to see, and he kept his natural impudence burnished bright, though his hearty good nature made every one fond of him.

One day in a case a great deal of trouble was encountered in selecting a jury. The attorney opposed to Sandy was one given to spending much time on details, some of them trifling in importance. Finally, Sandy appealed to the court, pointing out that half the day had been spent on trifles not worth considering, adding that a few minutes were as good as a few hours in reaching a conclusion whether a man was competent to sit on a jury or not.

His opponent replied that he was bound to use every precaution and that he wanted the cause of his client tried by a jury of his peers.

Quick as a flash Sandy responded: "I see, you are expecting a break from the Nevada penitentiary and that all the convicts will make a rush for Story county to serve on juries."

In those years of 1861-62 and '63 about the hottest thing in Storey county was politics. Parties were about equally divided and party feeling ran very high. A contingent of the Knights of the Golden Circle was there and it was understood that if a break was made in California a like stand would be made in Virginia City. There were many sharp quarrels and here and there a man was killed, but when Sumter was fired upon, most of the Douglas Democrats joined with the Republicans, while the southern wing of the Democracy clung to the cause of the south.

Sandy was from the South, but he was a Union man, and this made the chivalry hate him worse than they did northern born Union men. But Sandy cared nothing for that.

One day a southern man was telling of the loss his family in the south would suffer should their slaves be freed, whereupon Sandy offered to bet him a thousand dollars to five hundred that no member of his family ever owned a slave: that in the south he belonged to the "poor white trash," that even the slaves had a contempt for, adding: "I know you by your walk. You have that shamble which is hereditary with your class of poor whites."

Before the autumn election in 1864 the Democrats had a county convention in Virginia City and determined to have a torchlight procession at night. The torches were secured and a brass band engaged and the procession started. It made a fine showing as it marched up C Street; the band playing and the men cheering.

Sandy was watching, but suddenly stepped from the sidewalk into the narrow street, and, touching one of the link men on the shoulder, with a stately courtesy, said: "Excuse me, my friend, and pardon my suggesting that you carry your torch nearer vertical, lest you burn the hair from the teeth of the gentleman next behind you." He deserved killing every day for the things he said, but somehow they never killed him.

The Republicans held a convention in Virginia City once, and a somewhat noted speaker was very bitter on the south, of the men who lived on the unpaid labor of the slaves, and spoke generally disdainfully of southern men and methods.

When he finished, Sandy sprang to his feet and made a speech, the tenor of which was something like this:

"I hope never to hear another speech such as we have just listened to, for it is hard for some of us to bear.

"The south is wrong now, but they are a brave and impetuous race and I can understand how, environed as they are, as their lives have been, they have been led into their present attitude. I am satisfied that had I remained there, I should have been with them heart and soul. But no matter how much in the wrong they may be, there is no nobler race of men than they; they treat their slaves better than the gentleman who has just addressed you would had he been a slaveholder among them; and the man who discounts the manhood of the men or the womanhood of the women of the south, is to be pitied for his ignorance, for he knows nothing of what he essays to discuss."

Judge Baldwin had a high and proud career in Nevada and grew in intellect as the years went by, but suddenly in the very prime of his manhood and when his abilities were at their highest, he was, in 1869, killed instantly in a railroad collision near Alameda, California.

He was greatly missed and mourned in Nevada.

He would have been a distinct personality in any country; so game was he, so alert, so audacious and yet so kindly. He had all the attributes that go to make up a brilliant and stalwart man; he was an honor to his name, to the state that gave him birth, to the state in which he was so conspicuous a figure for fifteen years. He was buried from the home of his great relative, John B. Felton, in Oakland, and the winds that sweep in through the Golden Gate pause to murmur over no braver grave than his.

Judge Baldwin's wife was one of the most beautiful women of the west coast. About the time of the judge's death the wife of General John B. Winter, Superintendent of the Yellow Jacket mine at Gold Hill, died. The families had been intimate friends and two or three years after the death of Judge Baldwin and Mrs. Winter, the General and Mrs. Baldwin were married, and a little later removed to San Francisco.

From the beginning of the mining on the Comstock a weird woman lived there. She kept a boarding house at first in Gold Hill, but became the owner of twenty feet in one of the Gold Hill mines; the Alta, I believe. "Sandy" Bowers, an illiterate and uncouth man in many ways, a rough miner, also owned twenty feet of the Gold Hill ground. He boarded at the house of this woman and soon made her acquaintance; they were each receiving large dividends from their interests; at last they were married and their united ground, when sold, made them very rich.

Mrs. Bowers claimed to possess the second sight, and I guess she did, for she told people many things which seemed to have no more substance than a vagrant dream, but, as a rule, they came true. She was called "the Washoe seeress," and some of the strongest men on the Comstock were wont to consult her. She knew Judge and Mrs. Baldwin well, as she did almost everyone else in western Nevada.

One day in 1877, I think, she met R. M. Daggett on the street and Daggett accosted her in his cheery way, with: "What's the news, Mrs. Bowers?"

She replied: "I have something very strange to tell you, Mr. Daggett. I was alone riding in my buggy down in the valley last night, when suddenly Sandy (Baldwin) sat on the seat beside me. I hate to have him come, for he is always jollying me the same as he used to when in the old days I met him here in Virginia City.

"But last night there was an exultant, joyous look on his face—a kind of glory—and he held up before me a pair of white gloves—you never saw anything of such celestial whiteness as were those gloves, and he whispered: 'Alice will be a bride again tonight.' Have you heard any news from San Francisco this morning?"

Daggett replied that he had not, that he had just come down town and was on the way to his office. As he ascended the stairs, he was saying to himself: "The old lady is growing more and more uncanny." He entered his office, hung up his hat and sat down at his desk, when there before him lay a sealed telegraph dispatch. He tore it open and read the following:

"SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., ———.

"*Editor Enterprise, Va. City, Nev.*

"Mrs. John B. Winter—she who was the late Judge Alexander Baldwin's wife, died in this city at 1:15 o'clock this morning."

All their friends hope that the phantom gloves were drawn in all their whiteness upon her ghostly hands that night and that their second honeymoon is to last through all eternity.

PROFESSOR JOSHUA CLAYTON.

THE schools do not perfect all the great men, or open for them avenues to travel up the trails which lead to success. They do not supply half the school masters of this world, for now and then there comes one who can teach the masters.

The heroes do not all appear on the battle line, or on the decks of fighting ships, for the bravest of the brave are those who fight their way through the dark ambuscades of ignorance and poverty and superstition up into the celestial light.

Joshua Clayton was one of these. Born somewhere in the wild mountainous regions of Georgia, in the heroic squalor which abounded there some four score years ago, where poverty was accepted as a matter of course, but where a fierce manhood would brook no criticisms, nor acknowledge that there was anything to be apologized for; in those primitive surroundings Joshua Clayton was born and grew to manhood.

All his life, to his credit, he was proud of the manhood and exalted womanhood of that region, his belief being that it was from such stock that primitive man emerged and from which, when the right germs began to expand, civilization and enlightenment were finally evolved.

Somehow he learned to read and write, and to obtain the simplest rudiments of an education. We suspect that he owed more to a glorified mother than to all the schools—we mean schools taught by men and women.

But of the other school, that of nature, he was a pupil all his days; from rocks and trees and stars all his life he drew knowledge which through the chemistry of genius he transmuted into wisdom.

He would have been a boon companion of John Muir. Together they would have searched the record of the glacier and discovered the vital energies that set it in flow; where the earthquake had been upon its march, like camp followers, they would have unearthed from the debris it left why it was wakened to life and the object of its campaign.

He was an omniverous reader; a lifelong student, who, after a hard day's toil loved nothing so much, to rest himself, as to spend half the night in working out some scientific problem. He went over the problems that other scientists had solved and tried them to see if they would stand the test of later knowledge, and many a time he pointed out their errors.

He was one who, had no elements of science ever been reduced to rule and form, would have promulgated the rules and established the forms. Often he would modestly demonstrate by exact figures or illustrations where this or that great man had erred, both in theory and in elucidation, at the same time explaining how natural was the mistake with such lights as the learned men had before them at the time they lived.

He came with the Argonauts to the west coast, and his years in California were devoted to study, and to obtain means to live upon he worked in the placers and in the quartz mills. He was an expert worker of gold ores.

Give him a shell and he would at a glance tell you to what age it belonged and how long its former inmate was engaged in building the house in which he lived before

"* * * he was free,
Leaving his outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

To his opinions on all these questions, Clarence King, Raymond—the whole array of scientists, conceded his superiority.

He loved to sit by the hour where the earthquake had rent the earth's crust, and explain why it was attended by certain profound phenomena.

He loved to explain why the glacier was but a sublime preliminary in preparing the earth for races of intelligent beings, which at the time and for millions of years thereafter had no existence save in the mind of God.

Could such a man have strolled quietly into Athens and found Socrates teaching the youth of the city, he would have sat down beside the great scientist and explained that from the croppings and other surface indications the old sage was mistaken.

He was always humble, cheerful, kindly and passionately fond of real friends, but he really needed no society except his hand hammer, his magnifying glass and a mountain crest covered with shells and rocks.

With these he could summon all the ages around him, all the master spirits of the past, and be at home with them. He became a great geologist; he read surface indications as an open book. In this he never made but one mistake.

He was prone to tell from surface indications what would surely be found in the deep, and this propensity he could never outgrow. He knew the rock formations were full of faults; that the chimneys in the fissures up which the treasures were drawn were often closed, but he seemed to have a passion for what would surely be found below, and thus made mistakes.

He said from the first, as did Professor Frank Stewart, that the natural pitch of the Comstock was to the east, and gave his reasons for his belief in the face of Professor Silliman's judgment, and was right. He was the first, we believe, to call attention to the mighty future which Ely district would have, and in his wanderings he took in every known mining camp of Nevada and passed upon its worth.

Then he explored Utah and later Montana, and in almost every case his translations of the hieroglyphics which the ages had inscribed upon the rocks, were right.

When the day's work was completed it was a fascination to listen to him as he recalled his life since reaching California. Before anyone else had done it, he had counted the little records made by the years on the stump of a mighty Sequoia in Calaveras county, California, to make sure of the age of the big tree. He told me that it was 978 years old when King John signed the Magna Charta and 1255 years old when Columbus first sailed for the New World. He sketched for me the work of the glaciers in grinding down the shales and freeing the gold found in California placers. It was a great shock to him when silver was demonetized. "What are they thinking of?" he said. Then he explained that from the first the increase and decrease of the production of the precious metals had marked the ebb and flow of civilization; that from the first gold had been the money of kings and the rich of the world, that silver had been the anchor of the poor; that when in Jerusalem "silver was no more accounted," the masses of the people were so steeped in poverty and in such despair that so soon as Solomon died, they revolted under unbearable burdens; that the infusion of silver into Europe from Mexico and Peru at last gave the poor the courage to cry out for freedom and the French revolution was the final explosion. Then he predicted that with gold the only standard in the United States, it would speedily be absorbed by the rich and panics and depression would follow.

He was an intense American. When in a frenzy his native state framed a secession ordinance, he read the account, growing very white and still, then dropped the paper, sat for a long time in silence, and those near him heard him, speaking low to himself, murmur: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

A rare, high, brave, humble soul; for forty years he made but a doubtful living in the states of California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Oregon, and was finally fatally injured in a stage coach accident. Not one in a hundred of those who knew him half appreciated his marvelous intellect or the grandeur and nobility of his soul.

They made his grave in the beautiful cemetery that overlooks the city of Portland, Oregon. It is such a place as he would have chosen for a resting place, for there nature is lavish in her splendors, and a hush like the calm of his own soul broods over the place even as when a mother bird gathers under her wings her brood that they undisturbed may sleep.

Below, the clear Willamette winds through its lovely valley; in the distance "rolls the Oregon," and Hood, and Jefferson, and Adams and St. Helens and the other sentinel mountains keep perpetual guard around his grave. After his high and blameless life, it is sweet to think of him wrapped in the hush of eternity amid just such scenes as were his rest and delight in life.

ADOLPH SUTRO.

HE WAS a massive and masterful man physically. He must have been six feet and two inches in height and big every way. When I knew him best, he weighed perhaps two hundred and thirty-five pounds, but was as active as a boy and seemed ever driven on by an energy that never tired. He had a lion-like face and a brain that was always alert and strong.

He was an early comer to San Francisco from some German state. It is said, and his after life was a confirmation of the story, that he brought with him several kegs of German coins, worth about seventeen cents each. It was most difficult in California at that time to get the small change needed in business. There were plenty of slugs (fifty dollar octagon pieces) twenty and ten and five dollar pieces, but small change was very scarce. So the German coins passed readily for twenty-five cent pieces and Mr. Sutro lost no money on them. He opened or purchased a modest cigar and tobacco store and attended to it carefully, but his brain was at work. He kept posted on everything that concerned business in the Golden State, watched, studied and waited.

When the Comstock was discovered with its mixed gold and silver ores—the values were 56 silver and 44 gold—there was not a man in the United States who could reduce the ores in a practical way and give a fair percentage of the values, except by smelting them; there was no flux to do that, and the great body of ore was too low grade to bear shipping to where it could be smelted. It was clear that the reduction must be near the mines. Rude mills were erected, but the loss suffered by running the ores through them was enormous. The old Spanish Patio process was tried, but that was too slow and imperfect. In those days, about one man out of four had a process for working the ores, most of which were, of course, worthless.

Colonel Brevoort had a little mill down at Silver City and made a small fortune running it, but all the time was at work in his laboratory and succeeded. With a few ounces of crushed ore he could draw all the precious metals they contained to one pole of his battery. He sold his mill, went east and exhausted the fortune he had made in trying to make his invention of practical value, but failed.

Mr. Sutro must have invented a process, for he crossed the mountains and built a small mill at Dayton. Like the prudent man that he was, he had the mill insured. But it would not work the ores, and, after making several trials, he closed the mill down. Shortly after, one night the mill burned down. No one could ever account for the fire, but that it was an honest one there could be no doubt, for Mr. Sutro was at Virginia City that night and the keeper was burned to death in the mill.

From the beginning much water was encountered in sinking on the Comstock and that it must be drained by tunnels was accepted as a fact. One or more short tunnels were run.

After the burning of the mill, Sutro took up this scheme in earnest. He had surveys made, maps prepared and demonstrated that a tunnel about four miles long started on the banks of the Carson River, north of Dayton, and driven to the Comstock would tap the great lode some 1,650 feet below C street in Virginia City.

He organized a company. He showed that the great ore channel could be drained and all the ores from the mine could be run out through the tunnel far cheaper than to transport them by wagon. Then it was most natural to expect that in its course the tunnel would encounter other paying veins, parallel to the great lode. The mining companies along the lode looked upon the scheme as practical and at first gave it full encouragement.

Sutro knew nothing about running tunnels, but with his disposition to dominate everything he insisted not only upon acting as superintendent, but upon superintending the details of which he knew nothing. He bought shiploads, almost, of machinery which proved worthless, and ran the business in a way which was clear evidence of incapacity.

In the meantime, some of the shrewdest and squarest industrial chieftains ever seen in the West were opening the Comstock; they would not stand for Sutro's work, and when they told him what must be and he refused, there was a quarrel and they washed their hands of the enterprise.

Then Sutro began his clamors against them. He designated them as the "bank ring," which, in his broken English, he pronounced "bankving," and for years his denunciations of the "bankving" were incessant, and the perfidy which he insisted had been practiced upon him was one of his chief arguments for selling the tunnel stock.

Meanwhile the men at work on the great lode were doing more and more superb work. They installed more and more and larger and larger pumps, sank deeper and deeper until, by the time the tunnel reached the lode, the mine was opened 1,000 feet deeper than where the tunnel pierced it, and thus the great necessity of the tunnel was largely discounted. After years of trial, Sutro finally relinquished all but the general superintendency, leaving the driving of the tunnel to the capable men below ground.

Then the political bee that had hived in Sutro's bonnet began to buzz. By 1872 he was prominent in politics. He was loud in his praises of the gentleman who, for the two previous years, had been Nevada's Democratic congressman, declaring that he was the only honest man that Nevada had sent to either House of Congress for years; that he was one man who could not be corrupted.

It transpired later that in some quiet way the Congressman had reached an understanding with Sutro by which Sutro felt sure that he could depend upon the Congressman serving him in any way he might suggest. But he must have been mistaken, for within a brief half-year, Sutro was not only denouncing him as the biggest thief of the whole bunch, but, moreover, the most treacherous and ungrateful one.

As a sample of Sutro's methods, as that election drew near, he employed all the men who made applications for work until he had within and about the tunnel fifteen hundred men.

Then three days before the election he assembled them and made a speech, the burden of which was that if his friend, the Congressman, should be re-elected they could all depend upon permanent employment, but if he failed of election, he would be obliged to close down the entire works.

His friend was elected and on the first payday after election they were all dropped except the regular force of about one hundred and forty men.

In 1874 Sutro was a pronounced candidate for the United States Senate. He established a daily newspaper on the Comstock and employed that fine writer and man, Charles Sumner, of San Francisco, to manage and edit it. Charlie did his best and did great work, but we have a suspicion that for years thereafter he would have been willing to certify that the work was the toughest in his experience. Sutro himself rigged up a magic lantern and made an illuminating campaign of the state.

There seemed to be sort of an affinity between him and the lantern. At Hamilton, in the midst of his speech, the lantern grew suddenly dim, the voice of Sutro began to falter; then the lamp blazed up for a moment and the speech was resumed with energy, then the lamp dimmed again, and with a final sputter went out and just as suddenly the lecture closed.

I was editor of the Virginia *Enterprise* at the time, and early in the campaign I promised Sutro, through the paper, that he should not have one vote for Senator in the Legislature. And he did not.

His feelings were much lacerated by the result, but the people contemplated his sufferings with dry eyes.

He sold the stock of the tunnel only, as he claimed, to get money to complete it. The men of his native country and of his race purchased the most of it, and it was with apparent great sorrow that he let any of it go; it would, as he predicted, pay such princely dividends when completed.

Shortly after the tunnel pierced the lode, Sutro resigned the superintendency, shook the sage-brush and the dust of Nevada from his brogans and removed to San Francisco.

Then the stockholders discovered that despite his high estimation of the value of the stock, he had been persuaded to unload practically the whole of it upon his friends; they had the stock and the experience; Sutro had a good many millions of dollars. This I have from one of his own race and one of the heaviest stockholders in the tunnel.

I did not follow his career very closely in San Francisco. He transformed the spot now called "Sutro Heights" and presented it to the city. How the gift affected the value of his other real estate in the neighborhood I never learned. He served a term as mayor, and I am informed made a good mayor. It seemed clear to some of us that he was still working for the position he had so long coveted—a United States senatorship. His career was suddenly cut short by death.

But no one must lose sight of the fact that he was a masterful man, physically and mentally, that with the absence of two or three traits which were inborn, he would have been a great and commanding man, that, as it was, the work he wrought through the long years in which the tunnel was building was a tremendous one, such an evidence of courage, faith and tenacity of purpose as few men have shown, and that the tunnel today is the splendid monument which he built to himself—out of the sale of his stock.

HARRY MIGHELS.

A SMALL man physically was Harry Mighels, but the concentration of genius, audacity and pluck. In young manhood he was associate editor with Crossett on a newspaper in Oroville, California. They made it the most sprightly and interesting newspaper in northern California. At that time, Oroville was but a mining camp, the depot and supply station of extensive placer mining, where, from the ordinary simple washing of gold from the sands, there was the damming of the rivers in the autumn, and the washing of their beds down to bed rock.

The rivers were dammed, the waters turned aside in flumes and ditches, and then the rush to mine out the section thus exposed before the heavy rains of the autumn came, and the rivers, crushing everything before them, returned to their channels. If the dry season was long continued, little fortunes were made; if the rains came early, fortunes were lost. It was entirely legitimate work, but it was, nevertheless, absolute gambling. A man or company in effect wagered, say $20,000 on the weather. The bet was that it would not rain before a certain time. If it did not, then the man or company won from $50,000 to $200,000 through washing the gravel above bedrock. A great many men won fortunes that way, and were at once rated as shrewd, sagacious miners. If the rains came unexpectedly early and the investment was lost, there were plenty to aver that any fool could have told them that it was impossible to turn the stream in time to wash the river bed.

But there was a great deal of this work done, and that was an exceedingly rich gold region is still in full evidence, for the steam dredge has laid waste all the region around there to filch from it its gold, even to the extent of tearing up the orange orchards on the river's banks.

It was there that Mighels reveled in the excitement of mingling with the hundreds and thousands of the old-day miners. He wrote extravagant stories, the more extravagant the better they suited; he said through the type audacious things about miners real and fictitious, and the miners laughed over them; he was little more than a boy and small in stature, and the miners said: "Is he not a game and saucy little cuss?" He was a devoted lifelong friend of George C. Gorham; and was to Oroville what Gorham was to Marysville.

On one occasion it was determined to give a grand ball in Oroville. In anticipation of it, Mighels drank too much California wine. It was a new beverage then and cheap, and it is true that while French grapes carry but a little more than three per cent of alcohol those of California carry from thirteen to sixteen per cent.

The result was that when it was time for the dancing to begin, Harry was not in a condition for dancing, except that when he attempted to walk his motion took on some of the conditions of a two-step; but it was not keeping step with any music. His sublime confidence never deserted him. He approached Mrs. Crossett, as the skilful captain does the enemy's earthworks—by zig-zags, and besought the honor of a dance. Mrs. Crossett, with a laugh, said: "Not, now, Harry; there is not room on the floor for all your steps," and taking the arm of another gentleman, proceeded to the ball room, leaving Harry in the most indignant and unforgivable mood in the world. A short hall connected the reception and ball rooms. Mighels worked his way to this hall, and when the dance was over and the dancers came out, as Mrs. Crossett approached, Harry, with a lofty air, said: "Mrs. Crossett, I wish to speak to you." "What is it, Harry?" was the lady's reply. He straightened up and extending his right arm, said: "I wish to inform you, madam, that in my opinion you are no gentleman."

The truth of the remark could not be questioned, and it added to the hilarity of the occasion.

When the great Civil war came on, Harry did not hesitate for a moment. He took the first steamer for the East, enlisted and was given a place on General Joe Hooker's staff.

At Antietam he was desperately wounded. When stretched upon the operating table, the surgeons examined the wound, and their faces became grave. Harry was watching them, and in a feeble voice said to the chief surgeon: "What are my chances, doctor?" With a compassionate voice, the surgeon replied: 'I am sorry to say you have not more than one chance in ten to live." "One in ten," replied Mighels cheerily. "I will take that chance. I tell you there was never a rebel bullet cast that could kill me." He finally pulled through, but was long recovering and never again could join the army. After the war, he returned to California and soon drifted to Nevada. There some old and new friends endorsed for him and he established the Carson *Appeal*. He ran it with all the old-time vigor.

When the Virginia and Truckee Railroad was under construction it was impossible to get competent white laborers except at miner's wages, and the company obtained Chinese graders from the Southern Pacific. They graded the road from Carson up to the Storey county line. (Virginia City is in Storey county.) Then a delegation of the Comstock Miners' union called upon Mr. Yerington, the superintendent of the little road, and told him that if his Chinese graders ever tried to extend the grade over the county line something very serious would certainly happen, and advised him not to try it.

Mighels, at the time was under many obligations to the owners of the little road, and day after day, through the *Appeal*, scored the foreign-born miners who would not permit another class of foreigners to earn their bread in a class of work which the miners would not engage in at any price. His anathemas against the foreign-born miners were terrible. All that invective and scorn could invent was poured out through the *Appeal* morning after morning, and when anything especially savage appeared, Mighels would go to Virginia City that day and walk the streets with the biggest chip on his shoulder that a man of his size ever carried.

Some years later a political convention nominated him for lieutenant-governor. He stumped the state and the date of his meeting in Virginia City was advertised some days in advance.

His opponent went to the library and from the *Appeal* files copied the most furious of the expressions that he had used in his fight upon the foreign miners; had them set up and struck off in leaflets which by thousands were scattered over the sidewalks on the afternoon of the day on which Mighels was advertised to speak.

That same afternoon, Harry came into the *Enterprise* editorial rooms and said to me: "They are going to pack the house on me tonight. Some of them are hot enough to shoot or bring on a riot. What is your idea of the best way to meet those wild devils?' I said, "I don't know, Harry, except in my thought, as lots of them are fighters, they will stand a brave bluff better than an apology."

The meeting came off as advertised and about midnight Mighels came again to the *Enterprise* office, and in response to the inquriy of "What kind of a meeting did you have, Harry?" he said: "The sons of guns, they came there to scoff; they went away to pray."

One who was at the meeting told me what happened. His words were about as follows:

"The gallery was packed to the limit with men who were there for any kind of a row up to riot and murder.

"Mighels, with no introduction, walked to the front of the stage with a bunch of leaflets that had been scattered on the street, in his right hand. The house was as still as a California morning when an earthquake was scheduled for that day.

"Holding up the leaflets, Mighels, looking up at the hostile rows of faces in the gallery, said: 'I suppose the few of you who can read have read these things to the rest of you. Let me tell you something. I wrote them. Every word of them.

" 'Why I wrote them you will never know, for the secrets of the sanctum are as sacred as the secrets of the confessional.

" 'I am a candidate for lieutenant-governor. I would, inasmuch as I have been nominated, like to get as many votes as possible, but let me inform you that I do not need the office. I have that little printing office down at Carson; I have enough paper on hand to last me ten or fifteen days; I have a wife and four children,' then, retreating a step, he slowly picked up a glass of water from the table, took a swallow, and slowly set down the glass. Suddenly lifting his fist and bringing it down with a resounding blow on the table, he shouted: 'And they are all mine.'

"The audacity of it all, the certain conviction that came to those who had gone there to break up his meeting, that they might do it, that possibly they might kill him but never scare him, came upon them in a flash and they shook the house with their cheers, and cheered every point he made during the meeting, and at its close left the house saying as did the Oroville miner twenty-five years earlier, 'Is he not a game and saucy little cuss?' "

But even then an insidious and fatal disease had begun its work upon him, and a few months later he died. His was a distinct individuality wherever he went.

I heard him once talking to Mr. Sharon. It was when Mr. Sharon was a candidate for United States senator and he wanted Mighels to support or fight some proposition. I do not remember what it was, when Mighels refused.

Sharon at last told him that he was too poor to be so independent. "Poor," said Mighels. "You ought to see my last baby. Why, I am richer than you are." Then Sharon told him not to talk like a d—d fool. "Was I talking like a d—d fool?" asked Mighels. "Of course, you were," was Sharon's reply. Turning to me, Mighels said: "Is it not wonderful how I can adjust my language to the comprehension of some dull men?"

His death was a great loss. He was a decided genius, and he was growing mentally every day. Had he survived but a few years, the highest places would have been open to him, and he would have filled them, filled any place in the gift of his people, with wonderful ability and perfect integrity, and with a courage that nothing could daunt. Great Harry; poor Harry, may his last, long sleep be sweet.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS—"MARK TWAIN."

MOST of the intelligent people of the world are familiar with the personal appearance of Mark Twain, as he was on earth. Of medium height and weight, dark complexion, eyes and hair like an Indian, a strong, expressive face, a beautiful head, as a man; and one, who, when a baby, must have been a mother's darling; and as she held him to her breast she fondly believed that he would grow up to be not only bright and respectable, but a wonder among his fellowmen. I have an idea that a mother's thought, if intense enough, makes its impression upon the child before or after birth, and that that impression lasts and in a measure controls the child through all its life. And I am ready to believe that what was best in Mark Twain came of that impression.

Abraham Lincoln was born in squalor; his childhood was so pitiable that men recoil when they read the story of it. Through one fierce winter the rude house in which he lived had but three sides to it, the fourth was open to the pitiless winds that swept across the Indiana prairies. But perhaps it was through that open side of the house that the great angel came, and noting the rude cradle within, bent and touched the lips of the sleeping child with the signet of immortality. But it is more acceptable to believe that the mother, destitute of all other treasures save that baby, so yearned with love about it and so impressed her life upon it that as the years went by, the fruition of those hopes was reached and that thus the man became immortal.

Mark Twain was born in Florida, Monroe county, Missouri. There is nothing to show that he was different from the other boys around him.

Missouri was crude in many ways when he was a boy, but it had great old forests which gave out nuts and wild bees in the autumn, and there were fields where "roasting ears," cantaloupes and watermelons grew, and forest and field supplied plenty of joys to boyhood. The chances, too, are that

Mark fell in love very early, and possibly that event of his life was later the inspiration of "Tom Sawyer." Then he wandered off to the big river in Missouri and by a sort of natural gravity we hear of him first as an assistant pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. Later, I believe, he became a real pilot, though an old man has been reported recently as saying that he taught him what he knew as a pilot, but told him that he never would be a good one—that he was too funny.

The first I heard of him was when he began to write communications for the *Territorial Enterprise,* published in Virginia City, and his communications were signed "Mark Twain." There is a little interim between the time that he ceased to be a pilot and the time when he became a miner in Nevada that I cannot connect by any data that I can secure. It was whispered that early in 1861 he was for a time in the Rebel army. It is possible that he was one of the Missouri State guards. If he was, he grew tired of the work pretty soon. It is quite possible that he had an experience like another Missourian—a learned judge that I once knew. He told me that they organized a Confederate company or two in St. Joe. that they raised the Confederate flag over the courthouse, and when they met by day or by night they were wont to say to each other, "We would like to see a Yankee army try to lower that flag." Then he added:

"One morning a special train pulled into St. Joe, five companies of General Lyon's regular soldiers "detrained," and forming in column marched to the courthouse. The colonel in command detailed a lieutenant to go up and take down the flag and substitute the American flag. It was done, the lieutenant returned and took his place. Then, by order, the command saluted the old flag, and taking the Confederate flag with them, marched back to the train, boarded it and pulled out of town."

Then he said: "We looked in each other's faces. None of us felt like going up and taking down that flag, for we had seen, though on a small scale, the real flag, borne by real soldiers, under real discipline, and somehow the idea came into our minds that we were not very much warriors after all, and that there were several lessons which we would have to learn before we could call ourselves thorough veteran soldiers, irrepressible and invincible."

Maybe Mark Twain had a little experience like that, but that is mere speculation. I know nothing about it except that by his own confession he was once a Confederate soldier.

The first I ever heard of him in Nevada was after the territory was organized. James W. Nye of New York (the famous Nye) was appointed governor and Orion Clemens, a brother of Mark Twain, was appointed secretary of the territory. At that time Carson, the capitol, was a young town. The increase in houses did not keep up with the increase in people. Most of the houses were of the original California style—rude boards outside, and the partitions made, not out of studding and lath and plaster, but of canvas covered with paper, which houses had the disadvantage of taking all privacy away from the occupants. It was in one of these houses that Orion Clemens was installed on his arrival in Carson. His room was fitted up with mahogany or black walnut furniture—black walnut was the rage in those days—and there one day the occupants in the next room heard a man come into the secretary's office, heard him push a chair to one side, heard something very much like what is heard when a man puts his feet on the table, and then they heard a drawling voice say:

"You're playin' Hades out here, Brother Orion, are you not? Fine furniture, fine office, everything. But they'll drop on you after a while, Brother Orion. They will find out about you, about half as much as I know now, and you'd better go back to your oxen. Oxen are your strong suit, Brother Orion."

With Nye, when he came from New York, came a young man named Robert Howland. He was one of those "Don't-care-a-cent" young men, ready for any lark, afraid of nothing in the world; jolly, cordial, a man for men to like at first sight and for women to be charmed with. He and Mark Twain soon contracted a friendship for each other, and when the news came in from Aurora, one hundred miles south of Carson, of the great discoveries in that camp, these two young men formed a partnership and in some way got to Aurora.

There they bought or built a rude cabin and passed the cold winter therein. Years later Bob used to tell that in that bleak winter it was the wont of Mark Twain and himself to go out at night, steal the empty fruit cans, oyster cans, empty champagne bottles and bottles that once held booze, from the rear of saloons and boarding houses, carry and pile them up in the rear of their own cabin to give it an opulent look, that passers-by in the daylight might say, "My, but those fellows must be flush with money!"

As the Fourth of July grew near, Mark wrote a Fourth of July oration, signed it "Mark Twain," and sent it to the local paper, in which it was copied. It began with the words, "I was sired by the great American Eagle and borne by a continental dam." This struck the fancy of Joseph T. Goodman, the owner and editor of the *Territorial Enterprise* in Virginia City, and he wrote to Mark that if he was not making more money mining than he would as local reporter on the *Enterprise,* he would hold a place for him. A few days later, when Mr. Goodman was entertaining some friends in the sanctum, a man walked in, shod in stogy shoes, wearing Kentucky jean pants, a hickory shirt and a straw hat, all very much travel worn, and in addition had a roll of ancient blankets on one shoulder. He shrugged that shoulder, dropped the blankets, and staring from one man to another, finally drawled out, "My name is Clemens." That was Mark's introduction to real journalism in Nevada.

But in a few days Mark was clothed and in his right mind—and just here a word about his *nom de plume.* The most authentic account that we have of it was Mark's explanation that a bright man used to write stories in New Orleans and sign them "Mark Twain," and when the man died Mark stole the *nom de plume.* He gave other reasons during his lifetime. One was that it was to shorten the work of the territorial legislature of Nevada so that members could refer to him, not as "that disreputable, lying, characterless, character-smashing, unscrupulous fiend who reports for the *Territorial Enterprise,* but as 'Mark Twain'." Another story was that he got it from a roustabout on the steamboat, when they were near dangerous banks and the lead had to be thrown, and he would report "Mark one" or "Mark Twain." It is no matter whether he invented it or stole it, he wronged no one else and he made the title so famous that thousands know it who do not know his real name.

That coming to the *Enterprise* was the making of Mark Twain. I doubt very much whether he ever would have been famous at all except for his experience there. He found an atmosphere different from what he ever dreamed of being in. The office was filled with bright men, the town was filled with bright men. There he saw men that had made fortunes quickly, others who were trying to make fortunes quickly, and he saw other men who never had fortunes and never expected them. And he would hear them rail at the millionaires and say that the fact that they had money was a sure sign of how little God thought of money, judging by the men he gave it to. R. M. Daggett was on the *Enterprise*, and from his example he learned that when it was necessary to call a man names, there were no expletives too long or too expressive to be hurled in rapid succession to emphasize the utter want of character of the man assailed. Dan De Quille was working with him, too. He used to write famous stories on almost any subject, and he knew all about the gift of using adjectives. It was contagious in that office. It reached to the composing room. There were typesetters there who could hurl anathemas at bad copy which would have frightened a Bengal tiger. The news editor could damn a mutilated dispatch in twenty-four languages.

There was a compositor named Jim Connely. At that time the *Enterprise* was a six-day newspaper. Jim used to work faithfully through the week, but Saturday night he would "load up." Sometimes the load would last him over Sunday, and when he reached the office Monday morning he was a little trembly. One Monday morning he tried to distribute type for a few minutes, but laid down the stick, saying that his eyes were bad, wondering if he was going to be blind before he died, and thought he would go outside and take a spin around the block and see if he would not feel better. He did so. Probably he partook of three or four jolts while going around the block, for when he came back and picked up his composing stick, another printer asked him how his eyes were. He answered, "Fine." The rear windows of the *Enterprise* looked over the lower hills and out upon the twenty-six mile desert beyond. And as Jim said, "Fine!" he pointed out of a window and said: "Can you see that gray wolf on the twenty-six mile desert? I see him plain."

That was the character of society that Mark was introduced to, and outside there were the brightest lawyers, doctors and the shrewdest men of affairs in the world, and Mark got pointers from them all. If he wrote a good thing they would praise him and tell him to keep on, that there was something in him sure. If Homer nodded with him sometimes they would hold him up to scorn the next day; but he noticed through all that nothing was too extravagant for them in the way of description, and nothing too fine.

Mark Twain did not like a joke a bit if he was the victim. The boys of the *Enterprise* office made him a formal presentation of a meerschaum pipe. He was exceedingly pleased, but when he found next day that he could buy any number of such pipes at $1.50 each, it filled his soul with a desire to murder somebody, and he did not outgrow the feeling for a month.

Wells Fargo's coach was robbed of $25,000 at the Mound House, half way between Virginia City and Carson. A week later some of the wild chaps in Virginia City held up Mark Twain on the divide between Virginia City and Gold Hill and took his watch and money. He thought it was a genuine hold-up, and decided to go the next evening to San Francisco for a brief vacation. As he was sitting in the coach in front of the International Hotel waiting for the hour of departure, the same gang, headed by George Birdsall, approached the stage and passed him a package done up in paper. He tore the paper open and saw inside his watch, and realized that his robbery was all a fake, and with his drawl said:

"It is all right, gentlemen, but you did it a damn sight too well for amateurs. Never mind this little dab of mine, but what did you do with the $25,000 that you took from Wel's Fargo last week?"

He was in San Francisco when that city suffered a severe shock of earthquake. It happened one Sabbath morning about ten o'clock and Mark wrote a description of it to the *Enterprise.* The files of the *Enterprise* were burned and the letter, I believe, is lost to all the world: but some things about it seemed to me at the time about the jolliest writing that ever Mark Twain did. I believe I can recall a few paragraphs of it from memory almost word for word. He said:

"When that earthquake came on Sunday morning last there was but one man in San Francisco that showed any presence of mind, and he was over in Oakland. He did just what I thought of doing, what I would have done had I had any opportunity—he went down out of his pulpit and embraced a woman. The newspapers said it was his wife. Maybe it was, but if it was it was a pity. It would have shown so much more presence of mind to have embraced some other gentleman's wife.

"A young man came down from the fifth story of a house on Stockton street, with no clothing on except a knitted undershirt, which came about as near concealing his person as the tin foil does a champagne bottle. Men shouted to him, little boys yelled at him, and women besought him to take their sunbonnets, their aprons, their hoop skirts, anything in the world and cover himself up and not stand there distracting people's attention from the earthquake. He looked all around and then he looked down at himself, and then he went upstairs. I am told he went up lively.

"Pete Hopkins was shaken off of Telegraph Hill, and on his way down landed on a three-story brick house (Hopkins weighed four hundred and thirty pounds), and the papers, always misrepresenting things, ascribed the destruction of the house to the earthquake."

And so the letter ran on and on for a column and a half of the old, long, wide columns of the *Enterprise,* and every line was punctuated with fun.

He finally went to Honolulu for a vacation. There he completed a lecture which he had been preparing, and returning to San Francisco, delivered it. A great hit was in the advertising, which announced that the doors would be open at 7:30 o'clock and the trouble would begin at eight. A little later he joined an excursion party to the Mediterranean and its shores, from which he wrote the famous "Innocents Abroad." He took the manuscript to a portly publisher in New York, and, throwing it down on his desk with his card, said:

"I'd like to get that stuck into antimony." (Types are made of antimony.) The publisher looked at the manuscript, then glanced at the card, then looking up to Mark, said:

"Who are your references, Mr. Clemens?"

He replied: "I haven't any in the world. There are only two men I could apply to. One is Joe Goodman, the other is Jerry Driscoll, and they would not count, because they'd lie for me just as I'd lie for them."

Since then the world has known the history of Mark Twain. As I said above, it was the making of Mark Twain to go to work on the *Enterprise*. It opened a new world to him. All his life before he had been mostly with ordinary people, but there he found the majority of people were bright as dollars, as brave as lions, all alert, all generous, all ready to give credit where credit was due and none afraid to criticise anybody or anything else. And over all was the steadying influence of Mr. Joseph T. Goodman, the owner and editor of the paper. I think Mark Twain out of pure gratitude to him should have left him a part of his fortune. Goodman himself is as brave a man as ever lived, a thorough journalist, with magnificent journalistic judgment, and he steadied Mark through the years and was Mark's particular inspiration. Indeed, the affection of Twain for Goodman all his life was made clear in his own autobiography.

When he went east and his first book came out and he was hailed as a genius, he might have gone to the dogs had he not met the woman who became his wife and who was his salvation. That changed the whole course of his life, awakened new hopes, changed all his prospects; gave him to see how much there was in a refined life. Then when he made his home in Hartford and all his associates were refined and educated people, the change from his former life was an epoch to him; and still there are some things about him which are a mystery to those who knew him well. There is no evidence that in his boyhood he was fond of study or fond of literature; he wrote nothing that attracted especial attention until after he was thirty years of age.

It is not strange that he wrote so many humorous things, but the style of his writing is a perpetual mystery. Where did he get that? His English was always perfect, and it was of a high class which draws readers to his work every day.

We wish for the sake of his fame that he would oftener have done what Shakespeare did—all at once break out in a dozen lines of such majesty and beauty that it thrills people and always will. However, his fame is secure enough; his work was a distinct addition to the literature of the United States. But could some one have followed him about and taken down his remarks every day and compiled them in a book, it would outsell all his works, for he was funnier every hour in his conversation than anything he ever wrote.

I met "Josh Billings" as he came west a few days before he died. I said: "Of course, Mr. Shaw, you know Mark Twain?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I went to his hotel in New York last week to see him and was told that he was over in Jersey lecturing, but would be back about midnight.

"Mark had a parlor and bed-room and out of the parlor another bed-room opened. They gave me this bed-room. I retired, leaving the door open. About 2 a. m. Mark came in. He turned up the gas, came to my bedside and said, 'Hello, Josh.' I asked him where he had been. 'Over in Jersey lecturing,' was his answer. I asked him if he had a good time.

"With a look of sorrow, he said: 'Had a devil of a time. Just before the lecture was to begin, a young man came to me and asked me to come with him. He led me to where there was a hole in the drop curtain, and with much emotion said, 'Please look through this. The old gentleman with the white hair to the left of the center aisle, in an orchestra chair, is my father.' Then with a gulp he explained that the old gentleman had been afflicted with a settled melancholy for a long time, and that if I could say anything to rouse him it would be an immense favor to the whole family. I said, 'All right.' The curtain went up and my lecture began. After two or three minutes I shot a joke at the audience, but meant it for the old man. It didn't faze him. A little later I tried another joke at him; it didn't faze him. Still a little later I gathered myself up and hurled my masterpiece at him. The audience yelled, but the old man didn't even smile. Then I thought that I could not devote all my time to him, that something was due the audience, and so went on and finished my lecture.

"Then the young man came and in a soft voice inquired if I had succeeded in arousing the interest of the father.

" 'Not a blamed bit,' I replied. 'He sat there as though he did not hear a word.'

" 'I guess he didn't,' said the Reuben. 'A powder mill explosion twenty years ago smashed the drums in his ears and since then he has been as deaf as a post.' Here Mark added, 'And I had no weapons'."

When the *Lusitania* first came to New York, he was invited aboard the great ship and shown around. When the inspection was over, he casually remarked that he would tell Noah about that ship.

I hope he has found Noah now, and all the rest of the "old boys" that have gone over on the other side; and if he has, I predict that whether it is up above or down below, a ripple of laughter will follow his footsteps in either place through all eternity.

JUDGE R. S. MESICK.

THREE SCORE years ago a man who possessed $200,000 was considered very rich. When the Comstock was discovered and it seemed to be pitching to the west, the hillside below the great lode to the east was covered with locations wherever there were croppings of ore. When suddenly at a depth of about two hundred feet the Comstock was found broken off, and with a little sinking, and drifting to the east found again, pitching to the east, then the question at once arose as to the titles on the surface hillside.

The claim of those on the lode was that with their location they had a right to trace the vein wherever it pitched, west or east. Then there were such pitched legal contests created as had never been known. The fees paid to attorneys were such as had never been paid before, and that naturally drew to the Comstock an array of attorneys more able than had ever been gathered together.

Perhaps General Charles S. Williams was the Nestor of them all. He had been a great lawyer and attorney general in New York. But around him was an assemblage of attorneys, all of whom were great. We may name such men as C. J. Hillier, Thomas Williams, Moses Kirkpatrick, Wm. M. Stewart, Judge Joseph Baldwin, who had made a great reputation in Alabama before he went to California; his son, Judge "Sandy" Baldwin, C. E. DeLong, Horace Smith, Jonas Seeley, Sunderland, Crittenden, Mitchel, Aldrich, Hundley, Judge Cy Wallace, John B. Felton and a score more.

But the first obstacle was the courts. The United States courts were made up as a rule of broken-down politicians, sent west to pay political debts or to get rid of their importunities. They were in a strange field; questions that had never been submitted to courts before were before them. In a legal way, as a rule, they were utterly incompetent, and a great many of them were corrupt. The brightest one of them all in a little while got to selling his opinions; and worse still, a little later he got to selling out to both sides, which was a sure sign, under the ruling of Zinc Barnes, that he must be a little crooked, because Zinc's definition of an honest man was "a son-of-a-gun who would stay bought."

The suits were multiplied, the courts were far behind, and it was a pitiable spectacle to see those great attorneys trying to get a little information through the brains of those incompetent judges. The situation was one of the impelling causes that led to making Nevada a state before it had either a population or developed wealth to entitle it to statehood. But the state was admitted, and R. S. Mesick stooped down to accept a district judgeship that he might help clear the calendars and get the court running on a legitimate basis.

Just as Judge Mesick had finished his regular course in Yale and afterwards at the law department of Yale he joined the Argonauts who went to California. He located in Marysville. In those days Marysville had a wonderful bar. Judge Stephen J. Field, who afterwards sat more than thirty-three years as justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was practicing law there. There were many other great lawyers.

Mesick's legal abilities were acknowledged at once, but in those days he was a little shy, due perhaps to a lingering provincialism which made him rather think that with his accomplishments and his training he had a certain dignity to maintain. In those days he was as good a lawyer as Judge Field and practiced law in Marysville until the Comstock was discovered.

When he went upon the bench in Virginia City he was surrounded by more temptations than ever a judge was before; but he so bore himself in that office that when his short term was out, he had the full respect of all the bar and of all the people. Beyond that it was plain to the bar and to the people that he was about the greatest man that ever gave the best years of his life to the golden coast. He was not only as great a lawyer as Field, but he possessed elements of statesmanship which were denied Justice Field.

In Nevada his exclusiveness wore away. Some people had called that exclusiveness pride, but really it was but a dignity which he held to be due his profession, mixed with a little natural shyness, and while he mellowed down, he maintained that dignity to the very end. Through his friction against men on the Comstock, he took on the wisdom to note that all around him in every walk of life, were intellectual giants; that in the original elements into which society was there resolved, the brightest brain could only aspire to be an equal and not a superior. And he was surrounded by brains, some of which were cleavers and battle axes, some Damascus blades, and in the wielding of those weapons they were all trained until they had become real gladiators. There were trials in which a spectator saw only flashings of great lights; there were arguments which Burke would have listened to enchanted; there were bursts of legal eloquence which would have charmed Clay or Prentiss. It was an arena where giants contested.

In that arena, whether on the bench or at the bar, Judge Mesick was a captain. No subtlety could jostle him into making a weak ruling; no artifice could prepare an argument that he could not seize and puncture if within it there was one weak point or false principle embodied.

But it was not only as a lawyer and jurist that he was great. Had he remained in the east and married some woman great enough and true enough to have held up his strong arms, there could not have been a place so high that he might not have justly aspired to attain it. He would have been rated the peer of the very highest; as scholar, lawyer, judge, orator, statesman.

But the customs of the coast had their influence upon him. He was not free from some human weaknesses. Moreover, down deep he was one of the most lovable and genial of men. Despite his reserve he would, could he have had his way, "have lived by the road," where he would have met his fellow-men, met them with their virtues and faults and affiliated with them all.

He was altogether a manly man, even when he gave way to his weaknesses. The divinity within him shone out always, the same under the light of a tallow dip as under an electric chandelier. He had courage that never failed him, he had integrity and self-respect and respect for his profession that nothing could turn aside.

A very rich man, on one occasion stated to him the points of a case and asked him if he could win it in court. His answer was:

"I might, but I will not try."

"Why not?" asked the man. "You are not very rich and there are thousands of dollars in this for you if you will undertake it."

"But I will not," said Mesick.

"And why not?' asked the would-be client.

"Because it is a dishonest proposition; because you are hoping through the power of your money to perpetrate a great wrong, to accomplish which you would have to prostitute the profession of the law and disgrace the court. I will not be a party to it."

Then the man flared up and intimated that there was a great difference between his own friendship or enmity. To this Mesick merely pointed to the door and said:

"Get out, and do not stand on the order of your going, but go at once!"

Half an hour later he looked up from his desk and said to his clerk:

"I am mad through and through at myself."

"What for?" asked the clerk.

And he replied: "That I did not kick that scoundrel out of this office and all of the way down the street."

He lived sixteen years in Virginia City, then removed to San Francisco, where he died in 1897 or '98. He died worth only a few thousand dollars, though in a single case—the Fair divorce case—he received a fee of $200,000.

The grievous thing is that such a man was never known outside the few who were close to him, when, had he had a little different nature, had he had more desire for selfish glory, he might have stood with the very highest. Never on this coast, never anywhere, was there a more clear-cut mind, a more accomplished man in books and in his profession. While he mingled with his fellow-men on terms of equality, he at the same time moved in a sphere of his own. He was a glorified scholar until the last. When the world got to be a burden to him, he could go to his library and commune with all of the great souls that had preceded him in this world, only when he read the great thoughts, they always haunted him; a thought of his own was that what he read was not new, that such thoughts had been his familiars all his life.

He should have gone to the senate from Nevada; he should have gone with Senator Stewart. That body would have recognized in a moment that a master had come, and the brightest of them would have fought shy of an encounter with him.

He was surrounded by great souls, but his surroundings were never what they should have been. He never could have found any array of intellects that he would not have stood a peer among; he never could have found a class of men that could have been his schoolmasters. His brain was acute; it either held all the knowledge in the world, or an open door to all the knowledge in the world; and if his thoughts had been directed away from the fierce encounters which were met on the Comstock and led up into the heights of literature or of statesmanship, he would have been at home.

He died of bronchitis, and shortly before his death, when a friend bending over him sympathized with his great sufferings, and after the medical men around him had tried every way to soothe his pain, his friend spoke to him of his approaching death. And he answered, with a faint smile on his lips:

"Death will be a cure for the sufferings I am bearing now."

We hope that rest has come to him and that in the sphere where his soul has found an abiding place, there will be congenial spirits enough of the very highest, to take away from him all regret that he was called so soon from the earth.

GENERAL P. E. CONNOR.

GENERAL PATRICK EDWARD CONNOR was a very splendid soldier. He fought through three wars. Every moment of fifty years he held his life, fortune and sacred honor subject to his country's call. His best services were perhaps in Utah.

It is said that the society which has the building of a monument to him in charge, is at work. Everyone in Utah should invest at least one dollar in the monument. Some men fight when they have to; some men fight when a fight comes to them; now and then a man goes out after a fight. General Connor was one of the latter class.

He was born near the lakes of Killarney in Kerry county, a spot which has some reputation in the world; and one of the things that it is renowned for is that there is not a living thing in that county—man, woman, horse, dog, chicken—anything, that won't fight.

He was born there March 17, 1820, on St. Patrick's day, and when but a child he was brought by his parents to New York City.

When nineteen years of age, in 1839, the Florida war was in progress. We suspect that at that time he had no fixed idea of just where Florida was, but he heard there was a fight there and volunteered.

He served in the army five years, to November, 1844. Early in 1846 he moved to Texas and when the same year the Mexican war broke out, he joined a regiment of Texas volunteers, of which Albert Sidney Johnston was colonel. He was the second volunteer officer mustered into service in that regiment, and he entered as a captain.

He was in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and was one of the immortal 4500 men who confronted Santa Ana's army of 22,000 men on that day of days at Buena Vista.

He fought all day, although he was the first officer wounded in the battle. But that night he had lost so much blood that two of his comrades had to lie close to him on either side through the night to keep him from dying from cold and exhaustion.

For his work on that day he was given a captain's full pension.

Shortly after the war closed he passed through Mexico and reached California on January 22, 1850. A little after his reaching there, great excitement was raised over gold discoveries on Trinity River. At that time it was believed that Trinity River flowed into the Pacific, and acting on that belief, Connor with some naval officers and sailors went up the coast to find the mouth of Trinity River. Seeing a boat, they tried to reach it. Some were drowned in the breakers, the rest reached the boat that they had seen in the offing, and found it to be the *Farragut*. They learned from those on board that Trinity River did not empty into the sea.

In the next spring Captain Connor tried again to reach the same stream. He reached Humboldt Bay, cut a trail through the Redwoods and took his party at last to the banks of the Trinity River. With a small boat he learned the currents and eddies and shoals of Humboldt Bay, and for awhile served as a pilot.

In 1854 Captain Connor was married to Johanna Connor, then a resident of Redwood City, but who was a native of the same county the Captain was born in.

In October of that year, he was appointed postmaster of Stockton, California. He was serving at the same time as adjutant of the Second brigade and Captain of the Stockton Blues.

He lived a very rugged life in Stockton. That was a center of some very determined Southern men. Judge Terry's home was there, and there were a great many others; and as the war drew near, the feeling ran very high, and Captain Connor was a mark of especial detestation by some of those men. His life was a hundred times threatened and he walked those streets day and night for two or three years when he was not certain that he would live a minute. But he was always resolute for the government and the Union and courted rather than avoided danger. He established and owned the Stockton waterworks and was drawing from that $8,000 a year and had a contract for building the foundation of the state capitol at Sacramento. He was released from that, however, by the legislature of 1861-2, being ordered to report with his command.

When the Civil war broke out he tendered his services at once to the governor of California, who appoined him colonel of the Third California infantry. His command was stationed at Benicia barracks, California, during the winter of '61 and '62, pending a transfer to Utah, where the command was ordered, to the great disappointment of the volunteers, who expected to be sent south.

In May, 1862, Colonel Connor and his regiment, embracing 850 men, consisting of the Second California infantry and four companies of the Second California cavalry, started on foot for Utah.

He issued a bulletin to his soldiers when the march began, full of patriotic fervor and in splendid form.

They marched over the Sierras, then on through Nevada to a camping place in Ruby valley. Here the men became very restless—they wanted to go south. They offered all the money they had, some agreed to forfeit all their pay if they could be permitted to go south, and Colonel Connor sent a petition to General Halleck, secretary of war, begging to be permitted to go and offering to pay their own passage from San Francisco to Panama. But they were ordered to continue on to Utah, and on the 24th of October, 1862, they marched through Salt Lake City, stopping while the band played in front of the house of the governor, and then marched on to the spot which is now the site of Fort Douglas.

They were threatened with destruction before they reached Salt Lake, but it made no difference. The threats came from no authentic sources and they continued their march.

In February, 1863, the Indians being very troublesome in the Bear River country, General Connor took the main portion of his command and marched up there. The weather was fearfully cold, dropping to ten degrees before they had been out a day. The command consisted of company K, Third infantry, California volunteers, Captain Hoyt, two howitzers, under command of Lieutenant Huntington; twelve men of the Second California cavalry, with a train of fifteen wagons, containing twelve days' supplies to proceed on the 22nd of January; and the colonel himself followed with detachments of companies A, H, K and M, Second California cavalry; Surgeon Reed, Third California Volunteers; Captain McLean, and Price, and Lieutenants Chase, Clark, Quinn and Conrad, Second California cavalry. Major Gallagher, Third California infantry, and Captain Berry, Second California cavalry, went as volunteer aides, leaving Colonel George S. Evans in command at Camp Douglas.

They found the Indians in a very strong position, and after a fierce engagement of twenty minutes, finding it was impossible to dislodge them without great loss of life, Major McGary, with twenty men, was ordered to turn their left flank, which was in the ravine where it entered the mountain. Shortly afterwards Captain Hoyt reached the Bear river ford, three-quarters of a mile distant, but found it impossible to cross the men on foot. A detachment of cavalry was ordered to cross, and a little later Major McGary's flanking party turned the enemy's flank.

Up to that time the Indians were under cover and had much the advantage of the fighting, and did fight with the ferocity of tigers. But the flanking party was ordered to advance down the ravine on either side, which caused the Indians to give way.

The fight commenced at 6 in the morning, and continued until 10. At the commencement of the battle the hands of some of the men were so benumbed with cold that it was with difficulty they could load their pieces. They suffered terribly during the march, and not less than seventy-five of the men had their feet frozen, some of them being crippled for life. The colonel bestowed particular praise upon Major McGary, Major Gallagher and Surgeon Reed, and indeed he had only good words for his whole command. Eighteen of his soldiers were killed, forty-five were wounded, and seventy-six confined to the hospitals from being frozen, making the casualties one hundred and forty-three.

It made peace with the northern Indians which was never after broken.

Later in the war, when the colonel was promoted to general because of his services, he was offered a high place in the army, but he preferred with the close of the war to give up his army life to devote himself to mining. He mined in Utah and Nevada, and he continued his work up to within a few weeks of his death.

He gave a detail of soldiers leave of absence to go prospecting, and they found the mines in Bingham.

He died in Salt Lake City, and was given a splendid military funeral, with Colonel Rose in command.

He earned the name of being about the best Indian fighter in the army. He was a fine soldier, but his patriotism was superior to all his other traits. He was one of those men who held his life at the service of his country every moment from the time he enlisted in the Florida war until he laid down his life in this city. He did a splendid work in Utah. He was not very successful in business here, because his whole soul was that of a soldier.

Born in a foreign land, not much accomplished in the schools, coming to this country a poor emigrant, at the first call he offered his life, and that offer remained open until he died. From an obscure foreign-born boy, by his own merits he rose until the stars of a major-general glittered on his shoulders. He was a gifted soldier. His courage was immeasurable. His love for his adopted country was a grand passion. He did the work appointed for him to do perfectly, and he sank to rest with "all his country's honors blest."

MARCUS DALY.

MARCUS DALY graduated from the Comstock, took a post graduate course in Utah, then went to Butte, Montana, to win his degrees. And he won them all. I do not know his career before he reached the Comstock, but it was there that he first comprehended what a great mine was and what great mining was. He took it in fully, by actual practice mastered every detail, and I suspect it was in the depths, down among the gnomes, that an unspoken determination came to him to rival the best that had been accomplished there, if he could but find a field big enough to expand in.

He removed to Utah and did some fine mining in different parts of the state, and it was there he made the greatest strike of his life—he found and won the wife that was his life and light even until his final call.

I think he contemplated securing the Ontario for a while. Had he, doubtless he would have been the inspiration and financially the king of Parley's Park, but the Ophir and Gould and Curry and Gold Hill croppings were in his thoughts, and he reasoned that a big mine must have a great outcrop, so he advised Craig Chambers to look after the Ontario while he went for the Walker Brothers to Butte to open the Alice Mine.

There he grasped the outlines of the Anaconda mine and watched all that was done toward exploring it until his impressions of it deepened into conviction and then he obtained an option upon it.

He knew George Hearst and through him Haggin and Tevis of San Francisco. He went to them and laid his plans before them, gave them frankly his belief that the mine would prove, when fully developed, a wonder of the world, but explained that it was a long distance from cheap and rapid transportation and that to buy it, develop it into working form would require a good deal of money, a vast amount of money, a mint of money, giving increased emphasis to each statement.

Old man Haggin, next to William Sharon, the shrewdest and gamest and boldest of all the then rich men on the coast, was impressed with the description of the property, but more impressed with the frankness and dash of Mr. Daly, and told him that the money he needed for a starter was ready for him, and when that was gone to draw for more and to keep drawing.

Then the little chief returned to Butte and began his real work.

I saw him there in 1881 and he said to me that the world did not know it, but it would after a while learn that he had the biggest mine ever found. He worked on its development for two years, expending vast sums of money, and then wrote to Haggin and Tevis that he needed further funds, but that he would not draw for another dollar until one or both came to Butte and saw what he had done with the money he had drawn, and what use he had for more.

Mr. Haggin went to Butte and spent several days in examining the mine and the contemplated reduction works, and then said:

"Daly, you make me a vast amount of trouble. I am getting old, but you drag me up here, race me through your mine workings for days and give me your ideas of what yet remains to be done, and the whole business was unnecessary.

"The property is bigger than you led me to believe, which I suspected was the truth before I left home; you have shown me where all the money has gone which I was confident I should find; indeed I cannot see how you could do the work with so little money, and you tell me what is needed, which is clear enough, but I am no better satisfied than I was before I left home, and so all this work of mine has been useless. Hereafter please keep in mind what I told you when we first began this enterprise: when you need money draw, and keep drawing."

So the work went on and began to pay. Then there came a crisis. Copper began to fall in price and the percentage of copper in the rock began to decrease at the same time, until the margin of profit left after deducting expenses became most dangerously small. Moreover, the deeper explorations in the mine made clear that low-grade copper was thenceforth to be the rule. Something had to be done. Fortunately the ore bodies increased in magnitude. That gave Mr. Daly an idea. He said to a friend who was an old gold quartz miner: "If a five-stamp mill is running on five dollar rock, how much does it make a day?"

The friend replied: "A five stamp mill ought to crush from twelve and a half to fifteen tons of ore daily. If the rock is favorable, it will crush fifteen tons. To mine and mill it generally costs from $2.00 to $2.25 per ton. If 90 per cent is saved that leaves about $2.25 to $2.50 per ton profit, or on fifteen tons $34 or $35 per day; but everything has to be favorable to produce that result."

"Then if the ore becomes rebellious, or a heavy volume of water is encountered, or the machinery is faulty, there is not much left, is there?" asked Marcus.

The friend replied: "Not much; and often the most careful management cannot keep even."

"I thought so," said Marcus, "but if the mine is big enough to produce 1,000 tons per day, how then?"

"Why, at least $1.50 profit per ton should be saved, which, you see, in a year of 300 working days, would mean nearly half a million," said the friend.

"I thought so," said Marcus.

That night he called in his mechanical engineers, and laying before them the outlines of certain machinery which he wanted for the mine and for the reduction works, asked them to bring him the estimate of what it would all cost as soon as possible.

Then he said to Otto Stalmann, who was with him: "I want you to give me an estimate of what your expenses would be to go to Europe, visit all the copper reduction and refining plants there, which I take it will require a year's time, and see if you can find something through which we can work this ore cheaper and save a little larger percentage of copper."

The next day Mr. Stalmann reported that he could not make the trip with less than $2,000 or $2,250.

In his impetuous way Mr. Daly swung around to his desk, filled out a check for $10,000, and handing it to Stalmann, said:

"If you go to Europe for the Anaconda company, keep in mind that you are to go as a gentleman. When that money begins to run low, draw for more."

The change of front in the working of the mine and at the reduction works, Marcus kept from his partners in San Francisco, bearing all the expense himself until he made a success. "I did not know but it might fail," he said.

There have been some marvelous triumphs in copper mining and in the reduction of copper ores since, but it must not be forgotten that Marcus Daly was the Columbus who found the first islands of the new copper world.

When he had achieved that great success and had become a copper king, his nature changed a little. He seemed to be less patient under opposition and more arrogant in manner, especially to those he was not fond of, though he was as generous as ever; as thoughtful for others as ever, but he began to be active in politics and impatient at opposition. Then he looked around to gratify a longing that he had all his life been hugging to his soul. He wanted the finest farm in the world and wanted to own the finest blood horses. He found the farm in Bitter Root valley and bought it. It contained more than 20,000 acres. What he paid for it I do not know, but he must have expended from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in stocking it and making it perfect. In the meantime, if any blooded horse performed a great feat, Marcus purchased him if the horse could be bought. He sent an agent to Hungary to purchase the great English blood-horse Ormonde, that had been purchased and taken to Hungary.

The agent bid for the horse as long as he dared, but a South American finally bid him in at $140,000, if we remember correctly, and the animal was sent to Rio.

The agent returned and reported to Mr. Daly, saying: "I bid as long as I dared to, as long as I thought you would approve of my bidding."

"But you permitted a greaser to outbid you and take the horse to South America after I had told you to buy him. That is not the way a faithful agent obeys instructions," said Daly, and turned away in disgust.

The last time I saw Marcus he told me that just then his ambition was to have a Montana horse win the English derby.

Many people thought he paid most extravagant prices for some of his horses, but when, after his death, his stable was sold, the animals brought as much as he had paid for them.

His clear judgment never failed him. Most of the horses are gone, but the farm remains, and a Montana man will tell you it is the finest farm in all the world.

For many years he took an active part in advertising Montana; his only trouble being that he would bear no opposition, and when fiercely opposed, his motto seemed to be "Millions to carry my point, but not a cent for graft."

He made scores of friends rich and rejoiced as much in their prosperity as in his own. In many ways, he was a most extraordinary man. A great strike was once threatened among his host of employees. To a committee that called upon him he frankly stated that he could not accede to their demands; that it would be unjust to his company. To this the chairman replied that in that case the men would strike. "Very well," was Mr. Daly's answer, "that is your privilege in this free country, but remember that if you do, it will not be long until there will be much suffering among your men who have saved no money. When that time arrives, don't hesitate about calling on me. I will see that none of your wives or children suffer until the men can get work again. I have been a working man all my life and know how hard their lot is sometimes. I cannot grant your demands; because it would be an injustice to my company, to the men who have invested millions of dollars here, and besides I am boss here and do not propose to divide my duties with you, but personally I will do all I can for those dependent upon your work."

When this was reported to the union it was decided that it would be bad business to strike on a man like Marcus Daly.

He sold the mines and reduction works at last and meant thereafter to live easy, but in the work he had carried on so long his vitality had been well nigh exhausted.

He had been a most material factor in the transformation of Montana. He had not been much disciplined in his youth, and he fretted at any opposition; then, too, between his mighty success and the insidious disease that was even then creeping upon him, he became impatient and sometimes arrogant; generous to a fault himself, anything like ingratitude awakened in him a fierce desire for vengeance, and he did some things which hurt Montana, but they weighed as nothing compared with the good he had done the state; the unheralded and unmeasured help he had been to scores and hundreds of his fellow men.

He carried on a tremendous work there for years, out of a multitude of difficulties he finally wrought a magnificent success, but in the work he forfeited every chance to enjoy a peaceful old age, for he died just when he should have been in his prime.

His death caused profound sorrow all over Montana; to this day there are hundreds of men who will tell, as the tears run down their faces, that there never was but one Marcus Daly; so great was he, so clean his life, so warm was his heart; so high his soul.

When Montana builds her hall of fame, in a sculptured niche where sunbeams will play upon it all the day long and weave golden halos around his brow, will be the statue of Marcus Daly.

JOHN ATCHISON.

THE chief fault with John Atchison was that he had too much courage and energy. These traits are seldom charged against a man as faults, but in the case of John Atchison they were; for his daring and his faith in himself that he could by his native force drive anything through to success, caused him to make many failures. They swayed his judgment and often caused him to attempt the impossible.

In 1849 he loaded his household goods and gods on a wagon, somewhere in Illinois, if I remember correctly, and with oxen for a propelling power, started across the plains. Several other families fitted out the same way were in the company. They drove through to Salt Lake valley, and stopped for several weeks to rest their livestock, and, so far as possible, to exchange poor cattle for fresh ones.

Then they started west again, taking the northern route, and struck the Sierras in the vicinity of Honey Lake. It was then November and every dictate of prudence would have counseled them to camp there for the winter.

But when told that it was but a little more than one hundred miles to the Sacramento valley, and as no winter snows had fallen, Atchison, who was the master spirit of the party, determined to push through.

A man who had been stationed there to meet and direct emigrants advised them to take the Lassen Pass, since called the Fremont Pass, and they started. When over the summit and really not more than twenty miles from where storms change from snow to rain, they encountered a real Sierra snowstorm. The snow fell five feet in a night and the temperature fell to zero.

Nearly all the cattle perished that night. There was nothing in their stomachs. When they could not longer stand they sank into the snow and the cold brought them speedy deaths. Mrs. Atchison saved her cow by taking her into a corner of her own tent.

There were women in every wagon and a good many children in the company. The memory of that night was a horror to them all the rest of their days.

When the morning dawned they threw away everything they had except what of clothing they could wear and such food as they could carry and pack on the few cattle left, and started on foot for the west. Fortunately the mountains on that side were precipitous and with every mile traveled they descended two or three hundred feet in altitude, and before night they had passed through the snow belt. Had they "tried the pass" one day sooner they would have escaped the snow; had they delayed one day longer the chances would have been a hundred to one that the snow would have been their final winding sheet.

Arrived at the Sacramento River, they could travel no further, yet it was imperative that they should move on.

Packed on one of the oxen was a bale of small rope and some axes, augurs and other carpenter's tools. Under Atchison's direction the men felled some small trees on the river bank, cut and trimmed them, hewed off the rounded sides, put them together, lashed them with this coil of rope and pegged them with slats. They caulked them with rags of their clothing and pitch from the trees and on this frail scow loaded the women and children, and "cast off." Frail as it was, it floated the company down to where they got help.

I have stated the above to give an idea of the invincible soul of John Atchison.

He lived nearly thirty years after that, but there was never a new mining camp found that he did not go with the first crowd to it; never an enterprise suggested that seemed too hazardous for him; never a chance proposed that he would not take.

He followed the trail in the early fifties to Garden Valley below Camptonville, located the valley, built a house there; and that was his home, while he followed placer mining for several years.

He went with almost the first company to the Comstock; "made a stake" there, and then explored Nevada, Idaho, and

Utah, locating or bonding and selling mines until seized with an illness brought on by exposure, he died in Salt Lake City in the late seventies.

It may be said that he never rested from the time he helped construct that unique raft on the bank of the Sacramento river until he died. His name was a household word over all northern California, and everywhere he was held as a man at once indomitable and irrepressible.

When appealed to for advice on matters in which he had no personal interest, his mind was always strong and clear, and the counsel he gave was always shrewd and wise.

But when intent upon some scheme of his own, he often failed in judgment; that is, he permitted his sanguine belief in himself to override it.

Had he been born a thousand miles further west, he probably would have been a trapper and hunter; had he been born a thousand miles further east, he might have been one of those mighty men of affairs—a Vanderbilt or a Tom Scott, for he had the ability and his resourcefulness was inexhaustible.

He was one of that class of men that no matter what his surroundings may be, he always gravitates to the top and is hailed as a leader.

He might have been a John the Baptist except that he never would have acknowledged that a greater than he was coming behind.

He was most sincere, and his highest dream was to make an independence for those he loved.

The trouble was that he was not only ready to attempt anything that looked good to him, but he would pledge all he had that it would make good. And all the time he was carrying a host of decrepit friends and relatives.

Thus he wore himself out and died before his time, without achieving anything that will last in the memories of men, when in truth thousands of men with not half his equipment, not half his courage, and not a tithe of his energy, have gone into the records as great men.

On his monument should be embossed: "He died of too much energy and courage."

JUDGE J. B. ROSEBOROUGH.

IT IS with a solemn joy that I recall Judge Roseborough, his stately bearing, without the slightest pride, but with a self-respect so austere and yet so gentle that all men understood by a glance that he was trained in a school where only gentlemen were admitted, and where no gentleman could lower himself to ever do an unworthy act or submit to an unworthy imputation.

He was southern born, in South Carolina, I think, but he was an Argonaut in California. He did not reach there until he was a finished scholar, and thorough lawyer.

No one suspected the compass of his learning who was not close to him. It ranged over every field. Not a smattering of knowledge in a hundred directions, but a profound scholar and careful student to the end of his life.

He was a walking encyclopedia of his own country in every way. All the stately figures in the political history of the country, or in the literature of the country were familiar to him, not only their acts and their triumphs, but their characters as men; every question of importance that has agitated the country he could tersly state both sides of; all the different forms of government that the nations have tried, he could explain, all the classics were at his call when he wanted a simile or an illustration; his word pictures of men, either as finished as the old masters or as cartoons, were delicious to listen to; he was equally as thorough in the sciences, from the stars above to the chemistry of earth and air—every thought was an illumination. The old story of the man in London who took refuge under a bridge for half an hour in a great storm and engaged in conversation with a stranger and who went away declaring that the man he had met had told him everything in the world, might have applied to Judge Roseborough as well as to Edmund Burke.

No man ever took a morning walk with Judge Roseborough who did not come back the wiser. Everything interested him; he made everything interesting. To some boys who were preparing to climb a certain tree, he said: "Why are you going to climb that tree?"

One of the boys replied: "For birds'-nests."

Then the judge stopped and said: "You will find no nests in that tree. Look at the branches and the leaves! Do you not see that they all grow straight up; that none of them droop; hence they cannot shed water when it rains.

"The birds know that, know that were they to build nests in the branches, they would be flooded out with the first rain and perhaps their babies would be drowned; hence they never build nests in a tree the foliage of which furnishes no protection for their houses."

He was greatly interested in small boys, and would often stop them and ask them to show him the contents of their pockets, and was always ready to wager that if the boy was able to buy a knife he would have a knife, and would never fail to have a stick and a string, because a boy could mend almost any toy with a knife, a stick and a string.

He said to a friend one day: "Why can I not raise alfalfa in Texas?" The friend asked him what his sub-soil was. He answered, "Clay." "And how deep beneath the surface does it lie?" the friend asked. "About two feet," said the judge. "I suppose," said the friend, "the winter rains sink to the clay, can get no farther, and the sour stagnant water poisons the roots of the alfalfa."

The judge was still for a moment and then said: "Don't tell anyone that I asked that fool question, for I knew better had I stopped to reason for a moment. Of course, that is the reason. Alfalfa is two-thirds water; where it has a chance it will go down twenty feet on a still hunt for water, but wants pure water, and when stopped on its downward way and choked by stagnant water, of course it is killed."

He was a district judge in California for a good while.

Late in the fifties he settled in Siskiyou county with his brother, who was likewise a lawyer.

Then the people elected his brother judge, and the old judge began to settle his business prior to moving away.

A friend hearing of it went to him and asked him why he was going to give up his splendid business and seek a new field. His answer was: "After a few weeks my brother will be presiding judge of this district. Naturally, if here I would have to try cases before him. He might sometime decide a case in my favor; then some one might say I won the case because my brother happened to be the judge. Then I should have to kill the dirty dog, and it is not worth the trouble." But he deplored the necessity which made it incumbent upon him to remove from old Siskiyou.

There were old Shasta and the sister peaks; the roar of the great ocean was but a little way west, and his soul was in perfect accord with every majestic display of nature.

When a great electric storm was raging, his way was to go out into the storm and exultantly salute every lightning flash and every thunder peal.

He removed first to Idaho and a little later with Colonel Merritt for a partner, settled in Salt Lake City, opened a law office and practiced his profession with great honor for a quarter of a century. He was intensely southern and justified every effort that the south made to establish an independent government; his thought being that if the cause was a righteous one in 1776, it was quite as much so in 1861.

But he had a profound reverence for law, and the rule that prevailed in Utah up to the issuing by President Woodruff of the Manifesto, kept his hot pulses throbbing with fever speed all the time.

Still, to the rank and file of the people of the Church of Latter-day Saints his heart went out in profound sympathy.

When Colonel Merritt became judge, Judge Roseborough did what he had done in Siskiyou. He prepared to move. He found a great tract of fine land down near Aransas Pass, Texas, and joined by Judge Harkness and the late John Q. Packard of Salt Lake City, they purchased it and stocked it.

It was a cape that jutted far out into the Gulf, so that a short fence at the upper end made of it, for stock-raising purposes, an island.

He removed there and remained several years, finally selling out and realizing a large fortune for all the investors.

While he was there a gentleman of Salt Lake City visited Texas and reported that the Texans held the judge as a modern Socrates. He said also that a Texan, getting lost one night, rode until 4 a. m., when, seeing a light he went to the house and found it was Judge Roseborough's. The light was in the judge's library.

He knocked at the door, and being answered by a "Come in," entered to find the judge by his table with Dante's Inferno in his hand. He had been all night absorbed in reading, never realizing that bedtime had passed hours before.

The last I heard of him he had gone back to South Carolina. He must, a good while ago, have passed on.

If he has, South Carolina has not one nobler grave than his; so splendid was he in character and mind, so sensitive was he of his honor; so just was he as a man and citizen; so high were all his ideals; so lofty was his integrity; so brave and true of soul was he.

Not many men in Utah understood or appreciated him. A state filled with such men would seem to every visitor what the Roman senate seemed to the visiting Greek—"an assemblage of kings."

He was a great lawyer and jurist, he was a schoolmaster to all men who were fortunate enough to get into the inner circle of his confidence and friendship and while he was a resident of Salt Lake, the average man of Utah no more realized what he was than did the man we read of realize who his guests were when he, unawares, entertained angels.

JOHN PERCIVAL JONES.

BORN in England or Wales, brought to the United States when five years of age, or, as he in jest was wont to say: "Not liking the customs of the old country, I left Wales at five years of age for the United States, and brought my whole family with me."

He passed fifteen years in and about Cleveland, Ohio, attending the schools there; then at twenty turned his face westward, graduated among the California mountains, and took his post-graduate course on the Comstock.

Who can give to those who never met him an idea of John P. Jones?

He was perhaps five feet nine and a half inches in height, massive, weighing say one hundred and eighty pounds, ruddy complexion, with dark gray or black eyes, a face at once striking, joyous, genial and commanding.

He was a profound thinker, but this he was wont to keep masked except in the seclusion of his own library, among trusted friends, or when a few times in the senate of the United States he made clear to the great scholars there that they had never learned the alphabet of the language which was needed to make clear some of the deeper sciences of government or of the philosophy of money. He was generous as the sunbeams that come in the spring to drive the chill from the earth and clothe it with verdure and flowers; his affections were of the very deepest; his courage was equal to any test; and all the time his sense of humor was so exquisite, his conversational powers so wonderful that an hour with him when he was care-free was better than food to the hungry or medicine to the sick. His judgment of men was infallible. He once said to Senator Lodge of Massachusetts:

"Senator, I have heard many of your speeches, have read all your published thoughts. It is a pleasure to me to tell you that you are an eloquent speaker; that with your epigrams and metaphors, your logic and figures of speech and speaking the exact words needed to make clear your thoughts, it is a delight to read your books. Only, Senator, you have never come down to earth. You don't know a blessed thing in the world of how a poor man goes to work to make a living and to feed his babies."

Still, when in joyous conversation, he would frequently pronounce a dozen words that would make clear that a profound problem had been mastered by him in a way that settled it forever. He read much, and his range of reading covered everything that was beautiful or deep or grotesque. He would have been at home with Aristotle or Socrates. He would have looked Julius Cæsar squarely in the eyes and told him if some proposition of his was faulty; he would have been perfectly at home with Curran or Sheridan or Bobbie Burns. Still the stalwarts, Conkling, Chandler, Morton and the others, leaned upon him as upon an immovable pillar of strength.

His early life in the solemn mountains had its effect upon him as it does on all thinking people, for in the hills man grows close to nature. This supplemented with the depths of a great mine where in the darkness men search for ore bodies, is never outgrown. Such a man is not easily surprised and when the strain is over, disappointment after that is met with no emotion which is apparent to others.

It was from that school that J. P. Jones emerged with honors and soon after was elected to the United States Senate, and held the place for thirty years. He made but few speeches, one or two on the tariff, two or three on the silver question, as it was carried on from 1873 to 1893. Of those speeches it may be said they were never replied to. Other senators discussed the question, but never essayed to answer what he said. There was a reason for this—they could not.

When we consider the state of the exchanges between the United States and the Orient, to turn back and read what Senator Jones said on that question reads like a solemn prophecy.

In his first speech in the senate the experiment was made to bombard him with questions. It was not long persisted in, for the more questions that were asked, the more it was apparent that his knowledge of his theme was the master's, that of his inquisitors was but as a schoolboy's.

From the first he drew to him in friendship and respect those whose friendship and respect were most to be coveted.

It could not have been otherwise. He had read all the literature that any of them had; his views were quite as high and pronounced as those of the most exclusive of them all, and still he was geniality itself and was at home everywhere; and everywhere when he asserted himself, he held the center of the stage.

General Grant believed in him implicitly. He was never very friendly with President Harrison, and we believe this was through a misunderstanding. President Harrison was thought to be cold and reserved. The truth is he was merely shy. Could the right man have introduced them and shook them both out into free converse, they would have been friends always.

President Arthur leaned upon Senator Jones, I believe, more than upon any other senator. Senator Jones and President Cleveland never affiliated. Senator Jones exactly appreciated President Cleveland; in return Mr. Cleveland never had the slightest idea of the nature of Senator Jones. Senators Conkling and Cameron were in love with the Nevada senator, and so was President McKinley.

Senators are easily made, at least sometimes, but the rare thing is to find an all-around great man, one who would have been great had no books ever been written. One who, after books were written could read them, storing in memory all the gems of thought and discarding the rest; one who was as great as the best, but who, while holding himself the peer of the highest, had his ears open always to the right, and who could detect real manhood under the gray shirt of a miner as quickly as under a senatorial robe.

He spent a good deal of money in his first campaign, though he knew that his election was sure from the first. But it seemed natural to him to be generous to the men who were joyously working for him.

Two anecdotes of that campaign may not be out of place.

In the free-and-easy ways of the Comstock, a middle-aged, grave and soft-voiced gambler called upon him, and proceeded at once to business. Said he: "J. P., I can control about a thousand votes in this coming election, but it will take some money."

"About how much money?" asked the would-be senator.

"As nigh as I can calculate, about ten dollars a head," was the reply.

"But who are these gentlemen who desire to sell their votes?" was the next question.

The sport replied: "They are quiet, low-down chaps that will never peach. An investigating court could not by torture get a word from one of them."

"You interest me," said Jones. "But who and where are these voters?"

"It has taken a great deal of work on my part to get them marshaled and all their names put down correctly," was the reply.

"But who are they, and where are you keeping them?" asked Jones.

Then the sport's voice grew more soft and insinuating as he said: "They are up in the burying-ground, J. P. I have been a month chipping the moss and syenite dust off their names and copying them."

Jones told his visitor that he did not believe he wanted that kind of support, and the man, warning Jones that he was likely to be sorry at not acepting the offer, retired.

A month after election, the candidate met the sport again, who said: "J. P., you had better reconsider the reward that is due me. You see I still have the chisel, and if I should get angry sometime after you are gone I could disfranchise you for all eternity."

Colonel O., who was a native-born Englishman, but like Jones, a stalwart American, told Jones that in the mines there were a thousand English miners, and they wanted to organize a "Jones British Club," but they had no hall to meet in.

Jones said: "All right. Find the hall, pay the rent in advance for six months, hire a band for every night up to election day, have some refreshments on hand, and let the boys have a good time. Come to me for what may be needed."

The programme was carried out and things went on swimmingly up to election day.

About noon on election day O. came to Jones and told him that the dirty dogs would not vote until a large assessment which they had levied was paid.

With a laugh Jones said: "Send word to them that I am awfully busy just now, but I will come down after a while." At about 3 p. m. they sent a messenger that they were waiting. Jones bade the messenger tell them he would be over in a few minutes. A fresh shift of men were at the time coming out of the Belcher and Crown Point mines and hurrying to take their places in line to vote.

When that line was extended until it was clear it would take until the polls closed for them all to vote, Jones repaired to the hall.

Mounting the little rostrum he said:

"My fellow miners, I have taken great interest in your club from the first. When I see English-born men come to America, and see them after they have become familiar with the principles of our free government and understand the opportunities supplied here for true men, take on the solemn obligations of citizenship, I rejoice and say to myself, 'These are worthy descendants of those Englishmen who made England free and held her free when almost all the earth outside was lost in apparent anarchy.' And my comforting thought is that they will be as true to the land of their adoption as they were to the land of their birth.

"These thoughts are what prompted me to help you in the formation of your club. It was not half so much to get your votes, as because we all came from the same land, and while our allegiance here is equal to any native born Americans, we have beside the memory that it was our forefathers who, while conquering a peace for themselves, at the same time conquered what was crude and wrong and savage in their own natures and dedicated our England to order, to law, to liberty to progress and enlightenment. In the meantime, too, they established a literature of their own higher than was ever before founded. On land and sea for a thousand years they have held their place, until the names of her heroes and sages and scholars make the brightest list that ever the sun shone on.

"An hundred years ago, when England had unworthy citizens she transported those whom she did not hang. I am satisfied that had that still been the custom, not one of you would have ever paid your own passage money to get away. And now, asking your pardon for detaining you so long, I want to explain that the only reason that prompted me to come here today was to have the pleasure of telling the last mother's son of you that you have my full permission to go to h—l, and to hope that none of you will be delayed in reaching your rightful destination."

There was a rush to reach the polls to vote against the Jones legislative ticket, but it was too late. The whole bunch were shut out.

He went twice, if I remember correctly, on international monetary commissions abroad, and held his place with honor among the world's foremost authorities on finance. Not until past four score did he retire to his estate at Santa Monica, California, to pass the twilight of his life there.

It was a most appropriate place. The world with its storms and heat and cold, its fierce winds and tempests, was all behind him. Before him was the great ocean; its surges, freed from all their deep-sea fierceness and wrath, came rolling in, bringing in low murmurs refrains from far off shores; bringing to the weary man whispers of peace, which to the aged who are losing their hold on life are what a mother's lullaby is to the child just entering upon life, and so under those murmurs, in the soft air, from his peaceful surroundings there he passed to the deeper peace.

He lived and died an honor to this western coast.

Because of him the manhood of the coast was exalted in the world's estimation.

In his own home, when he died, the light of the world well nigh went out.

ALLEN GREEN CAMPBELL.

A VERY sterling man was Allen Green Campbell; there are thousands of people in Utah who knew him, who were familiar with him every day for years; but we venture the belief that not one in two hundred of them all realized how true was his manhood, how high his soul.

Could he, when he was poor, have been offered a fortune at the expense of doing an unmanly act, such as thousands would cheerfully do and esteem it as a shrewd business transaction, he would have spurned it.

An instance of this was shown when the Horn Silver mine was sold. The company had given a certain man a bond on the mine. He went to New York and after awhile wired or wrote Campbell to come with authority to give a title to the mine, as it was sold. Mr. Campbell prepared the necessary papers and went to New York. The day after his arrival he was ushered into a room where he found the principal subscribers to the purchase waiting for him.

Then one of those present said: "Mr. Campbell, we have agreed to purchase the Horn Silver mine on the report that has been presented to us, provided you endorse the report."

The report was read to him, then pushed over the table for his endorsement.

He pushed it aside and said: "I cannot endorse that report."

"And why not?" was asked him.

"Because," he replied, "it is not true."

All looked disappointed, and the man who had obtained the option was paralyzed. There was an oppressive silence for a moment, when one of those present said:

"What kind of a report would you endorse, Mr. Campbell?"

Campbell replied: "Yours, if you would but stick to the truth."

"But I know nothing about mines or miners," said the man.

"Well," said Campbell, "push your chair up to the table and let me make an expert out of you!"

The gentleman laughingly assented, drew some papers and pens before him, and said, "I am ready."

Then Mr. Campbell told him to write what the surface formation showed, giving him the data sentence by sentence. Then he took him to the first level in the mine, had him write the length, breadth, and the assay value of the ore shoot developed there. In the same way he went through all the levels of the mine, then he bade him put down the cost of mining, hauling and smelting, to make clear what the net value of the mine so far as developed was.

Then he told him to reckon thirteen cubic feet of ore to the ton, to calculate the tonnage, then deduct the cost of mining and reduction and give the gentlemen present the result.

The man was an expert accountant, and in five minutes gave the amount, which was some $300,000 more than the man with the option had figured out from his imagination. Then Mr. Campbell said: "I will sign that report. You are about the only honest expert that I have met for six months. I will sign the report and guarantee that you will find the mine as stated, except that on the lowest level the boys were uncovering the ore chute several feet every day, and there will probably be 100 feet more ore there for you than this report includes."

Then all present took on a new idea of a western miner.

Mr. Campbell was a great miner and an intense American. He was not a scholar in the usual sense; but he would have been a close friend of Plato or Socrates had he lived in the generation of either of them, for he had reasoned out how things should be from an intuition all his own.

One day when a group of men were discussing the Chinese question, one of them turned to him and said: "Mr. Campbell, do you not think the Chinese should be kept out of our country, such a menace are they to poor white laborers?"

Campbell waited a moment and then said: "The Chinese that come to our country are poor wretches, but they are men. They represent the results of thousands of years of want and suffering. They are grateful to work for a pittance and to do menial work. Could I have my way I would let them come and do that work and at the same time exalt American workingmen to places where the Chinese could not compete with them."

He always meant to be absolutely fair, and justice was his insistance from childhood to the last day of his life.

At the same time he had some weights upon him. He never could outgrow some provincialisms and prejudices that were due to the environments of his youth, and could not always distinguish an honest man from a would-be grafter.

He became accustomed to the control of a great fortune, but when he traded his Nevada farm for a small orange grove at Riverside, Cal., he fixed his home there and told with more pride that he cleared $2,000 from it the previous year, than he ever exhibited when a mining transaction had brought him three hundred times that amount.

He was one of the truest of friends. He and Mr. Matt Cullen of Salt Lake City were partners in the Horn Silver mine. To his dying day he always looked upon Mr. Cullen as a brother.

When he accepted the nomination as a delegate to Congress from Utah, he did not expect or desire to hold the office. He ran merely to vindicate a principle and as a protest against what he looked upon as a defiance of law on the part of the majority here.

There was much of the martyr in him. He feared nothing on earth except to do wrong, and he would have cheerfully faced death for what he believed to be right.

He left his early home with nothing except his faith in the invincibility of labor, backed by honest intentions. He became an accomplished miner and made a fortune, but there was not one stain upon one of the dollars he accumulated, or upon his life while he was accumulating it.

He was a great-hearted man and a patriot as true as was Regulus. He was always a reminder of Abraham Lincoln in the unfeigned integrity of purpose which controlled his life. But his hands and feet showed that he was of gentler stock than was Mr. Lincoln.

Utah never realized how great and true a man he was, for he was utterly unpretentious and was never in a position where his real character shone out before the eyes of the people. He had within him all the elements of a great soul; we do not believe that he ever himself knew how much of a factor for good he might have been.

I one day heard a man ask him what his idea of serving God was. He replied: "To do what little good we can here for God's poor." That was one key to his real nature.

He died too soon, but he met death as he had all the storms of life, with calmness and without fear.

A. C. CLEVELAND.

THE Honorable A. C. Cleveland, while yet a boy, went to California from the state of Maine. California had a great many fighters at that time. Cleveland went to one of the southern counties where fighters abounded. Coming from Maine, they thought at first he was an easy victim. After six months he could not get a quarrel unless he forced it.

His career in that respect always reminded me of S. S. Prentiss, who went from Maine to Mississippi. At that time everyone fought in Mississippi. It was not long until Prentiss had occasion to fight a duel with he who afterwards became Senator Foote. He was lame and walked with a cane. The second of Foote objected to his leaning on the cane while the duel was on, at which he threw it away, saying, "I can lick Foote on one leg."

Some boys had climbed trees nearby, and during the preliminaries for the duel Prentiss looked up to them and said: "Boys, look out! Foote shoots mighty wild."

But later Mississippi took Prentiss to its arms, and most Mississippi boys at this date believe that he was to the manor born in that state.

Mr. Cleveland early went to Nevada, when Nevada was not altogether a Sunday School. In his early days he had some few little difficulties, but he learned later to restrain himself.

His first business in Nevada was contracting, hauling timbers up from the flank of the Sierras to Virginia City for the mines. He had a contract with the Gould and Curry to supply that mine with timbers, and had a good many teamsters in his employ, whom he paid every month. One pay day he went to the office to draw the needed money to pay his men, whereupon the clerk in the office said to him: "Mr. Cleveland, So and So, one of your teamsters, has asked me to hold out his wages that he may collect them here."

Cleveland said, "All right." But when he went away, thinking over the matter, he became angry. The more he thought of it the more angry he became. The habit of teamsters was to go from Carson City up into the mountains, get their load of timber, and bring it down to Carson City; then the next day haul it to Virginia City.

Cleveland knew the hour when the teamsters came in and so went out on the road on foot to the outskirts of Carson to meet this particular teamster. He came in due time. He was not riding the near wheel mule, as was the custom, but was up on top of the load of timbers, ten feet above the street, driving the mules with a single rein, as was the habit. Cleveland stopped him and said:

"You got your money all right, did you?"

"Oh, yes," said the man.

"Well," said Cleveland, "do you know what I think of you?"

"No. I haven't the least idee," was the reply.

"Well," said Cleveland, "I think if you will come down off that load that I can whip you to a standstill in about two minutes and a half."

"Is that so?" said the teamster.

"Yes, it is," said Cleveland.

"In that case," said the teamster, "I will be damned if I come down."

This disarmed Cleveland entirely. Waiting a minute he looked up and said, "Well, would you come down to take a drink?"

"Why," said the man, "that is different." Whereupon they were sworn friends for life.

The writer of this had the honor of once sitting in a state convention in Carson City with Mr. Cleveland. There was a contesting delegation down from Virginia City, and the men who had charge of the hall stationed the two delegations on different sides. It was the old capitol building, which was built in the form of a cross. The delegations from Virginia City were on either end of one arm of this cross, and the rest of the convention in the center between them. The contesting delegation got control of the convention and placed

Judge Hadyen of Dayton in the chair. The regular delegation was very angry. The contesting delegation was made up in great part of natural fighters. One of them, a distinguished one, took up his position in front of the speaker's desk. It was a clear case that Hayden had been promised protection no matter how he ruled. This particular delegate was named Riff Williams, or at least he was known by that name. He stood with his profile to the audience, the mildest-faced gentleman that anyone ever looked at; but he was indifferently picking his teeth with a fifteen-inch bowie knife which to some people in the hall looked ominous as it was a new tooth pick that they were not familiar with—as a tooth pick.

As the proceedings went on, the anger increased. Hayden was most arbitrary in his rulings and no appeal was permitted from them. When the crucial time seemed near I whispered to Cleveland, saying: "Cleve, when this row starts, which side are you going to assimilate with?"

He whispered back, "I don't know. As I was coming into the hall someone dropped a derringer in my pocket, but he did not tell me which way he wanted me to shoot."

The difficulty was finally quelled by a few humorous remarks of an outside delegate.

Cleve lived in Carson a good many years; married there, was elected to the state senate and made a fine reputation for his ability and his perfect fairness, and for the clear sagacity he manifested in handling all cases. Later he moved to White Pine county, bought a great tract of land and settled down to ranching and stock-raising.

For this he was perfectly equipped. He knew the business and was personally perhaps the best horseman in Nevada.

He went to a friend one day and said:

"What has ——— against you?"

The friend said: "I have no idea in the world. We have been good friends for several years in Nevada."

"Well," Cleveland said, "he is talking about you."

"Well," the friend said, "he has no cause. I never had any business with him, none whatever, and he is either laboring under a mistake or he is just mean on general principles."

Cleve went to the man and told him, and said: "I would not follow that up, because —— is not a bad man, and people here will believe him."

But he kept up his talk and a few days later was on a bender and met Cleveland in town. He said:

"Come and take a drink."

"No," Cleveland said. "I don't drink."

The man, himself in his cups, rudely caught Cleveland by the shoulder and said:

"Ah! None of that. Come in and have a drink."

Whereupon Cleveland shot him through one arm, badly wounding him. A few days later the other friend said to him: "Cleve, why did you shoot ———?"

He said: "He talks too much. That's all."

In a little while Cleveland's ranch became the stopping place for all passersby, partly because it was a great place to stop and partly because Cleveland had no charges for travelers at his ranch. He planted a great many trees. They grew rapidly and the birds from all over that part of Nevada came and made their happy homes in them. Cleveland gave the word that no gun should be fired around the place lest it frighten the birds. They must have heard of it, for with each year more and more birds came, until the concert from them—from lark, from robin, from oriole, from wren, and the rest—was a genuine oratorio from daylight to dark, and when the night came the sage thrashers and mocking birds took up the refrain and kept it up till morning.

One day when Cleveland was absent, two or three hunters came along just at dark and camped. They had the hospitalities of the home, the supper, the beds, the breakfast. In the morning they began to get out their guns. Celeveland had a Chinese cook whom he had had for many years, and the Chinaman became as much absorbed in the place as Cleveland himself was. Cleveland being absent, the Chinaman thought it his duty to look out, so he went to them and said:

"What you do dem guns?"

One of the men said: "We are going to kill some of these birds."

The Chinaman replied, "Not muchee. You no shoot 'em birds."

"Why can't we shoot the birds?" said one of the men.

"You shootee one dese birds, old man he come home he play hell with you!"

They put up their guns.

As Cleveland grew old, he grew more self-contained, but one day a man came along, stopped and got his dinner, and during the meal and afterward hurled anathemas at a certain gentleman in Nevada whom he did not like. He finally wound up by wishing that the man was there that he could settle with him.

"Settle how?" asked Cleveland.

He said: "I would beat him to death if he was here."

At which Cleveland said: "Do you know what you are saying? Do you know that that man you are talking about is something of a fighter?"

"It does not matter. If he was here I would beat him to death."

"Well," said Cleveland, "it is against my religious principles to have a difficulty with a man—that is, any serious difficulty—but that man you are talking about is a friend of mine and if you are entirely sure that you are anxious for a fight today, I'll take the risk of getting in that friend's place."

That was a different matter. The man lost his desire for a fight in a moment.

He was for a long time one of the prominent men of Nevada, and once was a candidate for governor and should have been elected except that he was running against another man as popular as himself, Governor Sparks, and the majority was for Sparks.

For a long time he acted as the attorney of the Virginia & Truckee railroad to watch legislation in Carson, that nothing could be gotten through that was hostile to the road.

Finally he went to Carson, when the legislature met, but was seized with a terrible cold, the day before the meeting, which swiftly developed into pneumonia, and he lay at death's door until the session was over. He returned by Salt Lake, and was for a few days under a physician's care. I met the physician and asked him if Cleveland was all right, and he replied: "He is going to get up and go home, but he will not live three years.

Two years later, one Saturday night, he went to a little house near his main residence, where the hired help congregated, asked the boys for a newspaper or two and went to the house. Within five minutes one of the boys followed him. He was sitting in a chair holding the newspaper, and with one hand on the table, evidently reaching for his spectacles. But he was stone dead.

He was a man of wonderful ability, a man with a heart bigger than his breast; a man quick of temper, but just and generous to all. He was my friend, without a moment's disagreement, for forty years. He did as much as any other one man to make Nevada a state and to keep it glorified. There was hardly a man, woman or child in the state that did not know him; there was not one who was not a mourner when he died.

"JOGGLES" WRIGHT.

If I ever heard his first name I have forgotten it. Then, were it published, not many of his friends would know who was meant, for they knew him only as "Joggles." He always reminded me of a thoroughbred horse that had been brought up in a band of mustangs. He could outfoot any of them, out-jump any of them; he had more deviltry in him than any of them, but he was as fond of their comradeship as though they had all been of the blood royal.

He was of fine stock, that was clear, and must have been trained at home in all polite usages, for when the occasion required it he showed that he was familiar with all the rules of select society.

But he must have run away early from home, for there was always a vagrant, untamable side of his nature. He was from the south somewhere, Maryland, or more likely Virginia, for when he first appeared in Nevada, he quickly found he who was later Governor Bradley of Nevada, and being broke, Bradley instructed him in his duties, and giving him a $200 shepherd dog, set him to herding sheep.

To give him such a place was on the same plane of wisdom as that which had Paul Sheridan assigned to the quartermaster's staff when the big war was on.

Wright tired of the position within three days, and to vary the monotony, kettled the dog "just to see him run," though the dog knew more about herding sheep than Wright ever learned.

He went to Belmont and engaged to work as a miner.

Whether he had known the business before or not I do not know, but he soon became an expert miner, then a foreman, then a superintendent. He quickly showed that he not only understood mining, but further, that he understood mines, and where ore bodies were liable to make good, and how to reach them. Moreover, he swiftly demonstrated that he knew how to handle men, how to get full work from them, and at the same time hold their respect and gain their affection.

When he began to earn more money than he ever had before, he began to look carefully at every horse that came into Belmont, on the pretense that he wanted a saddle horse.

At last he found one to suit him, bought it, and was seen riding the horse out of town for an hour or two daily.

A race-horse man came into Belmont one day and announced a desire to run his horse 600 yards against anything that Belmont could produce. Wright paid no attention to him the first day, but the second day, when the stranger offered to run his animal at five to four against any horse that could be produced, "Joggles" closed with him on a $500 race.

"Joggles'" horse was badly beaten, for the stranger had a really great horse, and "Joggles" financially was where he was when he first entered the camp, except that he still had his horse. He did not mind the money loss, but his pride was badly shattered.

When he arose next morning he went to the stable and had his horse brought out. He looked him over, and expressed the belief that his judgment had not erred, that he was satisfied his horse only lacked confidence in himself; that if such confidence could be built up he was sure he would make a four-mile racer.

Then he proceeded to give the horse confidence. He found an empty can in the stable and made a hole near the top of the can, tied a rope in the hole and the other end to the horse's tail. He got some pebbles and put them in the can; and striking the flank of the horse with the flat of his hand, at the same instant whooped at him like a Comanche.

The horse sprang forward, and feeling the attachment and hearing the rattle of the pebbles, dashed down the main street in a frenzy of fear.

"Joggles" danced for joy, shouting like a lunatic. "Didn't I tell you he could run if I could only give him confidence?"

When his hilarity subsided, he said he would make the stable man a present of the horse, if he could catch him, and thereafter went on foot to and from the mine.

After he left Belmont he bought a small band of cattle and was camped with them near the sink of the Carson. One morning his head vaquero explained to him that the camels that had been packing salt from the salt beds near the sink to the Virginia City quartz mills—silver mills use large quantities of salt in reducing ore—were on the range about twenty-five miles away; that old Brigham, the patriarch of the herd, had a mane four feet long; that they could go over there, throw a rope on him, shear off his mane and from the hair make two fine lariats.

So, next morning they saddled their horses, rode to where the camels were, dismounted, re-cinched their saddles, and the vaquero urged his frightened horse—horses are afraid of camels—near enough and threw his lariat over old Brigham's head before Brigham realized what was intended.

But it happened to be just that season of the year when Brigham was sure that he was lord of all he surveyed. When the lariat began to tighten around his neck, he did not wait, but turned, and with mouth open and ears back, started for the horse. That animal, wild with fear, turned and sprang into a run. The vaquero cut his lariat at the saddle and fled for his life, while "Joggles" filled the air with shouts of laughter. The camel chased the vaquero a mile and then returned to his family, still proud, but disappointed that he did not overhaul the man who dared to throw the rope on him. But he had the rope to show as a proof of his valor. The two men reached home at 10 p. m., the vaquero bewailing the loss of his lariat.

Three or four years later a newspaper published that the camels had been returned to Arizona and were running wild. A friend seeing the article, asked "Joggles" if he did not believe it would be fun to hunt wild camels. "Joggles" expressed doubts, but admitted that it was great fun to see an angry camel hunt a man.

When Johnnie Skae gained control of the Sierra Nevada on the Comstock, Wright was appointed superintendent. He sank that wonderful incline, all in ore, twelve hundred feet, and made the short cross-cut in ore and every one believed it was a greater bonanza than that of the Con-Cal Virginia. It was but a pipe of ore; a thousand men lost their fortunes in the stock, but it was a wild dream while it lasted.

The Sierra Nevada ground is four miles north of Virginia City proper. Wright kept a saddle horse to go to town and return. One morning, as he was going from the hoisting works to the office, he met his secretary—one Ford—coming from the office. As they met, "Joggles" said, "Which way, Ford?" Ford replied that he was going to town. "On foot?" asked "Joggles." Ford said yes. "Why don't you take the horse?" asked "Joggles." Ford replied that he would like to if the horse was not going to be used.

"Why, certainly, take him; the loafer is eating his head off. What is the use of walking?" said Wright.

Ford saddled the horse and rode away. He returned three or four hours later. He was a big man, an athlete, six feet tall, and weighed two hundred pounds, but as he entered the office where Wright was sitting, his lips were white. He showed three or four contusions on his face, and was trembling like a frightened girl. Looking up, "Joggles" exclaimed: "Why, Ford, you look demoralized. Did you have a scrap down town?"

"No, no scrap," said Ford, "but at the highest place on the grade that horse of yours suddenly turned, jumped off the grade, bucked to the bottom of the ravine and tossed me on a pile of rocks."

"You don't say so!" said "Joggles." "Why, confound him, we will sell him; he did the same trick with me yesterday."

But poor Wright. He burned his candle at both ends. He would work all day, run with the boys all night and be back to work next day as though nothing had happened. He was a leader everywhere, no matter what strata of humanity he happened to come upon.

Suddenly one day he collapsed. One physician was sent for; he sent for another and one of them was obliged to tell him that he had but a few days, perhaps but a few hours, to live. He received the news in his old, careless way, saying: "If it was measured up maybe I have lived out my full threescore years and ten."

The morning before he died Judge Belknap bent over him and said, "Wright, you ought to pull through. You do not look like a dying man." To which he replied: "I do not seem to feel like one, but those doctors say they have a corner on me."

I saw him three hours before he died. His mind was rambling, but, turning his head wearily on the pillow, he said: "Hurry, for the boys are having a hard time down on the sixteenth level."

The air of Nevada is still filled with echoes of him. His courage was perfect; his generosity of the frank and joyous kind; he was like Brinsford Sheridan, if he could not help a friend up, he would lie down beside him. He was careless what kind of a crowd he was in, but at the same time he had an independence of character which caused him to hold himself the peer of the very highest.

He had ability enough to justify him to aspire to the highest places, but he did not care for personal honors; he had neither social nor political ambition; his sense of humor was limitless; he had little reverence, and would have fired a joke at the Archbishop of Canterbury; when he was superintendent of a great mine, he would leave his work any time to seize the rope of a fire engine running to a fire, all the way yelling: "Jump her! Jump her, boys!" His animal spirits were inexhaustible; he struck Nevada when that state was a central station for the world's sensations; he had no more self-control than an unbroken colt; he lived fifty years in fifteen, and was no more disciplined on the last day than when he kettled his own horse to see him run.

All the time he had no enemy except himself. This life to him was a place to have fun in, and at last he cast it aside as carelessly as he had used it all his days.

MOSES KIRKPATRICK.

BORN in Kentucky in 1829, educated in an Indiana college, and then a three-years course in the Louisville, Kentucky, law school, he went to St. Louis a partner with the great Blair family of lawyers. He practiced there until the "call of the wild" from California drew him west.

My recollection is that he was, so to speak, an aristocratic emigrant. Others drove oxen attached to red wagons. He engineered a mule team and his wagon was blue with red fretwork on the box borders. That "fretwork" is more appropriate than ordinary mortals can understand, for there was a good deal of fretting in those emigrant trains. There was a great deal of labor attached to it, and then there were other features to try the nerves of men and women. The awful stillness of the desert is something which, after a few days, gives the one who has borne it a sense of relief to hear some overworn teamster consign his team to perdition in a language which is an improvement over that which "our army in Flanders" used.

Then after the silence of the day, the voices of the night come, for wolves "bay the moon" as well as dogs, and the owl's hoot, coming to the ears of a half asleep man, fills his brain with visions of a mighty bird of prey that is swooping down to carry off his team, his wagon and himself.

I recall that once I stopped at old man Phillips' Peoria hotel. fourteen miles from Marysville.

The old man drank a little in the forenoon, ate his dinner at 12 m., then slept for an hour, and then drank a little more to be ready for supper. I was young in those days, and while waiting for dinner the old man was looking me over. In the language of that day, he was "sizing me up."

Finally he said: "Young man, how long have you been in this country?" I told him.

"Cross the plains?" was his next question.

I said, "No; I came by steamer via Panama."

"Well, you don't know anything," was his response, and continuing he said: "I lived with my wife twenty-five years and thought I had got acquainted with her, but we had not been out a week from home on the way here until I found I had never had an introduction to her. I had fixed up a fine wagon, had it covered with all care, then had a fly put over the cover to chase the heat away.

"I drove the oxen, my wife sat under the double cover, for all the time I was getting the outfit ready, my thought was, 'I must make the old lady as comfortable as possible.'

"But the fourth day out I halted the team at sundown and began to make camp.

"Then my wife put her head out from beneath the wagon cover and said: 'Are you going to camp here?'

"I told her that I thought I would, whereupon she remarked in a high soprano voice that 'It is the meanest place I've seen today. Why didn't you camp over there?'

"Things grew complicated more and more for a week until one day I said to her: 'Mrs. Phillips, you are my wife and it's all right, but if you were not my wife, I would'— I stopped right there and went after the oxen just to work off my steam, and I had 'em on a gallop in a minute."

Reaching California, Kirkpatrick opened a law office in Camptonville or Downieville. There were some great lawyers there—Thornton, Stewart, Rising, Meredith, Taylor, Dunn, Hawley, a splendid array of wonderful young lawyers, but from the first Kirkpatrick was up in the front rank and soon made a state reputation. He served one term in the legislature, and was on the direct road to political preferment.

He went with the others to the Comstock, and the law firm of Stewart, Kirkpatrick and Rising was soon leading.

As explained elsewhere, the Comstock at first was found pitching to the west. The great lode is high on the mountain side at the base of Mount Davidson. All the way down the hill to the east for a third of a mile the hillside was covered with strata quartz, and all these were located, some of them three deep.

The lode pitched to the west, and as great an authority as Professor Silliman said the heart of the lode would be found under Mount Davidson.

But both Professor Stewart and Professor Clayton disagreed with that theory, declaring that there must be a fault somewhere, that the natural pitch was to the east. When a depth of about 200 feet was reached the ledge gave out. Sinking a few feet and then drifting east a few feet, it was found again, pitching to the east.

Then the question at once arose: Who owned the ground the surface of which had been located? It was finally decided that the men or company who owned the apex of a lode owned it in all its depth, no matter where it led. But it required years of litigation to establish that rule, and some of the cases involved millions, such fees were paid as were never heard of before, which brought such an array of legal talent to the Comstock as was never previously seen in so small a place. Among their names Kirkpatrick's was in the front rank. At one time he left Nevada for a couple of years, but the spell of the place drew him back.

The crash of the Sierra Nevada mine broke half the coast, and Kirkpatrick was one of the victims. He removed to Salt Lake City, then was engaged by the late Marcus Daly to go to Butte, Montana, to look after the great Anaconda legal business. He went to Ohio to try one mining case, and his handling of it evoked the surprise and admiration of the foremost lawyers of that state.

Three or four years later he visited Salt Lake City on business, was seized with illness about 5 p. m., and died at 10 a. m. next day.

He was one of the great lawyers of the coast, one of the foremost men. In his home he was the most devoted husband and farther; we doubt whether he ever uttered a cross word there.

The grief over his death still lasts, though it is more than twenty years since he passed away. He helped lay the foundations of three states; for forty years he was a power on the west coast, and he went to his grave covered with honors, and without one reproach following him.

"ZINC" BARNES.

I BELIEVE his initials were S. C., but they soon degenerated into "Zinc," and that is the only name that thousands ever knew him by. I have before now written of a good many gentlemen of character. Zinc's character was in the main fine, but there were holes in it. He was a royal friend, so true that I fear had a real friend needed something Zinc would have got it for him; and had his own finances been in borasco, he, by the enchantment of his reasoning, would have drawn it from the opulence of others.

His initial venture in Nevada in one of those first two or three hard winters was on a ranch above Carson City, where there was some timber and a little grass.

It may be said that Zinc did not obtain the ranch for the purpose of improving it and making a homestead of it, but held it to wait for the boom which in those days always came in the spring, when sometimes it was easier to work a "sucker" than a ranch.

The former owner had built a dugout to live in; that is, he had "cut out a station" on the side hill, put up some logs on the sides and covered it with poles. On these was piled brush, and some earth which he had packed down with his shovel.

When in Carson someone asked him if he had a house on his ranch. He answered: "Why certainly." "Tell us about it, Zinc!" was next demanded. "Why," replied Zinc, "it has rustic sides, for that is my taste, a beam roof, for I always admired beam roofs, even if costly, but I have no door, rather I have hung before it a piece of rare old tapestry to remind me as I go in or come out of my mother, for she had a passion for rare tapestry." The questioner walked away, whereupon Zinc turned to Joe Farren and asked him if he had a large dollar which he could loan on unquestioned security. I was told that the tapestry which made the door was manufactured out of two gunny sacks, which is certainly as plausible as was Zinc's tapestry story.

When the country around the Comstock was pretty well located, a young man one day pointed out to some companions that the range in which the Comstock was located was cut in twain by the Truckee river and the mountains north of the Truckee had never been explored for mineral indications, and proposed to organize a prospecting party and prospect up and down that range. The proposition was at once approved and a party of fifteen or twenty young men started out from about where Reno now is. All were riding small mustangs except Barnes, who was mounted on a very tall and long mule and a mule with a wide reputation for its indisposition to indulge in violent exercise.

As they were riding along the first day the question of food was sprung, whereupon Zinc explained that many things which were really good food were ignored through a foolish prejudice. "For instance," he continued, "there are few dishes more dainty and wholesome than a broiled rattlesnake." He was laughed to scorn, but insisted.

They descended from a low hill into a small grassy valley with a clear stream running through it, where they determined to camp for the night. Their coming started up a score of fat rabbits and the boys shot a dozen of them. One of the boys ran upon a big rattler in coil and shot his head off. This was skinned and cooked in a separate frying pan and laid in a coil before the tin plate of Barnes. But amid the railing of the crowd Zinc insisted on eating rabbit. When he had finished he lighted his pipe and when all was still suddenly broke out with:

"I still insist that when a man needs an appetizer there is nothing finer than a cooked rattler, but after riding all day a man does not need an appetizer, and so can choose what to eat, and under such circumstances the man who does not choose rabbit is off his base."

When the country began to have a mineral look, they all dismounted, one man led the animals and the others spread out on the hillsides prospecting. In that way they continued to wander further and further north, when one day they ran upon a band of renegade Piutes or Modocs in their war paint. The boys ran to their animals, sprang upon them and beat a retreat. But Zinc could get no speed out of his mule and he called to the others. "Hold on, boys! Hold on! There is only a little band of them. We can lick them easily."

But his cries were unheeded. Suddenly an arrow aimed at Zinc fell a little short and struck the mule just beside the mule's tail. This aroused the mule, and seeing or scenting the savages, he laid his ears back and started at a pace which soon overtook the mustangs.

As Zinc swept by his companions he cried to them: "Come on! Come on! You sons of guns. If there is one Indian after you there's a million."

He held ever after, that the point of view was everything sometimes.

After awhile Zinc bought out the title of a man whose claim lapped over on Bonanza ground, and his was the oldest title.

Zinc demanded possession of the ground and an accounting, and being refused, began suit.

He enlisted the services of a brilliant lawyer, and no case was ever better prepared or presented.

It was tried in the federal court, Judge Sawyer of San Francisco presiding.

When the hearing was over and it came time to charge the jury, the judge descended from the bench, went and stood in front of the jury and for half an hour expounded the law in a way which was an astonishment to all that heard it.

Zinc listened until the close, then turning to his lawyer, said: "Sawyer is a perfectly unbiased, unprejudiced judge, is he not?" "Why do you ask?" was the reply. "O, nothing much," said Zinc. "I was only thinking that if that is an unbiased opinion, what a splendid attorney he would make if he were really interested on one side of a case."

Zinc finally drifted across the country from Bodie to Pioche.

When Zinc reached Pioche his services were needed. The great trial was on between the Raymond and Ely and the Meadow valley mining companies, and some people thought that Zinc had a sort of hypnotic power over a jury.

It was there that he gave voice to his idea of an honest man—"a son of a gun who will stay bought."

The air of Nevada is still filled with the echoes of his quaint and terse sayings.

He had the exact estimate of every man he came in contact with and could write a full biography of many of them in an epigram. He was an all around genius, but had no terminal points; no fixedness of purpose, no apparent care for what happened the day before or what would happen the day following.

Thousands of men with less ability have made for themselves fortunes and high names, but he seemed to care for neither. He looked upon life as a game, and that to lose was no sign of want of ability, but a want of luck.

He looked upon life as a game, and that to lose was no sign of want of ability, but a want of luck.

He died a painful death in Idaho, but those who were with him said despite his great sufferings, his quaint remarks lingered to the last, and he died just as he had lived, looking upon death as merely a gateway beyond which there was another land to explore, but from which the point of view would be everything.

GENERAL THADDEUS H. STANTON.

HE was a major when I knew him first. He made his headquarters at Salt Lake City during the years that Major General Alex. McDowell McCook was staioned at Fort Douglas. He had all the elements of a great oldier; he was a perfectly equipped great citizen. When he eached Salt Lake he bore the name of "Crook's fighting paynaster."

That came from the fact that during all the years that General Crook was fighting the Indians on the frontier, whenver a fight was on, it was Stanton's fashion to forget that he vas paymaster, and taking a gun went into the ranks with the egular infantry and fought so long as any Indians were in ight. Of course the soldiers all swore by him. He did not o it because he loved fighting, but he had a theory that if in fight with Indians, other things being about equal, the vhite man can hold up steady for a few minutes, the red man vill give way; and his presence in a company, his presence and vords of cheer, and the absence of all fear on his part, were alculated to hold the men up into the fight, when otherwise panic might have come upon them.

His general bearing was that of a light-hearted, jovial, indly man. Only a few of us knew how fine a scholar and rofound a thinker he was, or how intense was his patriotism.

When stationed in Salt Lake he made frequent journeys o all the military stations in this intermountain region, to pay ff the soldiers. Once he went to Fort Washakie in northern Vyoming in midwinter. From the railroad station at some oint in Wyoming—Rawlins, I believe—the trip was by stage ome 100 miles, and the thermometer showed over 30 degrees elow zero.

When he reached the fort the officers all exerted themelves to minister to him and make him comfortable. When at st he had been served with a hot meal and was fairly warmed through, some of the officers asked him if he had not nearly perished in the intense cold.

He assured them that while the air was a little bracing and might have seemed really cold to boys—there were several young lieutenants stationed there—it was just wholesome to a veteran. This bantering went on until some of the young officers told him that he was born before the real tough stock of Americans had appeared; that old chaps like himself had not the constitution to stand a real endurance test. To this Stanton replied that it would be easy to demonstrate that right then. At Washakie there is a big hot spring, the waters of which below the spring are caught in a pool; so Stanton proposed that they all go down and take a bath in the spring. Half a dozen of them accepted and disrobed as Stanton did, went into the pool, then out, naked, following Stanton, left the water and lay down on a snow bank close by, and repeated this three or four times. It is the wonder of the world that it did not kill them all. When the young officers got warm enough to talk, they admitted that possibly a few tough men might have been born before the stalwart age came in.

When here the major always dressed in plain clothes or undress uniform, except when it was pay day at Fort Douglas. Then he was always in full uniform and on such days, while he had on that uniform, no persuasion could induce him to enter a saloon.

With him the army of the United States represented the glory of the republic, the flag it bore was a standard so sacred that all those in whose immediate custody it was entrusted should always, when on duty, show that their lives were consecrated to its defense—"their lives, their fortunes and sacred honor." His loyalty was something beautiful to see. The president of the United States was his commander-in-chief, and if any one in his presence had aught to say in criticism of him. Stanton would walk away.

But he was just as loyal to friends. When Mr. Cleveland was elected president, he sent a gentleman to Utah with an appointment as surveyor general of the territory. He was a finely educated and accomplished gentleman, a kindly man withal and on his arrival at Salt Lake wanted to be on good terms with all the people. But he evidently had never been west and he brought with him a somewhat narrow provincialism.

He was met on his arrival by Mr. Barratt, a prominent Democrat, who naturally invited him to the Alta club and introduced him to the gentlemen there. The call lasted perhaps forty minutes, when Mr. Barratt escorted him to his hotel. On the street the new surveyor general suddenly turned to Mr. Barratt and with mingled surprise and gratification, said: "Barratt, do you know that from that hasty visit I would judge that 60 per cent of those gentlemen in the club, in intelligence, would average very well with the men of Illinois."

Barratt, himself an old Baltimore thoroughbred, left him at the hotel and then went to find Stanton.

To him he recounted what the new federal appointee had said.

Stanton listened and then said: "This is serious, Barratt, I must think it over." He took the first conveyance for Fort Douglas and told General McCook. "You are sure he said it, Stanton?" said McCook. Then he made a brief oration, made up in great part of compound adjectives. Finally he said: "Next Thursday is Jackson day. It is only fair to pay our respects to this new federal officer. I will give a reception on that day and invite the gentleman to attend. I will invite a few others to make everything agreeable. Sit down and help me make out the list."

The reception was set for 10 a. m. and a good many carriage loads of gentlemen were there on the hour. General McCook and all his officers, in full uniform, received them and made them welcome.

The general had brewed one of his famous punches. Those McCook punches besides being wonderful to the palate were loaded down with character. They looked innocent as lambs and harmless as doves on the surface, but in their depths lay coiled serpents as potential as cobras. Of course the first thing was to drink the health of the president; then to the memory of the hero of New Orleans; then to the army of the United States; then to the flag; then to the governor of the territory.

Evidently the new surveyor general had never found any such beverage before and this was not only wonderful, but free. Within fifteen minutes he volunteered to make a speech. It was cheered vociferously and he made another. Then his health was proposed and drunk with irrepressible enthusiasm and so he made a third speech which broke down party lines and Democrats and Republicans were all brothers.

In forty-five minutes after his arrival he was asleep under the table and the expression on Stanton's face was something delicious to see. Mr. Barratt acknowledged his obligation to him.

When the kaiser's brother, in his journey around the world, reached Salt Lake, he stopped off for a day's rest. His attendants were a count and a baron. I think that Stanton had received a request from Washington to make their visit as pleasant as possible. As a representative of the army he met them and did what he could for them. The prince had a cold, and Stanton had Dr. Allen or Dr. Hamilton visit him and advise him not to go out in the night air.

Thereupon, when the prince was disposed of, Stanton took the count and baron to the Alta club. The gentlemen of the club did what they could to make the night pleasant for the distinguished guests. About 2 a. m. the major escorted them back to the hotel. It was cold and sloppy weather, I think in February. It had stormed during the evening, a half rain half snow down-pour, and the sidewalk was slippery and far from dry. Reaching the hotel the major said the count insisted on sitting down on the sidewalk and as he did so he remarked: "I haf been der vurld around und like Salt Lake I finds nottings."

With a proper expression of sorrow the major told me of it the next day, and admitted that it was bad, but added that it was impossible to do the great German empire and emperor too much honor when their representatives came to this country.

The above gives a faint idea of the joyous side of General

Stanton's character. There was a boyish side to him which never grew old, but his inner nature was that of a hero and statesman. Could more than one recent candidate for president have heard him for half an hour discuss the principles upon which this government of ours was founded, the vital points which were to outline what should be, with proper limitations, beyond which neither legislators nor executives might go; how representatives were but to execute the people's will and how they were to be checked if they attempted either experiments or usurpations beyond that; how the civil power must always dominate up to the point of actual war; how until that point should be reached both the army and navy were as much subject to the civil authority as the humblest citizen; how patriotism did more to make a man a good citizen than all the schools, and love for the flag was not only a duty but an inspiration; those candidates would no longer advocate some things which they have advocated.

He went from Salt Lake to Denver and finally was stationed in Washington, D. C., as assistant paymaster general, and with the coming of the Spanish-American war became paymaster-general.

The work he performed then was marvelous. He had the regular and volunteer armies to look after, a thousand stations from Porto Rico to the Philippines to take care of and keep in order, and when his work was critically analyzed, not one error on his part was found.

He was retired shortly after the war closed, and a little later died. He visited Salt Lake some half year previous to his death. He was the same Stanton, though he had aged much, and it was clear that he had not long to live.

There was all the old exquisite humor, the same joyous personality; the same old love for friends; the same clear instinct of right and wrong; the same devotion to native land; the same reverence for the flag—the same invincible, irrepressible spirit, the same high heroic soul. He lived the perfect citizen and soldier, and if his spirit was questioned in the beyond, he was able to answer: "It was a little rough down there at times, but if you will look, you will find that my books every night showed an exact balance."

COLONEL WILLIAM MONTAGUE FERRY.

ONE of the strong men that for a quarter of a century helped to give direction to the thought and the political history of Utah was Col. W. M. Ferry. He came of a sterling race. His ancestors emigrated from France to England and then to Massachusetts. The original Ferry in this country, at least to which any date attaches, was Charles Ferry, who took the oath of allegiance to the government of the Massachusetts colony at Springfield, in 1675.

Colonel William Montague Ferry was a child of the frontier, having been born at Michilimiackimal, Michigan, in 1824, when Michigan was practically a wilderness. He was the eldest son of Rev. Wm. M. and Amanda White Ferry. The elder Ferry was a Presbyterian clergyman who went to Michigan as a missionary. He was a devout Christian; but he belonged to the Church Militant, not as a fighter, but as one without fear. Before he moved there to begin his work, he sailed with two Indians in a canoe around Lake Michigan, over to Chicago, when it had not a thousand people, and up to the beautiful site now occupied by Milwaukee.

Then he took charge of the Mackinaw mission, and for several years maintained it.

It was there that Colonel Wm. M. Ferry was born. In 1834 the elder Ferry, with his little family, removed to the present site of Grand Haven, Michigan, the family being the first white settlers of Ottowa county. There Colonel Ferry grew to manhood. That fact alone is sufficient to make clear that there is nothing of savagery or hardship on the frontier that he did not learn while yet a boy to accept as a matter of course.

His educational advantages were such as the frontier could furnish. When a child he was taught to write and cypher in sand boxes, such as were in use in the Indian mission.

Colonel Ferry's father's experience in college was a hard one in working his way and he did not wish it repeated by his sons. But he was a teacher himself, and had a fine library; hen two eccentric men came to Grand Haven and each had a hoice library which they united and to this the boy had perpetual access. One season he spent in Massachusetts and there ttended the Sanderson Academy, then in charge of Henry L. Dawes, who later was Senator Dawes of Massachusetts.

After he was twenty, young Ferry nearly lost his life in rying to save people on a stranded ship, and being through his unable to work, he was a year in Kalamazoo College, tanding high in his class. From childhood he was an insatiable reader. All his life, at home or on a journey, if his pockets vere searched, a book, generally a classic, could be found. The rontier itself with its loneliness, its lakes and forests with their nanifold voices is a pretty good school to thoughtful boys.

Once he ran upon a pompous clergyman who gave away he fact of his dense ignorance every time he opened his mouth, ut he knew a few words and phrases of Latin, and these he vas prone to unload on any audience. Tired at last, Colonel erry one day told him that it was an accomplishment to speak foreign tongue, but dangerous unless the speaker knew the oots of the language. Then said: "Hear me!" Then for ive minutes he hurled imprecations at the man, which were nough to cure him of his habit. The language used by the olonel was high-class Chippewa.

As the colonel grew up he mastered the trades of a nachinist and engineer. His mechanical genius was a gift. ll his life if anything was going wrong in machinery in motion, he would detect it in a moment by the sound, or rather y the want of rhythm in the sound.

Because of the floods of water encountered in the Ontario nine at Park City, Utah, it was found necessary to install a reat Cornish pump. It was a massive affair intended to keep he mine drained to a depth of 1200 feet. It had been running ut a few days when Colonel Ferry drove past in his buggy. he great engine was knocking badly. The colonel was an ld man, but he stopped his buggy, and calling a man who happened to be outside the works, bade him tell the engineer that he wished to speak to him. In a moment the engineer came to the buggy and said: "What can I do for you, Colonel?"

"Nothing for me," was the reply, "but why do you not stop the knocking of that engine?"

"I have racked my brains over that until I am getting rattled," said the engineer. "I have tried water and oil and a dozen other things. I have begun to think there is a spirit in that cylinder that is knocking to get out."

"There is no elasticity in oil or water," said the colonel, "but there is plenty of it in air. Bore a hole about the size of a gimlet into the cylinder two or three inches from the cylinder head on the exhaust end; the air will make a cushion that will serve as a buffer and should stop the knocking."

That done, the spirit must have escaped through the hole, for there was never any more knocking.

The colonel had hardly finished his education—of mind and hand—when he became noted as a skilful draughtsman, engineer and inventor. He was given several patents for his inventions. In 1856 he was elected a regent of the University of Michigan, which place he held until he went to the war.

The previous year he had erected the Ottowa Iron Works, a large foundry and machine shop, near Grand Haven, and was engaged largely in the manufacturing of steam engines, stationary and for lake boats, his own saw mills which revolutionized the sawing of timber in the old northwest, propellers and all kinds of machinery.

In 1851 he married Miss Jeanette Hollister, and perhaps had he searched the world over he never could have found a woman so gentle and tender, so serene under trials, and yet so strong and steady-minded as the wife he married. Surely not one who could have so steadied his impetuous and sometimes imperious nature. His business prospered; he was gaining in the estimation of men; the world was bright before him when the call for soldiers came in 1861.

He was in politics an aggressive Democrat; he had grieved exceedingly over the election of Mr. Lincoln; all his life he had heard his father preach peace and good will; after a hard childhood and boyhood peace and plenty had come to him, and hope was beckoning him on to fortune and fame.

But there was duty. Had not his grandfather and grand uncle fought side by side through the Revolutionary war? Had not his father come to Michigan when it was but a wilderness, bringing little save a Bible in one hand and a rifle in the other and with these entered the mighty wild to subdue it? Behind him was an ancestry that whether they knew much of the Bible or not, did know how to handle a gun. And now his native land was assailed, its integrity was threatened; its flag had been fired upon. He did not hesitate a moment. He entered as a private in the Fourteenth Michigan Infantry. He was in the hell of Pittsburg Landing; at the siege of Corinth; in all the battles of the Army of the Tennessee; then having been promoted through all the grades to a captaincy, he became an aid to General McPherson in General Grant's army, was wounded at Vicksburg, and when he was exulting over the fall of that stronghold, his younger brother Noah was dying a soldier's death on the red field of Gettysburg.

When first promoted to his captaincy, Colonel Ferry, by direct appointment of President Lincoln, was assigned subsistence commissary. Early in 1862 he made a report, making clear the lamentable condition of the soldiers in field and hospital, owing to the lack in the regular army rations to provide for the wounded and sick, and condemning the sutler system as a robbing of the soldiers.

General Rosecrans approved his report, but was powerless to inaugurate a remedy, and told Captain Ferry that any one attempting an innovation would be summarily dismissed from the service. But because of his sympathy for the suffering men and because he knew that he was right, the captain assumed the responsibility, ordered from the north, on government account, what he wanted, and introduced a commutation of rations, through which, in lieu of such portions of the regular rations as soldiers did not desire, they could receive such other articles as were needful for their health and comfort, limited to the prescribed cost of the regular rations.

His first monthly report to the subsistence department at

Washington, containing full explanations of what he had done and was doing, was emphatically and absolutely condemned.

To this Captain Ferry replied more fully, explaining the need of the change, pointed out that the results were most satisfactory and reminding the department that the innovation involved no extra expense. His plan received no formal sanction, but it was not forbidden, and so was continued and soon became an unwritten law. After the close of the war it crystalized into a rule in the department and was finally approved by Congress, the sutler system abolished, and now officers and their families, soldiers in rank and hospital may select any kind of rations they desire within the cost of regular rations.

Immediately after the fall of Vicksburg, with its garrison and the Federal army of ninety thousand men in a region that had been laid waste, General Grant ordered Colonel Ferry to provide at Vicksburg as he had the previous year at Corinth, such additions to the rations as the health of the army required, and "any needed luxuries" for the soldiers in the field and hospitals, and General Tecumseh Sherman, after Corinth, said to him: "Ferry, you have left your mark in the army, and it will stand to your honor as long as the United States has an army."

After the death of General McPherson, and the promotion of Captain Ferry to the grade of lieutenant-colonel, he was ordered by General Grant to proceed to Memphis, Tenn., to take charge of the receipts and disbursements of army supplies for the armies of the South and Southwest. His responsibilities there were very great, but he found time to write regularly to Harper's Weekly and occasionally to the Chicago *Tribune* and other journals. He also wrote up his own experiences in the army with a view of publishing them. He was a terse and accomplished writer, while his absolute truthfulness shone out in every line.

His perfect mastery of the French language brought him offers of honorable and lucrative positions abroad, but he declined them.

His remembrances were never completed, nor published, because of an accident. His headquarters in Memphis were in the Bradley block. The building was filled from basement to roof with army supplies, some of them, like barreled pork, very heavy. The building had been weakened by taking out partitions, and there were whispers that it was unsafe.

The colonel had but just left the building when it went down in a crash that shook the city. The Bradley block was simply a ruin.

All the colonel's manuscripts were lost. It was a great pity. His book could not have failed to be most interesting. His "Guarding Rebel Property" was translated into many languages.

While the colonel was in Memphis an inspector was sent there from Washington to straighten out some irregularities, but he never troubled Colonel Ferry. Years after the war the inspector and the colonel met at an army reunion, when the inspector said: "Colonel, do you know why I did not investigate your business in Memphis? On the back of my instructions the department had written, 'Let Ferry alone. He's straight.'"

When the war was over the colonel with an honorable discharge, returned home. Perhaps no returning soldier ever had a more joyous home-coming than he. He went away a private soldier; by his worth alone he had won his way through all the grades to lieutenant-colonel; the war had brought out all that had been incomplete in his nature; but he returned as he had gone away, a Christian gentleman, and Jeffersonian Democrat.

To receive him were wife and children, his aged, heroic father, his brothers, one perhaps the brightest in the family, the other soon to enter for several terms the United States senate, and his friends, which included most of the population of Michigan.

He remained there fifteen years, was tendered many high offices and filled a few of them, notably all school offices, and as a delegate helped to form a new Constitution for Michigan.

Then his mining interests called him to Utah. Four sons and two daughters had been born to him; the sons died when children, but the daughters still remain, Mrs. Allen, with her mother in Park City, Utah, and Mrs. George Hancock in Salt Lake City.

In Utah he was quickly recognized as the masterful man that he was. He became greatly attached to the state, especially to his mountain home in Park City. Only one thing disturbed him. He reached Utah just when the clashing between the government and the Latter-day Saints was approaching a climax.

The colonel, a trained soldier, an American to whom his country was all in all, could hardly contain himself in the situation that existed. When discussing it, he would sometimes spring from his chair, and pace the floor, and his walk was that of a tiger in captivity.

But he went about doing good and trusting in God. He with his brother carried on a most complicated mining business which finally, four or five years prior to his death, culminated in a competency for him.

His home life was something beautiful to see. Some three or four years prior to his death his eyes failed him, and he became almost totally blind. Then his loved ones became eyes to him. All that devotion and loving solicitude could do was done for him. In the family devotions, he loved to lead, with his fine tenor voice, in the singing, and his family learned to guess his mood by the character of the hymns he sang.

He had long been feeble in health. His faltering heart was his notice that his end was near.

In the winter of 1905 he was seized with an attack of grippe, and on the 3rd of January, he sank into a quiet sleep and awoke beyond the stars.

After impressive services at his home in Park City, his body was taken to his old home in Grand Haven, and after still more impressive obsequies, he was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery there, the murmur of the waters of Lake Michigan being a lullaby to the sleeper.

At his death the Loyal Legion of the United States issued a military order which was a noble eulogy of his life and character. The press of Utah and Michigan gave him notices which were all fine.

What he had, what he was, he wrought out for himself. He was gentle in his ways; he drew those near him to his heart with hooks of steel; his resolute soul never lost its perfect poise; he was sure that a clear brain and a healthy body were sufficient capital for anyone. With these he began his battle for a place among men, and won it; won it, too, in a way that carried no self-reproaches. Every day of his life he was ready, if called upon, to make a full accounting.

When the war came, he hurried to the front. He remained there until the lips of the last cannon grew still. He was in the forefront of that wonderful array of officers who were the executives of those greater soldiers, Grant, Sherman, Thomas, McPherson and Rosecrans.

The war did not change in the least the man, save to intensify his high character. He became as eminent in peace as he was in war.

He was a Christian gentleman. In the world he never feared aught except his God and the possibility of doing wrong.

He walked high-souled and self-respectful through life. He believed in the omnipotence of labor and worked until his eyes failed him. As his sight grew more and more dim, the vision of the greater light of the beyond grew brighter and brighter around him, and while the new year's greetings were ringing joyously, the light suddenly went out, and he passed to the everlasting day.

When around his own fireside, the colonel would sometimes, in a reminiscent mood, tell old war-time anecdotes. Two or three are given below.

"A bunch of us officers were once during the war invited to dinner at a private southern home. After dinner, to entertain us, the ladies of the house sang several songs with piano accompaniment. Finally "Maryland, My Maryland" was sung, and then a discussion arose about the origin of the tune, the ladies and some of the gentlemen claiming that the tune, like the words, were Southern. The colonel said they were mistaken about the tune, that it was an old hymn. When this was contested, the colonel said: 'But I will prove it,' and nodding to one of the officers, said, 'Lieutenant, play me the accompaniment;' then, in his superb tenor voice he sang the hymn through, which shut off further debate."

At one time the Army of the Tennessee was encamped for a good while on both banks of the Tennessee River. It was the habit of the bands of several regiments on Sundays to play jolly music of every kind. This was a great distress to the chaplains, and to all the religious men in the army. It was most offensive to Colonel Ferry, and he went through the army making personal appeals to the band masters. The next Sabbath morning's dawn was most beautiful. The sky was sapphire and a great hush was on the air. While many of the soldiers were still asleep the clear notes of a bugle rang out on the still summer air, a full regimental band playing softly an accompaniment. The air played was, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

As the music ceased there was a moment of absolute silence; then the band of another regiment with more power took up and repeated the anthem.

Soldiers came out of the tents to listen. Very soon both banks of the river were lined with listening men; as one band after another joined in the solemn but triumphal hymn.

The waters of the river seemed to be bearing along the sacred melody; then human voices joined; then regiment after regiment took up the strain, and soon every division of the superb army, as with one acclaim, was singing. From that day until the encampment was broken up, only sacred music was played on Sunday.

The colonel went to Central and South America in 1888-89.

Bishop Scanlan of Salt Lake tendered him letters of introduction, which generally had the effect of a safe conduct for him and his party. One Padre to whom one of his letters was presented, read it and then said: "I see you are not of our faith, but I know of no reason why I should not serve you. We are all traveling toward the same country."

Generally the utmost kindness was extended,, but when they reached the port of Pacasmazo, an officer stopped them and took them before an alcalde. The colonel and his party were in a hurry, and the colonel looked over the alcalde, went near him and in a low voice said, "We are in a hurry, and I have one hundred good reasons to show you why we should not be detained."

"In that case," said the doughty magistrate, "it would be better to come with me to my private office." The colonel went and soon came out with a flowery passport to travel anywhere within the jurisdiction of the court. I asked one of the company what the reasons were, and he gave me to understand they were Peruvian silver dollars.

The same member of the company—a Utah-born boy—told me that when their little coast steamer entered the port of Paita it was just about sundown. The whole company had grown weary of the Spanish "jabber," none of them had seen an American for months, but there, right before them, lay the *Trenton*—which went to pieces on the rocks under the beatings of the hurricane in Samoa harbor, the band playing as the ship was sinking. The Trenton was a beautiful four-masted frigate, and she was rising and falling on the swell as gracefully as a swan. The marines had been drilling, the yards were alive with men, the sun was aflame over the flag, and the band was playing a national air. With full heart I was watching the scene, when Col. Ferry came on deck from below and caught sight of the pageant. Off came his white hat. For five minutes he waved it, shouting like a Comanche, jumping up and down, and tears coursing down his face.

If, where the soul of the colonel has gone, the standard is not the Stars and Stripes that soul will join the progressives and demand a new deal.

COLONEL WILBUR F. SANDERS.

A MASTERFUL man was Colonel Sanders of Montana, and perhaps for forty years did more to shape events in that state than any other one man. When he reached there in the early sixties the region was almost without law, and desperate men were in control.

Colonel Sanders took his life in his hand and went about to subdue the lawless and to establish order. The decent people rallied to his support and the transformation was made. To do this it was necessary that a few of the worst of the ruffians should be hanged, and that duty was cheerfully performed. The transformation being made, the work of putting the region in order for the coming of full enlightenment was begun, and there has never been any break in its upward way since, except for a brief time when ambitious men were fighting for place by methods which were calculated to demoralize, rather than uplift the people.

Through the forty or more years of Colonel Sanders' life there, no one ever doubted his power or discounted his influence. If he did not have all the honors that were his due, no one was to blame but himself. His soul was as imperious as ever was Cæsar's, and his tongue was perpetually firing poisoned arrows. He was tall and large and swarthy, and when excited his eyes were flames and like Job's war horse, his "neck was clothed with thunder."

Nevertheless he was a most genial man, and while as proud as Lucifer, he had not a trace of false pride. A finished scholar and fine lawyer and with talents that made him well-nigh invincible, down deep his thought was that the highest call in this world was that of duty, and that no man was so poor or unfortunate that he was not entitled to justice.

He was not always right, but he always meant to be right. There was no compromise with him. Everything must be either right or it was all wrong, and when aught trenched upon the right, with him there was nothing to be done but crush the wrong. As all men cannot see alike, this disposition on his part made him enemies, but they all admitted that he was a fair fighter. He was passionately fond of Montana. He felt that the character of the magnificent state was in part his work, and he was as jealous of the state's reputation as of his own. He wanted every man within its borders to be brave and every woman fair.

He was a wonderful speaker on the hustings, and there his fashion was to discomfit his opponents with an irony at which no offense could be taken, but which convulsed his hearers and annihilated opponents.

He was as loyal to his country as to his state, as jealous of its honor, and its flag was to him the symbol of absolute justice, truth and enlightened liberty.

When Montana entered the Union he was one of its first United States Senators, and served with great benefit to his state, with great honor to himself. The east is prone to look askance at senators from new states. In their eastern provincialism they assume as a matter of course that much that is crude and not quite refined must be expected from such sources. One glance at Wilbur F. Sanders was enough to undeceive such people. He looked as high-born as a king, and when he opened his mouth the shrewdest of them all sat up and took notice.

A fatal malady kept him at home for several years prior to his death, but he never for a moment lost interest in all public matters and he worked at his profession to the very end. Estimating men we often compare one with some other man of national reputation. That cannot be done in Colonel Sanders' case. In his bearing he was what Roscoe Conkling might have been had he when a youth pushed out on the frontier for half a dozen years. But I never knew any western man that much resembled him. His was a type of manhood most rare. I believe that what he coveted most in the world was the love of his fellow-men, but not many could discern this unless brought close to him. He would stoop to help up a poor man who had fallen, but he would not have doffed his hat to Julius Cæsar unless Cæsar had set him the example. His home was a most happy one; his grandchildren could work him in every way they pleased, and his last word was one of endearment to his wife.

Could he have been given his health ten years longer, his name would have been as familiar in the nation as it was and is in Montana; but his call came just when the fruition of his hopes seemed to be taking form in a setting of glory before him, and without a murmur he accepted his fate. On the day of his funeral, a Montana paper said:

> Men of Montana! Bare your brows today,
> Stand at salute before the open grave
> That waits to gather to its arms the clay
> Of him who was the bravest of your brave.

He was the most potential figure among the strong men of his state. For years he was looked up to by a majority of them as their uncrowned sovereign, and the saddest act of their lives was to smooth his final couch, and to repeat above him their all hails and farewells.

JOHN Q. PACKARD.

WHEN I knew him first Mr. Packard was a merchant in Marysville, Cal., in 1852. He was born in New York City, was trained and educated there in the circle which later blossomed into "the Four Hundred." Before I knew him personally I had seen him and noticed that he was the best dressed man in the little city. His measure was doubtless in New York, and he was not only dressed in perfect taste, but in perfect taste every hour of the day. But the rains fell and the floods came, and on Christmas day a part of the city was under water, the other part deep in mud.

Still Christmas had to be celebrated, so a band of young men—there were no old men there—gathered together and engaged Seymour Pixley, who was six feet three in height and slim, to play the fife, and little Grubb—I cannot recall his given name, who was about five feet four in height, but tall east and west, to play a bass drum; the whole company wore high miners' rubber boots, and some other clothing. They formed a procession, the fife and drum leading, and marched from one saloon to another. When a saloon would treat the whole bunch, they would give it three resounding cheers. When a saloon declined to be generous it received three sepulchral groans, and this continued from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

And Packard was the grand marshal of the procession.

The next morning he was clothed in his habitual perfect attire, and was in his right mind. Moreover he looked fresh and ruddy as a bridegroom.

Later I got to know him intimately and early formed an idea that he was a man who went into confessional with his conscience every day, and balanced his books by it every night. But he never stopped to question his conscience as to its own status; never took time to remember that the compass of a ship may seem to be perfectly adjusted, and still something in the ship itself may cause it to vary, so when the ship's course is set by it, all unexpectedly it goes smashing into the breakers.

There was a little variation of this kind in the compass of Mr. Packard's soul, so he was at times a trifle eccentric, and had collisions which were a surprise to himself.

He was wonderfully wrought up when the Coxie army started on its march. He had never relied upon anyone save himself and could not comprehend how any healthy man should directly or indirectly beg in a land like ours.

For a long time he had been noiselessly contributing to maintain a certain church in Salt Lake City. No one knew it but the pastor of the church. As the army neared Salt Lake, just as Packard was most furious about it, he met this pastor on the street, who greeted him with, "Oh, Mr. Packard, what can we do for these poor men? Where can they go?"

At the top of his voice Packard shouted: "Let them go to h—l!" And strode on leaving the good pastor paralyzed with astonishment.

Mr. Packard made a fortune in Marysville and removed to the east.

At the close of the war he went South and bought two plantations, one in Mississippi, the other just over the line in Louisiana, and started to raise cotton.

Soon after his going there news came that the cholera had reached America and was devastating the eastern cities. Packard took the first boat for New Orleans, consulted an eminent physician as to the most approved treatment then known for cholera, bought a great chest of medicines, and with it returned home. It was not long until the disease began its march through the south, and one afternoon a man came by Packard's house and said a negro on a neighboring plantation had been stricken. Mr. Packard, with holsters filled with medicine, mounted a horse and hurried to the sick man's side. For several days he was physician to all who were seized by the pestilence until he finally came down with it himself. He went through all its stages until he lost consciousness in a collapse. He came to himself the next morning and asked his foreman what had been done to pull him through. The honest man replied: "The case was desperate, Mr. Packard, so I doubled the doses on you."

But cotton was low, and the atmosphere of Mississippi and Louisiana just after the war was not congenial toward northern men, even northern Democrats like Packard. So Mr. Packard sold out, or more correctly, abandoned his home there, and started for California.

But reaching Salt Lake he was attracted by the reports of the Eureka mine in Tintic district, and bought the control of it. He had practically no knowledge of quartz mining, but he had exhaustless pluck and industry; he made a great mine of his purchase, and a great deal of money; later opened the Gemini and made more until his fortune mounted up into the millions.

He built the fine school building at Eureka, the beautiful library in Salt Lake and another in Marysville, where he made his first fortune. His home for twenty years was in Salt Lake. In all that time he sought no honors for himself; comparatively few people knew him; he never had any family, but during the last ten years of his residence there, with the beginning of every month more than one family received a check from him which was equal to the family's needs. He removed to Santa Cruz, California, about 1900, and engaged in business there, pursuing it with all his old-time energy until at about eighty-five years of age his summons came. He was one of the very strong men of the West.

COLONEL A. C. ELLIS.

BORN in Kentucky, a University and Law School graduate, he was district attorney in St. Louis when the war came on. He joined the Confederate army and fought until the Confederate arm was broken in Missouri; then made his way across the plains and settled in Carson City. Almost at once he took his place in the ranks of finished lawyers. Later he was nominated for governor, but was defeated because in those days Nevada was strongly Republican. After practicing his profession for ten years, he removed to San Francisco, where he pursued his profession for ten years more, always up in the front rank among lawyers. Removing to Salt Lake City, for twenty years he maintained his place among the leaders of his profession until his health failed. He died in March, 1912.

His great charm was the high manhood that always was his. His great and varied scholarship and superb conversational powers with his ever-sanguine temperament made him delightful company everywhere. But for the war he would in ten years more have secured for himself any desired position in Missouri. As it was he was one of the thousands of young men in the south whose hopes were shattered by the war, and whose after lives were always shadowed by the thought of what might have been. He was always genial and kindly; he tried his utmost to conceal the scars of the wounds his soul had received; but they were manifest enough to close observers.

A tree blasted by a thunderbolt often puts out new branches, and with every spring tries to hide its scars under green leaves; but it is never quite the same tree, no matter how bravely it meets the tempests; how uncomplainingly it bears its ancient wounds.

RICHARD MACKINTOSH.

THE tears dim my eyes as I look back and remember Richard Mackintosh, as he was wont to come out of his house in the morning and with a voice cheery as a lark, as cordial as the robin, hail the day.

He lived many years in Salt Lake City. Those who knew him well loved him exceedingly. He was born in Dublin, Ireland. His father was a distinguished officer in the British army, a captain in the famous Ninety-third Highlanders. He was one of the Mackintosh clan, who, on that day of days at Waterloo, followed the pibrochs through all the long hours until Blucher came and the exhausted English army fell on the ground to sleep.

After the war, every year, so long as Wellington lived, on leave of absence that father left his command and went up to a banquet given by his grace, the Iron Duke, and the titles he won, the decorations he wore, are a glory to the Mackintosh family in any land where they dwell.

After Waterloo the father of our Mackintosh was stationed in Dublin with his regiment. There he fell in love with a bonny Irish girl and married her, and there Richard Mackintosh was born, only a few steps from Phœnix Park. And so in his nature he had much of the canny Scot of his father, much of the splendor and joyousness of his Irish mother. And as such we knew him.

He was originally intended to succeed his father in the army, but for a slight physical defect he was not accepted, and we do not believe it is any harm to state what that defect was. One side of Mr. Mackintosh was a little smaller than the other. His arm was smaller, his foot was a little smaller, and the laws of England in their crude way assumed that this was a defect, when in truth one side was just as strong as the other, and he was fashioned like the one-horse shay—"every part as strong as the rest."

What I write about Mr. Mackintosh is simply from my own memory, and if other people who knew him do not agree with all I say, I will hold the belief to my soul that they did not know him as well as I did. I knew him only as a frank, splendid, high-souled, thorough man, and thorough American, and a friend that was more sacred than all the jewels of Arabia, all the professions of professed friends in all the world. He was a good friend, and whenever I wanted a joyous word, a note of defiance at fate, a lark's song to awaken me from the cares that were upon me, I always turned instinctively to Dick Mackintosh.

So he plodded his way. When he lost money he made no plaint; when he made money his voice was all the higher, his cheer all the greater, his disposition to do somebody a favor all the more increased.

In the queen's diamond jubilee year he went to England and attended the fete. When he returned he was telling about what he saw in his joyous, boisterous way, and especially about the fleet that was anchored off Spithead, when miles and miles of guns roared out their welcome to the queen. I asked him how the *Brooklyn* looked in that outfit, because our government had sent the *Brooklyn* over there in honor of the queen to represent the American navy. With almost a shout he said: "She was splendid. She lifted her crest up among those blasted English ships with the flag above her as much as to say, 'Look here, Mr. Englishman, we are here in state. We like your old queen, but we would fight just as quickly as any one of your black devils down the line.' "

To the end of his days he was a true Britisher, but after he had been a little while in America he would have fought any Englishman on earth if he had made a face at the American Flag.

He was one of the Comstock boys. He got to the Comstock when he was but little more than a boy. He made the long trip around the Horn and he had several fights on board ship. The last one was in behalf of a little girl that he declared was the prettiest girl in the world, at the time, adding, "That was before I was married."

He got to the Comstock when it was a great school for all Britishers. He learned how to deal in stocks and that became a habit with him. He clung to it all his life. He removed to Salt Lake. He was prominent in mining for many and many a year. He made good, but he was more prominent as a citizen, as a neighbor and a friend through all those years, and he wound his heart-strings around the heart-strings of others until when it came time that they should be torn apart, it made a new wound which never has been healed in those who remain.

He was called before his time—just in the pride of his splendid manhood. His own home had been desolated by the death of his wife, and after that he drooped and drooped and what of the old jollity came back at intervals was but a forced attempt not to make his sorrows a sorrow to others. He failed for a year and then died, and when he passed away it was a solemn joy to say about him that he was the truest friend, the kindest-hearted, strongest man, the bravest champion of what he thought was right, the best neighbor, that anyone ever knew and that thought still remains. All that was really fine in manhood was his and if he lacked aught in the manifestation of his real nature, that was a misfortune, because the nearer one got to Richard Mackintosh the more they esteemed and loved him. He was a brave man, of that stock of men who held it was nothing to die for one's country or for one's honor; that germ was always working in his own mind; and if he made any mistakes it was because for the moment he was deceived, for deep in his mind he was one of the finest examples of absolute loyalty and high courage of all the men who in the old days helped to make of Utah a glorified American state.

WILLIAM S. GODBE.

BORN in England, he visited half the world's ports as a youthful sailor, with a student's eagerness to revive the histories and to study the modern conditions of the people. Returning to his native land, he heard a new gospel expounded, investigated it and believed it was a new materialization of what the Master taught.

He worked his way across the Atlantic and traversed the continent mostly on foot to Salt Lake City, believing that there the regeneration of mankind was to begin.

With the enthusiasm of an earnest youth he began his work; intense in his religion; intense and untiring in his labor, and worked on and on until the whole territory recognized his masterful abilities, his business acumen and lovable nature; and he became a favorite from the highest chiefs of the new creed down to the lowliest toiler, until he was looked to everywhere as a support, from the inauguration of a great enterprise to the founding of a little frontier church.

But all the time he was studying; all the time was asking himself which way Duty led?

Every night he went into confessional with his own conscience, until through weighing what was being said and done, the conviction came to him that while religion implied sincere service to God, still all men should be free to do any legitimate thing.

Indeed this had been transmitted through the blood of his ancestors since before that June day in 1215 when the great charter was wrenched from a sullen and vindictive English king.

So, when fully convinced, he declared himself. This brought to him a summons to show cause why he should not be excommunicated.

He responded; proclaimed his love of God and of his fellow-men, and cited the record of his own life to prove his sincerity and truth, and defended what he was doing as right in the eyes of God and enlightened men.

He was expelled, but that did not change his high nature. For awhile old friends passed him coldly by, which grieved him, but awakened within him no vindictiveness. Neither did it change his purpose.

His fortune was shattered, and he was repudiated in places where he had been so much esteemed. He turned to the solemn mountains for sympathy and support, and thence for thirty years opened mines and roads; built mills and furnaces: toiling without rest, but keeping his heart open to any cry of distress; bearing no malice toward men; but to the last proclaiming the love of God and the brotherhood of man; his path lined everywhere with charities and good deeds, until he finally died, literally in the harness of labor.

He was a man who believed he was created in the image of God: that nothing from him must mar that image; so he toiled on, his soul shining out more and more until when the tabernacle that held it fell away, and it took its flight, it was reflected back, high and brave and true and white as a planet's light.

GENERAL ALEXANDER McDOWELL McCOOK.

HE WAS one of the fighting McCook family. His father and brothers, six of them, if I remember rightly, died in the war from wounds or disease. His brother Anson was shot in Mississippi by guerrillas, while, badly wounded, he was being conveyed in an ambulance across the country. General Alex. McCook always held Anson as the great man of the family. They were indeed a fighting family. The old father, past seventy years of age, was killed in trying to repel Morgan's raid.

This special family were all Ohio men, and often in the late hours of a banquet General Alexander McDowell McCook would assure his fellow banqueters that he, personally, was the d—t best Presbyterian that ever came from "Yaller" Creek. He was a West Point graduate, and when the war came he was assigned, a general of volunteers, to Gen. Don Carlos Buell's army, commanding his right wing. As is well known, a part of General Buell's army reached the battlefield of Pittsburg Landing at dusk after the first day's tremendous battle. It was there that General Buell said to General Grant: "Did you not take too big a risk, General? A big river in your rear, an army of unknown strength in your front, and in case you were defeated only two little gunboats to carry your army across the river? Why you could not have crossed more than 40,000 men on those boats."

And Grant replied: "They would have been ample to cross all that would have wanted to cross in case I had been defeated."

The regulars of Buell's army joined Grant's army on the second day's stubborn battle, which lasted until 4 p. m., before Beaureguard's army was finally routed. McCook's corps reached the field about the time the final retreat began, and General Sherman wanted McCook to pursue the enemy, but McCook pleaded the fatigue of his men. General Sherman never quiate forgave McCook for this. Shiloh was a real punctuation point in the war. Had General Albert Sidney Johnston lived four hours longer, what might have been??

Had Grant who was after that battle practically retired, well-nigh dismissed, indeed, never been restored, what might have been?

Had the attack been made a day sooner, when Buell was too far away to help, what might have been? Surely "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

General McCook, with his single corps, fought and won the battle of Perryville. General Buell, with the main army, was three miles away. The battle began about 1 p. m., the object of the Federals being to hold possession of a stream, of the Confederates to gain possession of it. The battle lasted two hours, and the fighting was most sanguinary, but not a sound of it was heard by the main army only three miles away. When a messenger finally reached General Buell, he hurried to the scene, received from General McCook's lips an account of what he had done, at which General Buell warmly praised him for his splendid generalship.

When the command went to General Rosecrans, General McCook retained his corps and took part in the furious battle of Stone River. At Chickamauga the corps was rolled back, as was the entire army, except the corps of General George H. Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga," by the fierce onsets of Bragg's army.

After Chickamauga McCook was detailed on official business in Washington, where he remained for more than a year.

McCook was in command five years at Fort Douglas, in Utah. He was a most thorough soldier, the most genial of men except when the authority of the United States was doubted; then the soldier was at the front in a moment. And he had some eccentricities. It was the custom in the summer for the regimental band to give public concerts every afternoon, and it became a habit for people of the city to drive up to the post to listen to the music. Some distinguished ladies and gentlemen from the East were present one afternoon, and were presented to the general. One of the ladies praised the performance of the band warmly and expressed the hope that it would play a certain piece of music which she named. The general at once sent word to the band-master to play the piece. He left his place, went to where the general was and explained that the music desired was unusual and difficult of performance, and further that he had no copies of the music. The general ordered him to the guard-house for not having the music, but finally rescinded the order upon the lady's earnest solicitation in behalf of the unfortunate musician.

The general was wont to give receptions at the post, and many a Salt Laker remembers those receptions with much pleasure. The general and his officers, always in full uniform, received the guests who were royally entertained. McCook's punches still have a local reputation and name in Salt Lake City.

His domestic affections absorbed his life. His first wife died soon after he reached Salt Lake. The foremost ladies of the city gathered at the hotel where she died and tendered their services, but he put them all gently aside, and would not permit one of them to even see his wife's dead face until he, unaided, had prepared and dressed her body for the grave.

Before he left Utah he married a second wife, a most brilliant and accomplished lady. He was ordered to the command of the Department of the Platte, with headquarters at Denver, Colorado, and remained there until retired through the age limit.

While stationed in Denver a Salt Lake friend went there to attend a three or four days' convention. He reached there after nightfall, and stopped at a hotel. The next morning as he went down to the office, the General, with an orderly, was in waiting. After the greetings were over he asked for the key to the friend's room, which he had in his hand; took it, looked at the number, and extending the key to the orderly said: "Go to parlor ——, get all the baggage that there is and any other little thing that you see, and take it to my rooms."

Then turning to the friend, he said: "I want you; come along."

They drove to the hotel where he was living, went straight to the elevator and up to his rooms. Opening the door he shoved the friend in and said: "My wife is back in Wisconsin visiting her mother. You shall have her bed. It is the finest bed in Denver, and now come here." He led the friend to a desk and opening it, said: "There are half a dozen boxes of the finest brands of cigars this side of Havana. And now come here until I show you the "Fodder Stack." And opening a cabinet he displayed some ominous-looking bottles of various colors. "Now," said he, " I am going to watch you; and if you spend a cent while in Denver, I will have you court-martialed."

Every morning he would prepare the bath, and then, as though talking to a reluctant boy, would say:

"Come. No growling this morning. Jump up and have your bath. You have no idea how much better you will feel to have a hot bath and a cold shower. This cold water comes right out of the snow, and you will see it will feel just as ice cream tastes."

When the Spanish war came he grieved exceedingly, and said:

"I am retired for age, and that is right, but I was never better physically or mentally, and I do know better than some younger men how to take care of soldiers in camp and field."

A little later he was in Ohio visiting friends, when he was seized with apoplexy, and in a few hours his soul went to join his old comrades of the Army of the Cumberland, the Army of the Tennessee—all the royal souls that when the life of the nation was at stake interposed their breasts between their country and their country's foes.

E. H. HARRIMAN.

MY acquaintance with Mr. Harriman was limited to a few meetings in social gatherings where little save polite nothings were spoken. Hence there is nothing before me save his personal appearance and the impression his work made.

He was small of stature with a kindly but shrewd face; but as one looked at him and heard him greeting the people around him, he carried the impression that even in that moment grades and curves and other difficulties were being overcome in his mind and possibly purposes were taking form.

With him such meetings were put down merely as a general might receive a flag of truce—they had no bearing upon the plans of his campaign.

He had many of the elements of a great soldier. He knew when to mass his forces around a base; he knew when to break away from his base, divide his command; how to make rapid marches and when to concentrate at a given point, which necessarily included a knowledge of what was opposing him and how, if at all, it would seek to intercept his march.

To me his face showed a fixity of purpose which, when reached, it would be almost impossible to turn aside, and a silent patience which would hold a post until the garrison starved.

But he kept masked that other something which may be termed a subtle sagacity which must have been lighted by an artist's imagination, which enabled him to see instantly that a transformation was due and then in his mind picture what that transformation would bring.

The old Central Pacific Railroad Company always treated the region between Reno and Ogden as worthless, and the road across it merely as a bridge, over which the through business was to pass, the freights and fares on which must not only cover the cost and profits, but in addition must meet the expenses of operating the whole line.

Then, too, its object seemed to be to subordinate all business to the building up of San Francisco.

The Union Pacific Company seemed impressed by a like idea except, with it, the thought apparently was to minister to Omaha. Neither company ever realized the wealth of the empire it possessed, and neither ever handled its road as a common carrier.

The result was that when the bonds finally fell due they gave up their property, which they had permitted to depreciate in value until it consisted of little more than a streak of rusty steel and a right-of-way.

Then Mr. Harriman appeared upon the scene. He seemed to take in at a glance the resources along the route of roads, seemed to hear "the first low wash of waves where soon would roll a human sea;" seemed to note what was being done in the mines, and what mines, especially base metal mines, were to transportation companies who had their patronage; to see the wonders wrought when the desert was touched with moisture.

He rightly estimated that the great Central route terminating on the Bay of San Francisco must always be of vast concernment to the world; just as readily and swiftly he reasoned that the road to be effective must be placed in as perfect a condition as possible; that unnecessary grades and curves must be eliminated, knowing that speed and safety must always be chief factors in operating railroads.

It may be said that any business man would have reasoned the same way, yet some very shrewd men on both ends of the line had possessed the road for thirty years and had not reasoned that way, but apparently had thought that the true theory was to exact everything possible from the road and its patrons and to do as little as possible for the road.

That Mr. Harriman reached his conclusions quickly was clear enough by what he did, but that his conclusions, once formed, were fixed with him was made evident some years later when, in a trial in court, the fact was brought out that on his first coming West he began to purchase and put away the stock of the roads, sure that after awhile they would advance in value. We think it would be impossible to find a parallel to his work in recreating the old Central and Union Pacific and the Oregon Short Line roads.

What Mr. Harriman did for the roads along their entire length resulted in making certain for all time that San Francisco was to be the foremost city on the west coast of the United States. The old companies worked for a special object. Mr. Harriman for an absolute result.

As he did not fail to grasp the wealth of the desert, neither did he fail to realize what California would be when eastern methods were adopted on her lands. An empire as great in area as all New England, New York and New Jersey combined, with soft climate and marvelous soil, up to his day penetrated by only two railroads, and defended by a mighty rampart of mountains.

He noted that the east was occupied; that in addition to the natural increase of the people, half a million foreigners were pouring into the country annually, and that they must have employment; that failing to find it east, they must go west. So he improved his roads and built additions and with serene trust that in the end both his judgment would be vindicated, and the money expended would be returned. His methods of overcoming physical obstructions were seen in the building of the Lucin Cutoff and the driving back of the Colorado within her banks.

In the early days of the construction of the Panama canal, when the difficulties of the undertaking were being much discussed, the magnitude of the work was referred to in Mr. Harriman's presence, when he said: "If such an obstruction should come in the path of a well-organized railroad company, there would be no noise made about it; the company would just go to work and overcome it."

His ability to command needed funds to carry on his work is a theme for financiers to discuss. The public only saw that when they were needed they were forthcoming, and that all his promises were made good. He was a general in marshaling both his forces and his finances; he was a statesman in foreseeing the effects that would follow certain causes, and there was a poet's rhythm in the harmony of his work from inception to conclusion.

He had, too, the faculty of drawing men to him. All his lieutenants were devoted to him.

He sprang into the arena pitted against financial gladiators and industrial kings; he was unknown to the financial world; in a few brief years his summons came to give up his work, but in those few years he accomplished more than any other man ever did along the same lines in a period so brief.

Contemplating his work one wonders what would have been could he have retained his strength for another decade. What he really accomplished was but preliminary work. Who can estimate what achievement he held in contemplation?

His name will outlive all the friction of the future. It still clings to the roads he manipulated; they continue to be "The Harriman" roads; indeed his name was one to conjure by and his work seemed to be ever smiled upon by that angel called Success.

HON. O. J. SALISBURY.

MR. SALISBURY was born and educated on the shore of Lake Erie in New York, a few miles from Buffalo. He was early tossed on the frontier, and was first known in the west as a contractor on the Union Pacific road when that road was under construction.

When the Star Route Stage company was organized by his brother Monroe and J. T. Gilmer, he was the office partner and had the direction of the details of the company. It was he who had to see that the stages ran on time, that the stock had to be at the right place at the right moment, that the horses were fed and the drivers fed and paid. This he had the administrative ability to perform apparently without effort, though he was carrying in his mind day and night the whole machinery of the business, which was extended over half a dozen states. His work was that of a commander who handles the details of half a dozen armies, and on him rested the responsibility of making no mistakes.

He was stationed for a time at Deadwood; there with clear judgment he secured mining interests which are still paying steady dividends; and when the staging was crowded out by the encroaching locomotive, he went to Bayhorse, Idaho, securing the great mine there. Without much previous knowledge in the reduction of rebellious ores, he built smelters and in two years made another fortune.

What that means no one who has not been through a like ordeal and won out knows.

The vigilance required, the details to be anticipated and provided for; the ground to be studied and its faults met; the reserve strength needed to work when other tired men are asleep; the patience and the nerve to wear a smiling face before employees when the burden reaches almost to the breaking point; to meet and oust all the guards which nature has stationed to conceal and hold her treasures, until the very mountains are melted into obedience and the stars above smile approval; then to find and conquer the rebellious elements which are hidden in the ores; to do these things when a hundred miles from any transportation save the crudest, and to do them in a way that will leave a profit, are problems that a thousand men have failed to solve to every one man who has succeeded.

Mr. Salisbury had the business training to meet this, but the more difficult part he was obliged to learn while the work and its inexorable demands were in progress. He succeeded; and while it was going on an insidious disease was preying upon his vitality in a form which the physicians could not arrest, and which in a few months would have killed him, except that the accidental coming of a great specialist from abroad and who was taken to see Mr. Salisbury by his local physician, saved his life. This specialist, after a long practice in a great foreign city had never seen but one similar case. The resolution which under such a weight bore up Mr. Salisbury until he made the great business a success, showed the nerve that carried on that fight.

He bought a home in Salt Lake City in the eighties and lived all the rest of his life there. He was active in politics from the first; he did more to build up his party than perhaps any other man. He was long national committeeman and as such perfected the organization of his party, and by the will of his party would have been elected United States senator, had not a fatal illness come upon him.

In private life he was a quiet but most genial gentleman; in his home a most devoted husband and father and as winsome a host as ever received a friend under his roof.

He had great plans for Utah when his honorable ambition should be gratified, but it was not to be.

His summons came too early, and the great grief is that when his friends sorrowingly laid him at rest, not one in a hundred of them had any comprehension of how strong and true and high-souled was the man they were saying their farewells to.

HON. GEORGE W. CASSIDY.

A GREAT George was he. In the late fifties he appeared in Dutch Flat, California, fresh from Missouri, then little more than a boy. But like the others from his state, he wanted to be shown. He became a reporter on a little newspaper there, and soon made a name. He was an inspiration to the people there to raise the funds to enable T. P. Judah to make his preliminary surveys for a railroad over the Sierras.

He drifted early to Nevada and found a broader field for his local pen. Shorthand writing was not known then in newspaper work, but Cassidy was a wonder as a reporter. He could sit through a long speech and then write it up for next morning's paper in better form than it was generally delivered. He showed me one of these speeches as he had reported it, remarking: "I believe I have improved that old duffer's speech."

I suggested that he may have had an advantage that possibly the speaker might have been handicapped by conscientious scruples, to which he replied that if that had any weight it would be hard to improve any of my speeches.

He was chaffing with a friend one day when he cried out: "Oh, let up. If you keep going I shall lose my reputation." To which the friend responded: "If you could it would be the making of you." To this he said: "Maybe it would," sat down and laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

He worked on the Virginia City papers, growing intellectually constantly; went from there to White Pine, when the Eberhearst mine was found, and after a couple of years established the *Sentinel* at Eureka, Nevada.

He was soon elected to the legislature and served with honor several terms, growing to be a first-class debater. Then an appreciative constituency sent him for two terms to Congress and he held his own there and did much for his state.

He was given the position of bank inspector, and served with great credit in the office for several years.

While making a speech at a state convention in Reno he was seized with heart failure and in half an hour was dead. He died in the prime of life, but he knew every man in Nevada; he was a poor man but always had a dollar for an impecunious fellow citizen and excused himself for being caught so often by explaining that it was cheaper to give up a dollar than to wait to hear a tale of woe, and then would add: "And maybe the poor devil really needed it."

He made a name from nothing and grew intellectually from the day he landed in California to the day he died, and counted confidently on the belief that the highest was yet to come to him.

He was a mighty worker, no one ever saw him in bad humor for more than a minute at a time; he was the most genial man that ever looked misfortune in the face and laughed it to scorn; he was one of the most genial of men and his death was too soon by a quarter of a century.

COLONEL GEORGE L. SHOUP.

ONE of the manliest of men was Senator George L. Shoup. He was a natural captain of industry; a far-seeing business man and a manager of men. But he was early tossed upon the frontier; then came the war of the rebellion. He at once raised a regiment and with it was appointed to take care of the restless white men and the untamed savages of Colorado and New Mexico. He soon established the fact that he was of right the leader of those he commanded, for he was always to the front when a fight was on, and gained the reputation of being always in the right place and doing the right thing at the right time.

When the war was over, accounts of rich gold discoveries drew him to Idaho. At that time Idaho was almost an absolute wilderness.

He located up on the Salmon River and around him grew up Salmon City. There he lived with his trading post and farm, but the personality of the man asserted itself and for all that region he may be said to have established public opinion.

He helped to frame the territorial government, was the first governor and always a directing force in that government, and when the territory took on the dignity of statehood, while there were doubts who would be the second senator, there was no doubt who would be the first, for George L. Shoup was the choice of his party and those opposed to him politically conceded his great worth.

He served twelve years in the senate. He carried his level head to the senate, and the scholars quickly realized that his judgment on all practical questions was clear and strong, and the manliness of the man made him welcome on both sides of the august chamber.

Every interest of the west found him a guardian, and still his patriotism was bound by neither state nor section lines; he wanted every foot of soil under the flag dedicated to freedom and every man and woman and child happy and prosperous.

He nursed no animosities as he clung to his own opinions, he judged his own heart, and conceded that every other man was as free as himself and had the same rights.

He was shrewd in business, but there was never a cry of distress that he did not at once respond to; he was the most hospitable of men and the magnitude of his unostentatious charities grew faster than his fortune.

Never was there a more genial man, and he had very much such a nature as Iole gives to Hercules, "he did not wait for a contest, he conquered whether he stood or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did," and the impression he gave was that "he was appointed by Almighty God to stand for a fact."

If he lacked some refinements, still the solemn mountains, the irresponsive desert, the hardships, the privations, the dangers, had made their marks upon him and he had the refinement of a chastened brave man, which caused many a more cultured man to realize that God gave heroic and generous attributes to some natures long before there were schools and books in the world, and such men find their places by natural selection.

He helped lay the foundations of two states. He helped to make Idaho the great state it is, to shape the character of her people; he long represented them with honor in the senate of the United States; before that he had been proved a wise and sagacious governor, and for all time the men of Idaho should hold his memory sacred, for he helped first to redeem that soil from barbarism, then to see that the foundation of the state were rightly laid and for a long period in the senate through his own lofty character gave distinction to the state he represented.

His grave is a hallowed spot in the soil of the state he helped to create, and should be kept dressed with flowers always by a grateful people; dressed in flowers and looked upon as a shrine.

HARVEY W. SCOTT.

HARVEY SCOTT was born in Oregon when Oregon had not emerged from pioneer and frontier conditions. He came of that heroic stock which in the early forties in the central Mississippi valley gathered together a few belongings and with ox-teams turned their faces to the west and never rested until the awful march of twenty-five hundred miles was completed. They found where rolls the Oregon and planted the first stakes of civilization beside the Willamette. I know of no other achievement in history to compare with that. The retreat of Xenophon has been ringing down the stairs of history for three and twenty centuries, and it was a great exploit, but his march was not so long as was that of the Oregon pioneers; then his command was made up of trained fighting men and while he had much fighting to do, it all was against inferior races that with inferior weapons could not stand before the trained veteran Greeks, while all the way food was plentiful.

But the Oregon pioneers blazed a trail for quite two thousand miles of their journey, and half of that was through a desert, so bare that it must have seemed to them a region from which the smile of God had forever been withdrawn.

Harvey Scott was from birth endowed with the impression made upon his parents in that march. He was a kindly man and could be most genial, but left alone or in uncongenial company he was wont to lapse into silence and his face took on what might be called a long-distance look, such as his mother might have worn when trying to catch a glimpse of a land of grass and flowers and trees beyond the desert that encompassed her.

He early found a newspaper office, and began to write. It was not long until he became an editor and then for forty years he pursued that work, with a patience that was sublime, with ever-increasing power and with more and more solicitude for the glory of Oregon and the welfare of her people.

His environments were narrow at first; they were bounded by the boundary lines of his state; they expanded until they took in his country and the whole world beyond. He began when schools were scattered and poor in Oregon; from the first his journal presented a course of study for the state; to the end he was the state's great schoolmaster. Born with a thought that everything must be either right or wrong, at first some unconscious prejudices took form under his hand; these, as experience and a broader vision came to him, began to be eliminated until his sense of duty to his readers, coupled with his incorruptible integrity, finally assumed full sway. Then his journal, the *Oregonian,* took on its full power and did more to shape public opinion in Oregon and to lift up the minds of her people than any other one cause.

His journal that at first was but a little red schoolhouse by the roadside expanded until to his people it became a mighty school of enlightenment and patriotism, a daily university course in integrity and wisdom.

I never think of the battleship Oregon that I do not think of Harvey Scott. On an urgent call the ship rounded a continent in unparalleled swift time, without resting took its place in the battle line, and when the supreme call came, rushed invincibly into the very vortex of that storm and never slackened its speed, never faltered in power until the last opponent was a shattered wreck.

If inanimate objects ever take on character, the battleship drew its character from Harvey Scott.

Oregon will never appreciate what it owes him. That his final summons came while he was yet in possession of all his faculties and all his power, has been a grief to thousands, but for the sake of his memory and his fame maybe it was best, for surely it is better to see a great ship go down in the hour of victory with flags flying and victorious trumpets calling, than to watch it growing weaker and weaker until, dismantled, it becomes a target for envious guns.

SENATOR WOLCOTT.

THE stormy life of Senator Ed. Wolcott of Colorado wore itself out before its time. Gifted beyond his fellows, handsome, winsome, impulsive, impetuous, imperious, reckless, undisciplined, a born leader, a born fighter, subtle as a serpent, eloquent, high-bred as a Greek master, implacable toward enemies, enchanting to friends, magnetic, audacious, at home with Bacchus when in the mood, but ready to look Thor full in the face and challenge him to bring out his biggest hammer and try conclusions with him. A natural aristocrat by virtue of his lineage, his learning, his family's place in the nation's history and his own masterful abilities, but still a genuine American to the last drop of his blue blood, and especially reverential of the fact that when it comes to a question of country and the direction of events all Americans stand on the same plane, all have a right to a hearing and the more especially that the aristocracy of a republic must rest on brain and heart alone.

So, many sided, followed by troops of friends, winning manifold honors; always shadowed by bitter enemies, for twenty years he was more the concernment of the men of Colorado than any other man—his comings and his goings among them were like those of Mercury to and from Olympus—"to witch the world."

But he suffered one disappointment which half embittered his life. President McKinley sent him as head of a commission to try to effect an international agreement to remonetize silver. France joyfully received him. An agreement was reached, then the premier of France accompanied him to London. Then Bond street and Wall street raised a protest and just at the crisis, Lyman Gage, then secretary of the treasury, cabled to London that the United States did not want remonetization. That betrayal destroyed all chances to succeed, and ever after as Senator Wolcott thought what his success then would have been to Colorado, to the United States, to the world and to his own fame, he was outraged and comfortless.

He is still passionately mourned in that state by those who loved him; even his enemies feel as did Earl Douglas when his passions cooled, and he said: "Bold can he speak and fairly ride."

He died young, comparatively, while yet when his intellectual powers were at their height.

Still, considering his life for thirty years in Colorado, he was eighty-seven instead of fifty-seven years of age, for in those thirty years he lived two years for every one.

He aspired to the very highest honors that the republic can bestow; he had abilities that justified his ambition, but he, strong and controlling as he was, would never control himself; he watched as he burned life's candle at both ends and contemplated calmly what would come when the two flames met.

And still so winsome was he, so masterful, so brave, that those who loved him can not yet recall him as he was in life that his image is not quickly obscured by their tears.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

A "HEAD of gold, breast and arms of silver," but all the rest "potter's clay." A half savage chained to a star. His soul took in every glory of nature; the hills, the forest, the overhanging dome of the sky, the stars above, the boom of the deep-sea surges bringing, in an unknown tongue, messages from far-off lands—all these were delights to him. The songs of birds always met a response from him, but an Indian wickiup suited him as well as a palace, and when in the deep night the scream of a complaining cougar came to his ears, he smiled and said low to himself: "We are in accord."

A little more, and he would have been out and out a naked savage; a little more the other way and the angels in heaven would have bent their ears toward the earth to listen to his melodies. Of the earth he was exceedingly earthy, but all the time the incandescent lights of his soul were shining through the coarse material and illuminating it.

His courage, moral and physical, was superb. He could look any danger in the face and smile, and when the foremost men and women of the land knocked at his rude door, he received them with a grace as free from affectation as from apology. While he never felt above the most lowly, he never met a man whom he deemed his superior. He had a native savage pride which an earthquake could not have shaken.

In his youth he accepted the sensual side of life, but at night from his bed on the ground, he had a wireless telegraphy which brought him messages from the stars. He transcribed some of these and their divinity cannot be questioned. Had his surroundings been more refined and had he learned a little discipline in his youth, who knows what he might not have achieved?

He lived his own way asking no odds of anyone, and without fear passed on.

THE OLD COLUMN.

AT TIMES, as I recall some old names and the characteristics of the men assume distinctive forms before me, it is a joy to make a hasty record of them. But today they come in companies, come with the old elastic steps, the old joyous faces, until the air around me is filled with echoes of their voices, and the oldtime joyous laughter, and the air is warmer because of their smiles. For the smiles were lighted from the fires of youth, which fires have perfect combustion, leaving no dross upon the earth, making no taint upon the air.

Somehow, in life they seemed to be borne up with a belief that while it was true that other generations of men have lived out their span and gone into the silence; it was going to be different with them; that they had found the long-looked-for Ponce de Leon spring, the waters of which were to restore the waste of nature, the attritions of old age, the assaults of disease; that each night was to bring them undisturbed rest, and that each succeeding morning would find them perfectly restored to hail the day as joyously as the lark and with no more apprehensions of evil.

At least they lived that way. There was no work that could abash them; no risk they were not ready to assume; no danger that appeared in their path that could daunt them or turn them aside, and when a call came upon their charities the thought was, "Why should we not respond generously, for have we not unabated strength to create more?"

When some one, overborne, fell out of the ranks and grew still, that mattered not. The explanation was that he always had been delicate, or that he never had taken any care of himself, or if all the usual explanations failed, it was said that "he was out of luck," and then some primitive philosopher of the company would deliver an address and prove to a demonstration that luck was a force in the world which could no more be fought back than measles or whooping-cough. And some near friend would explain that the ancient belief that the Fates watched which thread of life to sever with their scissors was true, and what they did when a man became so much better than his fellows that their reckless ways gave him pain, was to mercifully bring peace to him, and so the death of such a man was not an event to weep over, but rather to chant a farewell joy strophe above him to be a lullaby for the long sleep.

When from the outside world learned and accomplished gentlemen came among the band, and meaning to be genial and pleasing to hosts talked down to them, it always seemed to me a pity that no voice from the subconscious intellects of those guests could whisper to them to go slow; that they did not know their audiences; for who among the learned in books and those who have worn soft raiment all their days, can comprehended what it is for thoughtful men to take their post-graduate courses in that great university, the faculty of which is made up of the ocean waves that break at the mountains' feet; the winds that, coming up from the sea, make all the mighty pines on the mountain tops the harps on which to set their anthems to music; the desert with its cold and heat, and when it sleeps under its pall of silence—that dreadful silence which is so profound and all encompassing, as though all nature had died—that the nerves of dumb animals break down under it, and they are stampeded; when to those hunger, and cold and thirst and hardships are added as assistants; when these earnest, generous natures feel the pangs as one hope after another dies in their souls, can the mere book scholar give such men any instruction to much interest them?

When a great calm for a long time spreads its winding sheet about a portion of the earth, when the sun beats down until the world and the air become fetid; then suddenly the elements arouse themselves and call up a cyclone or a hurricane to clear the air, which in its track leaves a trail covered with the wreck of forests and homes and sometimes dead men and animals. But the air is purified. Men who live close to nature take on some of its moods.

What wonder, then, if sometimes sections of this old band would suddenly arouse themselves and paint things crimson, giving up to excesses and perpetrating episodes not to be approved of by any Sunday School society in the world?

It was a way they had to clear the atmosphere.

But let no one wonder if some of the native sons of California and Nevada are a little spoiled. It was the old band that did it.

And do not blame the old band. They felt one hope after another die in their souls, and bore it without plaint. They knew that their youth was about to fall off the trail and if the knowledge brought any sorrow to them they hid it in their own hearts; but every morning as they rose from their rude couches they felt the little fingers that were not to be tugging at their garments, and what wonder that when they came upon children they spoiled them?

What deeds of valor they performed! What noiseless charities they bestowed! What self-abnegation attended their lives! What splendid industrial triumphs they wrought when they were obliged to adjust ends to means, and from the impossible to wring victory!

There was no place in their ranks for braggarts or pretenders; they had to be shown; with a swift intuition they separated gold from dross and the seal of their approval was equivalent to a certified check.

They were not all angels, but in their hospitality they assumed every time that they were entertaining angels, and had a real angel come he, at least, would have known that he was getting the best that his host could provide.

For me that procession began its march three score years ago.

I watched it changing year by year, watched it as ever and oftener one and another fell from the ranks, watched it until the radiant column shrunk to a straggling band, and of late have only at long intervals heard a footfall.

But today, looking down the long aisles of memory, the mists are all cleared away from above the trail, and that procession is again in view—the splendor of the beginning, the flags, the trumpets, the joyous songs, the springy, exultant steps, their paths bathed in sunlight and ablaze with hope; the march through the hot noonday, no wearying, no rest; the the long afternoon march, and the bivouac under the stars—all the music grown still and the night wind sweeping up from the depths of the desert becomes a requiem.

But through the silence there come whispers of a land in the Beyond; another land of golden mountains, clear streams, flowers and sunlit fields, filled with the love songs of bright plumaged birds, where the dawns, the sunsets, and the light of the stars are all merged in the greater splendor of the Eternal Day.

THE END.